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DALLAS GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN she saw him, Honora pulled the ponies' heads round to turn them backward; anything to escape out of his sight! Then, thinking of her uncle, she turned them directly back again, and suffered them to go on slowly toward him, leaning back, desperately resolved to let matters take what course they pleased. Then she pulled them up to a dead halt, at which one of the poor, patient things looked round at her with mild wonder; but the other, who better knew the young woman's ways, only gave a cynical neigh. Dallas was coming nearer: she had the light of her new knowledge in which to see him. His gray clothes were both sleazy and dusty: as for his face, only savage strokes of ill-fortune could have cut out such spare, controlled features. While she had "slept soft and lived warm—"

The glittering little carriage in which she sat, feeling herself every inch a princess, after all, was his: the jeweled whip she held like a sceptre, was his. They had left him to work in the coal-pits at Scranton, while she— Her very clothes weighed her down and burned in on her a sense of imposture. It was more than she could bear. She threw

the reins loose and scrambled out of the chaise, intending to go to him. Instead, she stopped at the head of the nearest pony and put her arms about its neck.

"Stand still, Babe, dear!" in a tone not far from crying. "Don't *you* worry me. I'm worried nearly to death," cramming sugar, with which her pocket was full, into its mouth. "Stand still, I say!" drawing off and stamping her foot. "Don't move till I come back; I'm not so mean but that something shall obey me!" at which Babe, who happened to be the young and favorite one of the two, rubbed his nose into her palm, sympathetically, while his wiser brother stamped for his share of sugar, half shutting his eyes, sardonically.

The little gray figure fluttered along the road with the desperate, uncertain motion of a partridge scared from its nest. There was a fallen sycamore lying half across the way, flagreed over with yellow and black lichen. She stopped beside it, holding by its crumbling branches, while Dallas came nearer—hesitated—nearer—and then stood close before her. The lonely mountain lane, high-banked and hedged, seemed to hold them together with its straightness and silence; the wind had died: the thin

sunshine on the faded grass and shelving hill-cuts waited. The hour, for which all their lives before had been but a dull, ticking prelude, struck loud and clear.

If Honora, in all her years of dreaming, had known what was coming, she could have been ready to give the moment its dramatic word of utterance. Many a time afterward through her life she composed the proper greeting which she ought to have given him. As it was, she put out one hand feebly and drew it back again; and finally—

"Are you looking for fossils and—things?" she said.

Galbraith put his hand involuntarily to the empty green bag which was slung on his back. "I have found nothing," he answered.

He had found nothing for days until now; but this was all for which he had looked. Honora was a very different thing to Dallas than a pure, winning maiden is to a society-bred lover. So far, remember, he had humanized his life—not his life him. The genial, divine under-meaning of the work-day world begins to show itself to most young men in their boyish fun, in their homelife, in their glimpses of fairy-land through theatres and circuses, in hymns (not often in sermons), and later, through their love of women, art, society; but all these had always been shut out from him in the coal-pits, in Manasquan and in Albany. Honora, and the wealthy, generous life which framed and made a background, were his first open glimpses of it: they seemed to contain all that he had missed in the past empty years. She held in her hand the magic wine, ready to give him, of which his life had been drained.

So that he had gone about now for days through the hill-roads, in the hope of finding her, with much of the same awed longing, I fancy, as that with which the first of the earth's people looked to meet every day the angels who lived in the near but unattainable heaven. Only that a great, busy, merry household like Madam Galbraith's—culture, books, and a young woman, tempt-

ing in her hidden beauty and fragrance as an unsunned rosebud—would mean far more to a healthy, strong-brained man than a whole sky-full of misty angels and rest. As they ought to do.

"I did not think I would see you again," he said, gently. "I am going to-morrow. I did not think I would see you again." He stood far off, as if conscious of the gulf between them, never to be crossed; but he was not conscious of the untamable pleasure kindling in his eyes.

"Yes, I'm here; but I did not come for you," hastily. "I was going home. Oh! that is not what I wanted to say!" with a sudden outburst. "I mean that I know who you are. I know all. You must come home."

"You know who I am?"

"Dallas—Dallas Galbraith."

"You are ill! Sit here, on this stone."

"I am not going to fall," stiffly erect, with both hands on the sycamore trunk; "but I'm worried. The sun makes my head ache." And after a pause: "It was unmaidenly in me to come for you; but the ponies turned down this road. I did not think you were here."

"Why ought you not come? You knew who I was, and you wanted to bring me home. That was right, I think."

Honora, looking into his grave, bewildered face, felt her modesty in some way puerile and false. "Of course it was right," she said, slowly. "Just as any man would have come for another."

"No," sharply; "God knows, not that!" He turned away and walked hastily down the road, leaving Miss Dundas staring after him, amazed. The slow fellow was beginning to realize what it meant that she knew who he was. If Laddoun had betrayed him out of sheer revenge, he had told her the damning secret which he was trying to put out of sight. Then, his whole life was blocked; all chance struck from him of home, work, education, and that something which he dared not name; and, instead, the foul load to carry for life which he had borne so long for another.

But it might have been Lizzy: she

was fond and foolish: she might have used this lovely lady as a lure to compel him back.

He returned with quick steps and passionate eyes. He had not seen before how lovely she was. She had taken off her cap, and the damp rings of brown hair fell loose about her neck, framing her face. There was no gross heat in Dallas' blood. The slight maidenly figure leaning against the yellow trunk did not madden him as it might coarser men, nor the soft rising color in her mobile face. But the pure womanly presence, so unknown to his life, the tenderness, weakness, the very silliness betrayed in her eyes, akin to that of the children who were so dear to him, wrung his heart with a delirious pain such as only men of his nature can feel. He had lived so much with men that the woman in Honora was a new revelation to him: his thought of her already began to change him, as the living breath which once entered into the nostrils of the dull shape of clay, and, passing through its heavy limbs, made it a man.

Honora, meanwhile, had been nerving herself, and proposed now to talk to him of this matter in the exact business-like tone which one man would use to another. That was the way in which she should have begun.

"I want you to go home this afternoon," she said. "My uncle will be in the library. You must go directly in and say to him: 'I am Dallas Galbraith.' I meant to tell him first, but—"

"How do you know me, Miss Dundas? Who told you my name?"

"Colonel Laddoun."

Galbraith did not speak for a moment. "You said," in a strained, unnatural tone, "that you 'knew all:' what did Laddoun tell you of me?"

"Only that you had worked in the coal-pits at Scranton, and had led a hard life, while I took your place; that you would not make yourself known; that you were going with Doctor Pritchard never to come back, leaving me to defraud you to the end," growing more bitter and emphatic as she went on.

Finding that Galbraith stood thought-

ful, unmindful, apparently, of her assault on herself, she added: "Colonel Laddoun is gone. He was not a man to whom I would choose to explain anything. But do you not blame me—do you? *You* can understand?" with an unconscious cadence in her voice which touched him with an electric shock.

"I understand. How could I blame you? Colonel Laddoun is gone, you say?"

"Yes; to California. He said," with an arch smile, "that you had treated him shamefully ill, but that he would do you this good turn before he left. I think," confidentially, "he is a good-natured man, after all—" her look finishing the sentence with an infinite scope of meaning.

"Yes: Laddoun is not malicious," gravely. "He is quite capable of a generous action. And he's gone!" with a deep breath of relief which a freed slave might give. The next moment he remembered that the relief was given by the knowledge that he was free to act a lie, to hide his real life from this girl before him; but he choked down that remembrance.

"We thought you were dead, you know, when I was given your place," Honora urged in an anxious tone, the idea that gnawed her conscience asserting itself again in the first pause. "I am only a poor girl: Mr. Galbraith's niece; and he adopted me. I did not know that I was an impostor. Of course," lifting her head slightly, "I am of as good a family as the Dours—that is, yours: I only meant I had no money when I said poor."

"And Madam Galbraith has educated you as her heir? Kept you from even the sight or name of evil, I have heard?"

"Yes. I believe I have been differently reared from other girls. She is very strict, you see—very strict. She does not understand little follies and faults which we weaker people have, and she counts them all crime. A stain is a stain to her. It might as well be murder as vulgarity in her code." Honora laughed as she said this. She was

strangely light-hearted and at ease already with her cousin, for so she named him to herself. It seemed as if they had been friends long ago. Her voice had fallen into the clear, fine accords with which no one but her uncle was familiar, and her eyes, too, rested on his with the magnetic sense of ease and kinship which had only belonged heretofore to her old friend.

"It grows late," she said, looking uneasily up at the sun. "Will you let me drive you to the house—home, I mean? though the ponies and chaise are yours by right," blushing with a sudden humility.

Dallas laughed. "That Cinderella chariot? The ponies would turn into mice out of sheer dismay if such a lumbering weight as I were put upon them."

"Then you shall walk alongside," eagerly. "It is not a great distance. I can walk five miles myself, easily. You must keep on just those clothes. They are so artistic, so picturesque, so different from Mr. Dour's black coats. What if Mr. Dour had been Tom Galbraith's son!" with an appalled grimace. "And you must wait outside of the library-door, while I go in—I may go in and tell my uncle?"

Galbraith smiled and came closer, looking down into the excited, flushed face and the brown eyes which grew darker and dimmer as she went on speaking:

"He is an old man—it is many years since his son died. I think he is very fond of me. I would like to go in and say, 'I have brought you Tom's son!' I have done so little to please him, and he has been very fond of me." She stopped and quietly brushed away the tears that had chased the smiles altogether from her eyes.

"But Madam Galbraith?" asked Dallas after a pause.

Her face fell with sudden dismay. "Oh! I had not thought of her. I have not planned about her," slowly. "She was very fond of her son Tom, but—"

"But?" He was nearer now. She

was as artless and open-hearted as Matt, he thought. But he certainly never had given poor Matt the tender, amused smile with which he bent over her.

"I am not so sure about those clothes," she said, anxiously: "Madam Galbraith does not care for the picturesque so much. They would provoke her inquiry. She likes to turn people over and over. And then she would find out how poor you have been."

"She will know that I have worked in the coal-pits," soberly.

"Would—is it necessary to tell her that?" coloring; adding hurriedly: "Understand me: it is not the poverty which would enrage her, but the chance that you had been in contact with vulgar or vicious people. Her own son was very dear to her; but when he fell among thieves of his own choice, she passed him by on the other side. It is only fair to warn you of your dangers in the new country," looking up at him earnestly.

Dallas crumbled the scaly bark from the trunk that lay between them, looking at the ground with dreamy, speculative eyes. He had not the slightest intention to put his foot into the new country of which she talked. He was going with Pritchard in the morning: he had not swerved from that purpose for a moment. Honora and her world were not for him. "Vulgar and vicious." He, the son and heir, was an illiterate boor: the very names of their commonest books were an unknown language to him: there was no form of vice with which he had not been in loathsome contact for years. He meant to come back from Pritchard's expedition a changed man. Then he would go among them, concealing nothing of the past. But, meantime, there was a subtle enchantment in this unattainable world in which she lived. He could not help but stand at the gate and look in. This sun was bright and this chilly wind bracing: her clear, sympathetic voice, her old-fashioned, awkward, winning gestures, her foolish eagerness, were like alluring music sent out to tempt him to enter. It could do no one harm if he stood and

looked in a while. The very careless talk, this surface-touching of matters which imported so much to him, had in it something new and cheerful: a healthy light on what had before been stern and hard.

But if he came back again the man he hoped to make himself—what then? Would he ever be clean in her eyes?

"I can understand Madam Galbraith's prejudices. But you—have you the same?" he said, and then stopped abruptly. The question mattered too much to him to be dragged out so soon and lightly. But Honora shrugged her shoulders and laughed:

"I go farther than she does, perhaps. Shall we walk toward the chaise? Jack thinks it is time for me to go. It's a terrible thing to confess, but I will tell you, honestly, I have an antipathy to the poor. Yes. It's the fashion now to be radical and enthusiastic over negroes and unwashed white people. I'd be kind to them, and give any money to feed and educate them until they stood where I do. But in the meantime I'll keep my own hands and breath clean," with a wayward motion of the delicate little body.

"If you were not so young, or if you had been down in the pit, you would find it no matter for jest," said Dallas, roughly, thinking not of himself so much as the two or three innocent-faced children whom he had meant to rescue from the very door of hell. It seemed to him, while he stood listening to this sweet low voice, he was unfaithful to them. He drew involuntarily away from her.

Honora, startled and irritated, turned to him, with a dignity which in itself she felt ought to settle the matter:

"I speak with more knowledge than you think, perhaps. It is not prejudice with me—it is conviction. My experience is, that just in proportion as a man's outer life is stunted and degraded, his tastes lower and grow coarse and his feelings are blunted. It is not the educated class who beat their wives and fill the cock-pits down in the village, or who crowded yelling about the gallows

in the county town last week!" with a decisive pursing of her mouth which implied that that argument was closed. Finding that Dallas did not reply, she added in a sharper tone, sententiously: "I have no faith in making companions of that class. There's nothing so contagious as vice. If we want to help the poor, the firmer we stand on our own ground the stronger we will be to lift them up. That is what I tell Lizzy. Now there is a case just in point. She is our housekeeper. She is entangled with a convict in some way. Poor thing! It has been the ruin of her own life, I suspect."

She caught sight of Galbraith's keen eyes fixed on her face, and grew more bitter and strenuous from his fancied reproval:

"She has ruined her life for him? She loved him, perhaps. I would think any woman would understand that."

"I do not," sharply. "I'm no heroine. I mean, God helping me, to make myself a pure, good woman; and I'll keep out of the slough. I think Madam Galbraith was right in her treatment of her son. I never would let down the bars. If I were Lizzy, and the man were my own brother who was so covered with moral leprosy, I would help him as far as I could with such a gulf between us, but I would never call him brother again. The dearer he was to me the farther I would put him away to save myself."

Dallas walked on beside her in absolute silence. She was hot and angry—more angry that he would not reply to her—but she could think of nothing more forcible to say. Honora was just of that age when the mind is of course quite clear on all social problems, and the creed is fixed irrevocably. But the ideas in the brain, being new and feverish, are apt to rush out and parade themselves tumultuously.

Galbraith never had argued in his life, and most probably never would. He listened with a stunned, sore feeling to what seemed to him puerile, senseless cruelty. It was like the whizz of a lash which might some day draw his own

heart's blood. For the moment, their educations coming in sudden collision, the girl's presence was as repugnant to him as the touch of a dainty, malignant cat would be to a rough, stupid dog.

They walked along the road for a few paces, when, just as they reached the ponies, Honora turned on him, her face flushing crimson, her eyes indignant: "What have I done? You did not understand me!" she exclaimed, stretching out both hands. "You thought I included you in that dreadful tainted rabble down below. I never even remembered you had been poor. *You* are a Galbraith—you are one of us. You went into the coal-pits from choice!"

"I was not angry with you," said Dallas, gravely. "I did not myself remember that your words would apply to me. I was thinking of others whom I know, and of how long they must stay in the depths if it were left to you and your class to take them out."

Honora laughed. "Don't be angry with me, Cousin Dallas. I have reasoned that subject out thoroughly, and you have not. If there's one thing I do understand, it is human nature. But you have lived in the woods and mountains so long that you are visionary about men. I understand how that is," as though she gave him a good-boy pat on the head. "That is such a grand life—yours," her voice changing and her dark eyes glowing with enthusiasm. "A naturalist—made so by nature! I thought so the day I met you by the quarry. All other men's work seemed less sweet and clean and noble than yours. You have lived many years in the woods, have you not?"

Galbraith swung his bag to the other side, that he might come closer to her. The dogged, honest fellow quite understood now what manner of bigot she was, and intended to show her that he did so. Weighed against the hard realities of his own experience, or with Lizzy's ruined life, or even the narrow bigotry of the Manasquan fishermen, she and her shallow, unfeeling philosophy were weak and paltry. Words like those could hurt him no more, he told

himself, than the buzzing of a poor wasp which he could crush in his hand. He meant to tell her for his sole answer where he had lived and how.

If he had but done that, his life and hers would have had a different ending.

But in the instant that he stepped closer to her, Honora blushed and held out her hand. She thought he wanted to shake hands in token of forgiveness. "You know I could not have meant you," she said, smiling.

The hand was warm. The soft pulse beat against his own. Her breath for an instant touched his face: it had a faint milky smell.

That was all.

The next moment the little lady stood apart, friendly and nonchalant as before; but the great lout in the gray flannel turned from her and patted the pony like an imbecile, heaven and earth growing uncertain to him, as though he judged them through the fumes of opium.

To hold her hand in his, to feel her breath on his cheek, to sit down beside her for ever in her life of ease and comfort! He was as little akin to the foul rabble as she, and could put his foot upon their necks as well!

Five years of misery had not moved Dallas Galbraith's integrity, but at the breath of a woman it shook to its foundation.

Miss Dundas sprang lightly into the chaise. "Come!" she said.

Galbraith laid his heavy hand on the low edge: "Wait!" Whatever tumult raged within, his manner was, as usual, blunt and quiet. "I did not mean to go and claim my place when you came to me, to-day."

"No!" eagerly: "you were going as a laborer with Doctor Pritchard. You meant to cede your right to me. So heroes act, I think!"

"I would have come back to claim it some day," said downright Dallas. "But I will go with Pritchard. I have been like a lay figure all my life, dressed in one costume or another by any chance that gained power over me. The heir of the Galbraiths would be as much of

a puppet as the others. This is my first chance to make a man of myself."

"You shall not go with Doctor Pritchard!" with vehemence, clasping her hands on her knees, and bending forward. "I will not hold a false place a day longer!" Then her voice fell into that soothing, coaxing cadence which is only given to those women who are Nature's predestined wives and mothers: "Think what you are leaving. You would be welcomed as one risen from the dead. It is your home. Your mother is there—"

"Yes, my mother."

"Madam Galbraith would make herself your slave, and you would be my uncle's friend; and the whole world of books and art would be laid at your feet, if their will could bring it to you. There would not be one shadow in your way. Even Colonel Laddoun is gone, and you cannot deny that he has acted as a friend and not an enemy," with a smile. "Your kingdom is ready. You have only to enter on possession."

"And you? When I had taken your place?"

"My uncle will be my friend always," settling herself back lightly among the cushions. "And I would try to atone to you for whatever wrong I have done you," looking down into his eyes, innocently enough.

There was silence for a moment. "Why, would you turn back from my uncle and—all of us?" in a low voice.

Why would he? Laddoun was gone, all danger of detection was over. Was it a squeamish scruple in him to shrink from the perpetual mask he must wear if he took his place now? Lizzy had been outraged at his unnecessary honesty to Madam Galbraith, and even Honora herself had proposed that he should hide his poverty.

She turned toward him now, holding the reins out: "Will you take them? Will you come with me?" she said.

"Give me until to-night."

"Until to-night? Yes. Of course," with a chagrined, disappointed look, "a man could not be expected to change the whole plan of his life with a

moment's notice, for anybody. Here is my key of the green-house," taking it from her pocket: "it opens into the apple orchard. I will be in it at dusk and take you to my uncle."

"I will meet you. If I go with Doctor Pritchard, I must see my mother again," he added in a lower tone, to satisfy himself.

"Yes, one would suppose you would wish to do that," dryly. "Unless the study of coal renders you entirely superior to all human sympathies," giving the reins a petulant little jerk. "Come, Babe, it is time you and I were at home. Good-bye, Mr. Galbraith."

"Good-bye," returning her distant bow with a puzzled, anxious face. "How could I have offended her?" he said, as she drove quickly down the hill. "I wish I had Laddoun's insight into women! They are the most unaccountable—" shaking his head once or twice as he walked slowly after her, his hands behind him.

He meant to weigh his whole life now coolly, and decide. Instead, he watched the glittering rings of light on the tan-colored wheels of her little chariot. They were whirling her away into a joyous, affluent life which was his by right, but that the something, which had always been against him, thrust out its shadowy arm to bar him back. For it was clear to him that if he made himself known now to his family, the history of the years at Albany could never be told. He did not analyze his reasons for this certainty. He could have told his story to old James Galbraith at any moment, knowing that he would hear it with a man's quiet moderation and justice. As for the old lioness, his grandmother, Dallas smiled with the usual contempt of a young man for strong-minded women. But—there was not courage in him to declare himself a convict in that house! and then he stopped to drag out a great boulder from the clay and hurl it down the road, as a boy would do to work off some suppressed, gnawing excitement.

When he came back, a gentleman, thorough bred, "the prison smell," as

Laddoun had said, blown off him for ever, it might be different—he could face the world.

But what if he let her take him to-night, with her soft, rosy hand, and lead him in to her uncle? What if he kept his own counsel, and let the current carry him as it would? Into home, wealth and that passionate dream which he did not name. He had gone into the coal-pits for his mother's sake: had gone into the prison for Laddoun's crime. Were these things to hold him down until the day of his death?

He sat down on a patch of bronzed stubble, scratched a bit of scaly rock beside him with his thumb-nail to see if it had iron in it, and then clasped his hands about his knees and sat motionless as the tree-stumps about him. On his right was the cleft in the hills through which her glittering wheels had disappeared, and, as it happened, the sky beyond was suffused just then with a warm crystal yellow, beneath which the far-off mountains lay misty and peaceful.

There was the home to which she called him.

To the left was the road to the west, and his work. Which should he choose to-morrow? Working, he could act out himself, honest, to the last syllable: here he must force himself into a mould set by others. As for concealing that he had been a convict, the question in ethics might have been called overstrained; but Galbraith could not chop ethics about the matter: it did not come before him at all as a question of right and wrong. A church member would have said, perhaps, that God was on one side and Mammon on the other; but Dallas seldom thought of God in connection with his own small affairs, unless, with an insane blasphemy, to name Him as the something strongest "which was always against him." Of Jesus, like most men of the poorer class, he had a dreadful vague reverence; but what had He to do, with his going with Pritchard? Old Luther, fighting the visible devil with brain and muscles goaded to their limit, has left the sign of the memorable con-

flict to this day; but Dallas did not even know that he was tempted.

He sat there during the long sunny afternoon. When it was over, there was a dull dizziness in his head, new to the clean-blooded fellow who never had tasted coffee or smoked tobacco. He had not taken his eyes from that golden haze which wrapped her home. He felt the touch of her fingers on his hand and the sweet breath on his cheek.

Three thousand years ago another Dallas "saw that rest was good and the land that it was pleasant, and he bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." The story is an old one.

But Dallas gave to his temptation and defence no high-sounding names. It was—to be himself or some one else. There was an inherent loathing in him for any sort of deception or accommodation. It went against his grain. You might as well hope for a dog to wriggle like an eel through the slime, and relish his employment. But he battled with his nature, keeping his eyes on the motionless, golden haze. "Rest was good, and the land, it was pleasant." A passionate, enervating languor, which his whole life never had known before, stole over from it to him, and wooed him to come.

The rough grit in the man (and, perhaps, the unsmoked and unliquored blood) proved too much for its subtle enchantment. Cover the fact as he would, going back meant to shoulder a lie and live in daily terror of its discovery. It meant to take up a life good for others, but which was not his. It meant, as he put it in his homely phrase, "to go to bed early in the morning and to sleep all day."

He got up at last, stifling a sigh, stretching his arms and legs to rest them. "She is a good, sweet woman, but she is nothing to me," he muttered; and then slung his bag again briskly over his shoulder and set off across the hill. The fight was over.

Long after, when he told his wife the story, she told him that he should have asked the Divine guidance. For Dallas married afterward a good, pious girl, who

learned her religion, as her alphabet, out of books.

"I didn't know much about that. But it went against the grain. A man at that age don't take naturally to artificial living. The tiller-rope pulls at a young fellow pretty strong, and generally pulls him right, no matter how the current sets."

"You never will understand, Dallas, the difference between our carnal nature and that spiritual one which comes after conversion," she said, a little testily. "No good action is acceptable in any young man who is an unbeliever. Our own righteousness is but as filthy rags."

"Very likely, my dear," said Dallas, submissively.

It did not occur to her that the same hand which raised the widow's son might now hold the tiller-rope of a wild young fellow's life; or, in Dallas' confused talk of what was natural, or "the grain," in such an one, to remember that He has "many kinds of voices in the world, and that none of them is without significance."

CHAPTER XIX.

DOCTOR PRITCHARD met Dallas that afternoon on the hills going back to the Indian Queen. The Professor was on foot also, and seated himself to wait for him, looking over and smelling some bits of wool.

"Good-day, Galbraith," nodding. "I saw you coming. I knew the stride of your long legs far off. Very fair specimens of Saxony these, eh? Pool's: down in the bottom."

"I don't know anything about sheep, Doctor."

"The more shame for you then, sir—yes," sorting them in his pocket-book and strapping it. "What are eyes, or ears, or any sense given to you for but feelers—suckers, to draw in knowledge of all sorts perpetually? At your age I could class a sheep by a bit of its wool, just as I can a man now by a glint of his eye; though that last needs some-

thing more than observation—a keen instinct," complacently, putting his wallet in his breast-pocket and rising.

He walked on, nimbly, beside Dallas, tapping the ground or trees with his pointed stick now and then, and whistling to himself. There was a light-hearted, rugged strength in the young fellow's face which invigorated him. They would have a pleasant companionship by and by. The old gentleman had boasted so much, in the neighborhood, of the lucky "find" he had made in Galbraith, and his own penetration about it, that he began to have a sort of fatherly affection for the lad.

"Is your kit all ready, sir? We start early in the morning, remember. I'll overlook your outfit when we reach New York, and advise you what to take. You're a novice in long marches, and, my word for it, your knapsack will be filled with trumpery. I'll—" he hesitated. "I'll advance your salary for three months in New York, so that you can be all ship-shape before starting."

"I'm obliged to you, Doctor Pritchard," heartily. "I will have use for the money in New York, though not for clothes. I thought that some little business I had to begin there must be neglected until our return. Now I can put it in shape."

"I'm glad I can serve you," said the Professor, with a pleased glance up at the young man's bright face. "New York, umph? I thought you belonged to this part of the country, Galbraith?"

"No; I am a stranger here. I have spent but a few weeks in New York, either, and that was long ago. Five years ago."

His tone betrayed a sudden and great embarrassment, which the little man noticed; and after a moment's curious pause he changed the subject with ready courtesy.

"Do you observe the cinnamon-colored vein in that rock? Now, just beneath that—"

But Dallas had slackened his pace and now stopped, putting his hand on his companion's sleeve. "One moment. I am glad you spoke of New York. I

intended to find you this evening, Doctor Pritchard, and ask you if you would not prefer to know something of my history before you took me into such close companionship. I will not go with you under false colors."

"Your history?" with surprise. "It is hardly necessary, boy," with a smile. "A young mechanic is not likely to have met with much adventure; and as for your honesty and the like, I took your face for my bond at first. I know men pretty thoroughly, I fancy."

Galbraith did not reply, and they walked on in a silence which grew more uneasy on the older man's part: he cast shrewd, furtive looks at Dallas' anxious face. "I trust to your honesty," he repeated, with meaning. "If there is any reason why you are unfit for my companionship, I believe you will not conceal it. I could not trust any man farther than that." He had a suspicion that the lad might have contracted debts and wanted more money in advance to pay them. He was annoyed and irritated, and meant to find out the worst at once.

"I am an ignorant man, as you know, but I think I am not unfit to be your companion," said Galbraith, slowly, and then was silent again until they had walked several rods. He stopped then, deliberately. "I prefer to tell you my story, Doctor Pritchard, but there is no necessity for me to do it. There is not a chance that you would find it out in any other way. There is but one man who could have betrayed me, and he is gone. I would like you to understand that, out of justice to me."

"What the devil are you telling it for, then?"

Dallas half laughed. "I hardly know. I did not mean to do it until this afternoon; but I would feel more comfortable if you knew it."

"Knew what?" irritably. He began to suspect his penetration had been deceived.

"Knew that during the three weeks I was in New York long ago I was put on my trial for a penal offence, and found guilty. Stop—hear me out," rais-

ing his hand. "I served out my time in the Albany State prison. That is all I have to accuse myself with. I was innocent. You *must* believe me. I was innocent!" for now that he had made the inner self comfortable by his confession, he recognized that his chance for making a man of himself outwardly was slipping from him for ever.

The Doctor was leaning back against the hill-side, his small features full of rage and scorn—not at Galbraith's villainy, but that he had drawn him into a mistake. "Served out your time in the Albany prison! Of course you were innocent! Was there ever a scoundrel who could not pipe that tune? Don't explain to me! I'll sift this matter to the bottom. I'll teach you to foist yourself on honest men. And drawing his salary in advance! By the Lord! Drawing his salary in advance!"

Galbraith made no answer, while the little man fumed and scolded, turning back on his first assertions with renewed zest. "Why, I've endorsed you, sir! I've talked of you far and near. I made myself accountable, as one might say, for you, and I have a jail-bird on my hands! But I'll sift the matter! You need not suppose you can dodge John Pritchard. Who was the man who could have betrayed you, did you say?"

"Colonel Laddoun. You seem to have forgotten that I have betrayed myself, and that voluntarily."

"Colonel Laddoun is gone. You took good care there should be no witness against you. He said, I remember, that he knew you thoroughly."

"Yes. No man could tell the story with more meaning than Laddoun," with a bitter smile, which exasperated Pritchard the more.

"Your sneer is singularly out of place, sir, it appears to me," with what he felt to be telling sarcasm, "inasmuch as he kept your secret. I would have been glad," with an ironical laugh, "if his consideration had extended to me also, before he permitted me to make you my companion for a year."

"It is not yet too late," said Dallas, speaking with difficulty. "You can dis-

charge me now. I—I told you in time." He stopped abruptly.

The Professor eyed him keenly. Against his will, he had felt, through his passion, that the jail-bird, as he called him, stood higher than he—was a graver, more moderate, juster man. He saw, now, Galbraith's effort at control, and knew, in spite of it, that the lad suffered. This chance of work was the last plank to which the poor wretch clung, perhaps.

But what man of sense, he thought, justly enough, would risk a year's companionship with a felon? and what sort of a story was this to get abroad after he had picked out the fellow—talked, boasted of him?

"No, it is not too late," he growled, with a decisive rap of his stick on the ground. "You are discharged. Of course you are discharged. And I am not one to change my mind about it. I never changed my mind in my life. I'm not a woman, thank God! I'll take care that your character is known to honest men. My word for it, Evans never knew it."

Dallas stepped in front of him as he was turning off. Disappointment had hardened his face and lowered his voice; but, after all, the heartiness and strength in them, which had first impressed Pritchard and warmed his heart to the lad, were there, and he could not be blind to them.

"You will not tell my story here, sir," he said, sternly. "If I chose to confide it to you, because I would take no unfair advantage of you, you have no right to blast my name with it."

"Tut! tut! You lay down the law of morality for me, do you?"

"Nor had you any right to believe one half of my assertion and set aside the other," Dallas proceeded. "I would not have been so unjust, if I stood where you do."

"Truly! you would not? The matter's closed, sir," pulling his hat on with an air of determination. "Innocent or guilty, I hardly choose to make a convict my daily associate. Not another word. The matter's closed." He started off down the road, every step ringing

out uncompromisingly, while Dallas stood looking after him, leaning against the rock.

At the foot of the hill the Doctor stopped, hesitated a moment and back he came, hotter, more out of breath and angrier than before.

"What is the whole of this cursed story? What do you hold it back for? Have you nothing to say for yourself, eh?"

"I was a boy, and was made a cat's-paw of by another man. I presented a check which he had forged. It was made payable to me."

"Where is your proof?"

"I have none," standing erect and raising his voice. "No matter what manner of man I make of myself, I never can go back to the town where I lived and be called anything but a thief. I would rather those people believed in me as they once did, than— But what is the use of talking about it to you?"

"Don't be so hasty, young man. There may be a great deal of use in it. So they believed in you, did they? That would be a terrible story if it was true. Not that I have the least faith in it, though. Who was the man, by the way?"

Dallas hesitated: "I will not tell you his name. Not that I want to keep his secret. I'd be glad if the whole world knew him for what he is. But what is the use? You would but doubt me the more."

"You are the best judge of the matter, certainly. Well, good-day, Mr. Galbraith. I have quite made up my mind. You are discharged. It's the first time my instinct ever deceived me in a man."

"It did not deceive you now, Doctor Pritchard;" and Dallas gave a low, nervous laugh, so like a woman's that it startled the old man. He only glowered more gloomily, however, and set off again rapidly down the hill; and this time he did not come back.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Dallas reached the Indian Queen, half an hour later, Matt met him,

breathless, at the foot of the hill. "I've been watching for you all day!" securing a hand. "You're a-going-to-morrow, sure?"

"Yes, I'm going."

"They're packing up for you in there." The "they" meant Mrs. Beck and Lizzy Byrne, who came now to the window and nodded smiling, each cheek as red as a poppy leaf. She had a smoothing-iron within an inch of her chin, testing its heat. Peggy had just finished the white shirts she had been making for Dallas, and Lizzy had been helping her to "do them up." The two women had been in a fever of anxious preparation all day; for Miss Byrne had been over at the Indian Queen several times since Dallas' advent, to see her old friend, Mrs. Beck. She told her that she had many friends in common with Mr. Galbraith, and gradually seemed to share in Peggy's fervent interest in the young man.

Indeed, Mrs. Beck had confided to her husband in the barn-yard, while she was milking that very morning, that "if Miss Elizabeth was ten years younger, she thought something might come of it. She was very tidy-looking still, and it was high time she was settling."

The news of her boarder's appointment to go with Doctor Pritchard had put the good woman in an ecstasy of delight and triumph. Evans, indeed! She knew, from the first, he was none of Evans' sort; and now the United States was sending him out on their own especial business. She had no doubt that the President had had his eye on him ever since he came to the Indian Queen. She told Beck that even Miss Byrne, who was so common-sensed usually, was more excited about it than she. It was Miss Byrne who explained to her how high the position really was, and how it would bring his name into the papers, and how the eyes of the whole country would be upon him. "It would be such a splendid triumph over his enemies," she said—"such a triumph!" and was so fluttered whenever she talked of it that she was ready to cry.

When Dallas came up with Matt and sat down on the kitchen door-step open-

ing on the porch, Peggy was putting the last stitches of darning in his woolen socks, and Lizzy was stooping again over the shirt-front, white and glossy as satin paper.

"I took Beck's carpet-bag, Mr. Galbraith," said Peggy, clipping her words because of the haste of the occasion. "Yours is too small to hold a cat curled up. Them jars on the table have to go in yet. They're peach leather—dry, you see. You've got to stew it. It'll be good for a snack out on the Plains, spread on your bread. I've no doubt the Doctor'll like a bite of it too. He's a notion of good living; for, as lean as he is, you ought to have seen him drink my apple-molasses, Miss Byrne, when he come to call on Mr. Galbraith."

"We've nearly done," said Lizzy. "I think these shirts will last until you come back. If you come, as you promised, at the end of a year," looking up at him.

"I'll come at the end of the year," said Dallas.

"I don't know," broke in Matt, meditatively, "whether I'd like a shaggy pony best or not. There's gobs of ponies about hyur. I was thinking of a real crocodile in a box. D'ye hear, Mr. Galbraith?"

"Hear to the child! You'd better ask for a mocking-bird, if Mr. Galbraith means to bring you anything. Crocodile, indeed? You asked me what I'd rather have from them queer countries, sir. Well, I was thinking, since Miss Elizabeth told me of fuchsias there growin' twelve feet high and cactuses in proportion, that if you could bring an original root—you see?—I'd take the premium at the county fair, then, I reckon."

"I'll bring more roots than you'll plant," said Dallas; "and the bird for Matt." For the world was broad, he thought, and roots, and birds, and work were to be found outside of New Mexico. He had not the heart to tell these women that, instead of the honorable work over which they were glorying, he was going out to-morrow without a penny or a friend in the world. He wondered that he was not dejected himself about

it—that while he was trying to comprehend the great chance lost to him, he was wrestling with Matt with one hand, and looking into the busy, warm, little kitchen, laughing at Peggy's jokes. It seemed to Lizzy that for years he had not been so light-hearted: all his old, dry, quiet humor, which used to keep Manasquan alive, had come back to him.

"Are you so glad to go?" she said, half reproachfully, when Mrs. Beck had gone out: "One would think you had your fate in your own hands at last, and could make yourself what you pleased."

"I have less reason to be glad than you suppose. But the world is young, and so am I."

"Yes, that is true, Dallas."

"There is no use in moping and whining over a rough tumble at the outset." He had dropped his load somehow, she saw, and was exhilarated as a boy with this odd setting forth so late in life to seek, not fortune, but education.

"I will stay all night, Dallas," she said. "I would like to be the last to bid you God-speed, in the morning."

"I am glad of that, Lizzy," his eyes sparkling. "I have some faith in omens, after all."

"Yes, Miss Byrne will stay," bustled in Mrs. Beck, catching the last words. "Beck's arranged to take a half day tomorrow, and we'll all have breakfast together, and see you off regularly. Maybe now, you'd rather have had the chickens and waffles for supper to-night? They're just as easy cooked as not. It would seem more like a feast; but I doubted if Matt'd hold out so late, and you're never contented without the boy."

"No. I'll not be separated from my chum when the time for the last chicken comes, you may be sure. Besides, I cannot stay at home this evening," rising hastily. "I have a—a person to meet, on business, at nightfall. I will not be late. I have but a few words to say."

"I'll tell Wash to saddle the old mare," said Mrs. Beck, as he ran up the stairs to clean away the dust.

"No, no. I can outwalk Jinny any day," he called back, and a moment

afterward they heard him tramping hurriedly to and fro overhead.

"I wonder who the 'person' is?" said Peggy, drawing down her brows over her darning. "He's great at making friends for as silent a man—Mr. Galbraith. There's hardly an evenin' that a batch of the men from the quarry ain't up, talkin' over their affairs to him. People's drawn to him nateral-like. As for Beck, he's told him more of his early life than ever he did me, for as long as I've been his wife. Gracious!" as Dallas appeared again, freshly dressed: "goin' out in gray flannel again! These white shirts is aired as dry as a bone. I'd go out as become me—once. I'd let 'em see you was employed by the government. Them's your quarry clothes, Mr. Galbraith. Jest slip on one of these new ones, now."

Dallas hesitated: "The gray are quite clean, and some people—artists—would like this dress best." But he waited a moment, uneasily pushing back his short hair before he put on his cap. Up stairs he had stood, for the first time in his life, perhaps, critically looking at himself in the square little mirror. There was no help for it! He was hopelessly big, and bony, and homely.

"Well, what does it matter?" he said, cheerfully. "Who will look at the flannel, after all—or at me?" giving Matt a final toss as he went out, calling back good-night, and that they were not to wait for him. Lizzy followed him to the door to look after him, her eyes full of motherly pride: no man ever had so much purity and vigor in his face as her boy, she thought.

"Jest see how he goes!" said Peggy, coming to her elbow. "These young ones think they can carry the world on their shoulders! Dear! dear! Much they know of life! If you'll just take his things in the other room, Miss Lizzy, I'll have supper ready in no time."

Lizzy obeyed, a little annoyed. What right had Peggy to complain and talk about wants in life? watching the hearty little woman going about, swiftly bringing order out of confusion. Hadn't she a husband and child that she loved, and a

little house of her own? Presently the table was set, the egg stirred into the coffee, the sausages frying on the side of the fire. Peggy disappeared, and coming back in a new blue calico gown, sat down to rock Matt to sleep in her arms, big boy as he was. The evening light slanted in warmly: Matt was a clean, pretty little chap: his mother's face was young and bright: the picture had a certain homely beauty of its own. It touched poor Lizzy with a sense of hunger and desolation. She had missed her birthright of love, and home, and child. One could bear, she thought, to to be always the broken thread in the web, the solitary looker-in at the home-picture, if one had but a dream of their own to hide and be comforted withal. But her dream, the nauseating story of moonlight and ebbing tide, by this time, made her only sick to remember.

A sudden fancy seized her. What if she went back to Manasquan and waited there while Galbraith was gone? There, at least, was home. She could have her own seat by her own fire, and cozy little suppers, too, which old friends, who knew her when she was a baby, would come and eat with her. Jim Van Zeldt sometimes. Poor Jim! She gave a melancholy smile: Well, well! Every heart knew its own weight; and it would not make her less tender with him to feel that she had made his so heavy. If he came to sit with her, sometimes, they would keep silence for ever on this old wound, and by and by it would be healed, and they would grow to be old, gray friends. It seemed to her very like a poem or a novel, the picture of them both sitting quietly on either side of the hearth, year after year, with this secret between them. This space that never might be passed, and the sea sounding in the distance like a wail over that which might have been and never was.

The melancholy "situation" pleased Lizzy, who was, as we know, sensible and practical beyond all women: it put her unconsciously in a thoroughly good humor. With this vision of Van Zeldt, made miserable for life by her, and sitting night after night until he grew gray con-

templating his misery, she did not feel herself utterly cut adrift, or that she had lost her birthright among women. When Beck came in to supper, he found Matt snugly tucked away in bed, and Miss Byrne in the best spirits, drawing the flaky biscuits from the oven, while Peggy made the coffee.

"This is hearty!" he said, giving Peggy a sounding kiss, and then they sat down as snug and cozy as could be. Lizzy quoted to herself something about "harts ungalled," looking at Peggy, and how some may laugh, and some must weep, and that so runs the world away. But she ate very heartily of the biscuit and sausage, being hungry; and was, Mr. Beck said that night, for a wonder, the best of company: he always thought her, before, as dry as a chip.

Familiar as Galbraith was, by this time, with the shortest roads leading to his grandfather's house, it was dusk before he came in sight of the long rows of glittering windows with their background of mountain, and the unrolling, ash-colored drifts of smoke overhead. He stopped at the great gate to take out the key which Honora had given him, and at the moment a man's footsteps came down the carriage-road within, stumbling over first a boulder and then a stump, and Doctor Pritchard's wiry voice broke out in an unwonted oath.

On he came, grumbling: "Just what might be looked for under that woman's management! Slipshod and violent! If her horses know how to double these snags, they have more wit than herself! So, ho! You're here, eh?" with a sort of snarl, which had in it something of mortification. He stopped, held the open gate with one hand and barred the way, looking up steadily at Galbraith.

"Well, I'm not sorry, on the whole, to have met you. I've made up my mind to say nothing of that matter before I go: I've been thinking it over. I believe you're repentant, and God forbid I'd throw a stone in the way of any man who is trying to get back to the right road." His sandy eyebrows

twitched, and his contracted eyes were fixed on Dallas.

"I am not repentant," broke in the young fellow, roughly. "Unless you force me to repent of my stupidity in telling my story to you. The truth must have been rare in your life, Doctor Pritchard, you know so little how to use it."

"So you bandy words about it, do you?" putting out his hand to stop him; and when Dallas paused, remaining uneasily silent for a moment. "I tell you, young man, I have not been vexed in this way for years! I never was deceived before in a man when I relied on instinct. There's not a line in your face that will warrant you in being a humbug. I've been in at the Stonepost Farm-house. I've been talking to old James Galbraith about you."

"You have been there? Did you tell my story to James Galbraith?" said Dallas, in an altered voice, and suddenly standing still.

"I did not tell it. I—well, I cannot rid myself of likings and prejudices so easily as some men. I found that Mr. Galbraith was impressed by you as I had been, though he's crotchety—a phrenologist. I don't wait to rap on a man's skull to know if I trust him or not. Well—good-bye, Galbraith, good-bye!" making way for him to pass as hastily as he had detained him. "I believe you are truly repentant. I will keep your secret. I will leave this place in the morning, never to return, in all probability, and if you can make friends here, I'll not stand in your way."

"Good-bye, Doctor Pritchard." Dallas looked after the jerky, lean figure going down the road with a wrench at his heart. It was the first friend he had gained since he began his new life—gained and lost. The Professor, on his part, walked quickly, uncertainly, a few steps, then slackened his pace: "I do not believe the fellow will stay here when I'm gone, to be disgraced by having been left in the lurch. I wonder if he has any friends in the world. He's reformed—if he ever was guilty. Tut! tut!" and secretly rating John Pritchard

for a fool, he hurried on to the brow of the next hill. Then it occurred to him to wish that he had heard Galbraith's story through, at any rate: he hesitated, half turned back, peering down into the gathering twilight. But he was too late: the road was vacant; and the Doctor went gravely on to his lodging in the village.

CHAPTER XXI.

DALLAS, passing among the crooked apple trees in the orchard, came direct to a long, low parallelogram of a house with glass sides that ran along the upper edge. He never had seen forcing or green-houses, but he thought that this must be one. Unlocking the door, he entered, stumbled over the crocks in a dark tool-house, and then—came into fairyland. Two or three lamps made a haze like moonlight over the rising levels of flowers and orchids which stretched into far-off shadows. It was a new experience to Galbraith. Outside was foggy, nipping November: within, the dim, suggestive lights of a damp, sultry summer night, its passionate perfumes and rank green foliage, which here and there took a soul to itself in a sudden flame of scarlet blossoms or white lilies.

Now, it was certainly not Madam Galbraith's habit to light her green-house with the chamber lamps. If Honora had not been, in her own opinion, so practical and thoroughly honest a young woman, one might have suspected her of "setting the stage."

Scene—FAIRYLAND. Enter TITANIA.

If she had done it, she chose her audience badly. For a moment Dallas stood bewildered with the enchantment of color and fragrance, "over-canopied with sweet musk-roses and with egantine;" then he pushed his hat back on his head and thrust his hands into his pockets, going about with a puzzled, eager whistle, peering—not at the flowers, but the earth in which they grew.

Musk-roses did not belong to November; and here was the gray moss of the sea-woods, which could not possibly take root in this alluvial soil; and the knobby prickly-bush of the Jersey sands, which never would flower for him, bursting into a glory of red, voluptuous flowers; and those must be the Japan lilies, and that the famous *Espiritu-Santo* flower, of which he had read, but never hoped to see. All these in summer bloom in November among the Ohio hills! As for enchantment, or a possible *Titania*, that was hardly within the scope of Dallas' brain.

"So money can do this, eh? *Money!*" was what he said, with a transient fancy that it was hardly worth while to waste years in search of knowledge in Mexico and Japan, when a hand stretched out full of dollars could bring Mexico and Japan under his nose. All seasons of the year in one.

Now, Honora was waiting in the dark behind the little glass door in the corner. She had had time to realize the crisis in life which this night was to herself and him; and I leave it to any woman if it was not unbearable, at the very moment when she was going to appear like the fairy queen to usher him into his inheritance and make herself a beggar, to see this fellow go sniffing and thrusting his fingers into a parcel of pots, muttering, "One-third loam; one, wood-ashes; the remainder—what the deuce is the remainder?"

"The man was a machine—a log!" Honora was not the first woman who had said so.

"He would surely recollect why he had come in a minute, however;" and she waited, smiling, her hand on the latch. But when, so far from recollecting anything about it, he pressed on through the flowers into the forcing-room and prodded and tested *that* earth, and then stood spell-bound over the beds of miserable little sprouts, she opened the latch with a snap and came down into fairyland. He neither saw nor heard her, though he had turned back again and was stooping over an aquarium. What could he find in the forlorn

perch and sun-fish to bring such eagerness into his eyes or the hard, compressed look into his mouth?

"Do you understand the language of the fishes as well as of the rocks, Mr. Galbraith? They are mine, but I always found them tiresome enough," with the impatient snap of the latch echoing in her voice.

Dallas started and looked up. He never had seen any vision like that of the young girl that stood before him, her unassertant beauty thrown into relief by the art of rose-colored drapery and delicate laces. She knew that he had not, and that as long as he lived the picture would be one which he would remember. But Dallas had his own old-fashioned, self-taught notions of deference, and after the first glance of wondering delight he bowed to her gravely and turned back to his fishes.

"It is quite new to me—this contrivance for studying their habits," he said. "And there is a balance of animal and vegetable life here that is curious and admirable. It is all a new world to me," with a look which comprised the forcing-rooms, flowers, and Honora fancied, herself.

"Is it?" with a pleased little flutter. "I thought you would like it! You are coming to claim your birthright, you know; coming to take your place for life among us; and it would never do for that to happen in the dining-room among the dishes, for instance, or the parlor. You are a naturalist; so I thought this was the proper place for you to come home. Nature welcoming you back, I thought. Now, if Madam Galbraith knew, she'd as soon as not meet you—well, on the stairs. What were you thinking of, looking at those fishes? Could you tell me?"

To her surprise, Dallas hesitated. "I would rather not have told you, Miss Dundas; but it does not matter. I was thinking of all that money was worth to a man. I never understood it as I have done since I came into this house to-night."

"Money?" said Honora, bewildered. "They are not worth so much—these."

with a slighting motion of her hand toward the flowers.

"No, I suppose not," thoughtfully. "But it is the facility for study; as if science was mapped out and brought under your very eyes—put into your hand. You do not know how new it all is to me, Miss Dundas," with an embarrassed laugh, which died into sudden silence.

"These plants and tanks, and the knowledge of which they are hints, are commonplace things to you, but they are like glimpses to me of a world where I never have been," Dallas said after a while, in a heavy, unwilling tone, as though the words were forced out by some uncontrollable mental pressure. "A world where knowledge is the very air you breathe. You, and men and women like you, were born in it. I did not know, until to-night, how far outside I was;" and again his eyes turned from the face before him with an indescribable, wistful, hungry look about him, as though measuring the life which he had missed and the few years left in which to master it.

"You—you overrate the distance between us, Mr. Galbraith," said Honora, awkwardly. "These things seem very insignificant to me."

"Because you are used to their meanings. I am a very ignorant man, Miss Dundas. To-night I feel as a man might who had spent his life in making brick, when he sees a great, finished temple for the first time."

Honora understood him. She turned away, pretending to pick the dead leaves from a bush, feeling that he forgot her presence as soon as he had done speaking. For a man to live to that age and find himself to be ignorant—hopelessly behind all other men—then the sting would enter the soul, she thought. As she snipped the leaves away, this loss and pain of Dallas' seemed to be more to her than any of her own which she had ever known. Her breast began to throb and the scalding tears swelled to her eyes. That frightened her. What ailed her? What was Dallas Galbraith to her? Why should she, with her

French ideas of decorum, have met him here alone—have taken his fate into her own hands? It was now as if his soul was her soul, the mere thought of his loss wrenched her with such sharp pain; for the tears were bitter, wrung themselves out of her very heart. She never had made even her uncle's inner self her own in this fashion.

The terror of that consciousness which comes to every woman some time in life overtook Honora. She hid from it. She would not name it to herself. "Dallas Galbraith is nothing to me—nothing to me! I brought him here for love of justice—to give him his place—to make myself a beggar," she told herself, vehemently. Presently she turned to him: she thought he did not look at her, but Dallas knew that all the flush and sparkle had died out in her; saw even the clutch with which her fingers held on the bench at her side. He was as sensitive to a change in her mood or looks, and as stolidly dumb about it, as that flowerless cactus was to the heat and shadows of the sun which warmed it.

It was a lucky fancy, she thought, to bring him here. If he had determined to persevere in his stupid resolve not to make himself known, the signs of wealth in-doors would not have touched or tempted him; but here the grappling-hooks had taken a firm hold of him.

"You understand now," she said, "what wealth will give you. With money a man can educate—can make himself what he will."

"I do understand. It is a great power. The man is a fool who slights it."

He stood in the door which swung open into the orchard as he spoke, looking gravely out into the gathering twilight. Honora, a step or two within, waited. When he glanced hurriedly in, the tempered silvery light, the green distance, the lilies and perfume, the woman's delicate figure draped in rose-colored mist, and her face, which gave life to the whole, all seemed to wait for him, expectant, alluring, eager. It was but to keep silence about that one foul misadventure—to lie, it might be, once or twice, and to enter on

possession of what was to him a royal inheritance. Within there, knowledge would come in the very air, breathed in the midst of ease and luxury. Within, there would be a chance—poor, improbable, but yet a chance—to win her.

Without, there was an aimless journey into the world, without a penny in his pocket or a friendly face to meet, to conquer knowledge in poor, meagre morsels, struggling for life at the same time.

There was an undue share of mulish perverseness in Galbraith's blood. At this prospect, without any show of reason, his muscles stiffened and he began to breathe free. Honora and her world became less fair to him.

"Will you come in?" she said, softly. "Home is waiting for you. It will be the old story of the prince found among the herdsmen. But we will keep the secret to ourselves of the coal-pits at Scranton," growing hurried and unsteady when she saw that he did not move. She remembered then that the choice for him to make was for life, and stood silent. Once she half held out her hand, and then let it fall, trembling. It mattered more to her life than his, she thought, after all, whether he went away. When he remained silent, looking out steadily, she spoke to him again: "Will you come in?"

"No," slowly, looking her in the face as he spoke. "It is not home to me. I will come back when I am fit to take my place among you."

She shook her head: "You will never come; or it will be too late. Death may come to any of us."

"And you may be gone. You will do as other women do—marry."

"That may be," with a laugh, but growing suddenly pale.

"It would be but natural," with a long breath, turning away. He was grave and stern, as though it was his own death and not life he was planning.

"If you have decided to follow your whim, then, and go—"

"It is not a whim," slowly. "It seems even to me like the choice of a madman. You suppose I do not know what I am giving up. I do know.

Chances which—which you would never think of, Miss Dundas. These things matter more to a man than a woman."

"You have your own reasons, doubtless," coldly.

"I have this reason," turning to her quickly: "I have not moral courage nor strength enough now to live among you and be myself—to tell my own story honestly and boldly. Later, it may be different. If it is not, I never will return. And then there is a sort of gloss and polish over all the world you live in—an imitation of each other, a hiding of one's self. It is hateful to me; but if I went among you now, I know that I would try to gain it. I would begin to borrow my opinions on this side and on that. I would soon be quite contented to smother up all my past life for ever."

Honora listened intently. "Am I false and factitious?" she said, leaning forward in her eagerness for his reply.

Dallas hesitated. But the sincere eyes before him commanded the answer: "I had an odd feeling about you, Miss Dundas, since the day I first met you," he said, smiling. "Something of that with which one wants to strip the husk and silk from an ear of corn and find the kernel inside. But the husk and silk with you—"

"Are borrowed. Now that is true!" earnestly. "I've tried to give myself a good character so long, you understand. I did not suspect you of shrewdness. But no matter! Have you told me all of your reasons for going?"

"No. I have been hampered all my life, and I want to feel my own feet under me. I would rather earn my bread and butter than sit down as your new-found prince to have my lap filled with gold. And I believe I would rather, when it comes to the choice, hammer out for myself bits of knowledge up on the hills yonder than receive it all here without any effort. It is a vain and a doltish feeling, but I must work it out. I am a born boor, perhaps."

"Then that is all. I can do no more," said Honora.

"If it is possible, I wish to see my mother before I go."

"She is not here. Colonel Pervis drove her to town this morning. She will be back to-morrow."

They both were silent after that. There was no reason why Dallas should stay longer. His choice was made. Honora, drawn back a little, her eyes dropped on the floor, waited, he thought, only to say good-bye. But he did not say good-bye. He never knew, afterward, how long he stood there, or of what he thought as he gazed at the downcast face. She knew, without looking at him, and turned from him with a shiver:

"I must leave you now. If you will go?"

"Yes, I will go."

"Do you wish me to keep your secret?"

"Yes: until I come back."

A faint heat began to rise in Honora's cheeks. If she could not take this hero by the hand and lead him in to her uncle, it was something to know that he had gone out like an old Crusader into the world seeking the true knighthood—something to hold his secret in her hand, a tie between themselves alone, some day to draw him gently back to claim his own. It was romance and mystery enough to comfort any woman.

"You may trust me," she said, in a whisper, a precaution which she had neglected before.

Another silence, in which he waited. But still she did not look at him.

"When will you come back?"

"In a year. I will try what strength I have, and if I succeed, I will come and claim my place."

"If you do not succeed?"

"Then I will come to you to say farewell, Miss Dundas, for ever. I will ask you to forget that I ever crossed your path."

He came closer to her, involuntarily, as he spoke. The dreadful constraint and weight which oppressed him whenever he tried to drag his secret thoughts to the light were upon him. He looked down from his grave, square height on Honora where she stood: her hands were clasped and resting on a heap of

dead moss. They were so bloodless that he wondered, vaguely, if they were not icy cold, and went on hurriedly stumbling through his words: "You must not think I have not seen the sacrifice you would have made. I am not so ignorant that a noble, true woman—"

There he stopped. Her bosom was heaving, her chin quivering as Matt's did when he choked back the tears. Galbraith made one step that brought him beside her. Could it be that it cost her anything for him to go?

The white, cold hands were very near him. He clasped his own behind him resolutely. He had no thought of her as the beautiful, richly-dressed lady; but he did remember that the taint of the prison was on his flesh, and until she knew it he had no right to touch her.

"I will keep your secret," she said, "and a year from now I will look for you to come back. Good-bye, Cousin Dallas." She held out her hand, and when he did not take it looked wonderingly up at him.

Poor Dallas! All that he knew was the face upturned to his. He had failed to recognize the fairy queen in her elaborate silken sheen. A woman was a woman to him; and in this swift moment he absorbed every trifling detail that set this one apart from others, and gathered it all into his honest, stupid heart, to feed on hereafter. This gown she wore, he thought, was the very color of the inside of the shells he used to find at low tide; and her eyes were dark and brown as the kelp washed up on the shore: the old friendly Manasquan life came up as the echo of a far-off home-song. Her eyes were full of tears. She was very near to him—nearer than any living being. On the night he first saw her he knew that, when, from the world from which he was shut out, she had held her hand down to him. Before he came back, she would marry—in her own class. Not a convict.

But with the quiet assurance of real love, he knew himself to be near to her—nearer to her than any other man could ever be. Now, he was intolerably alone;

—the old stain would shut him for ever into a solitary life.

"Good-bye," she said.

For his answer he took her in his arms and kissed her.

He quickly put her down, white with indignation, and drew back from her. "You think me rude and vulgar. I am sorry. I could not help it." He added earnestly: "It does not seem wrong or vulgar to me."

Honora made an imperious gesture of dismissal: "Go! I—I am sorry."

These words went like a knife to Galbraith's heart. She had trusted him as an equal, and now she thought him a boor. He looked at her a moment sorrowfully enough, bowed without speaking, and went slowly down the hill. "But I was not wrong nor vulgar," he said, doggedly to himself. While Honora, when he was gone, buried her face in her hands and laughed hysterically. Could Colonel Pervis or Mr. Dour have done this thing? But they were thorough-bred—gentlemen. How could one know what to expect from a wild man of the woods? It was as if one had laid hold on Behemoth; and then she sat down among the flower-pots and sobbed and cried until her heart was sick.

The Indian Queen, long before Galbraith's return, was sound asleep in the moonlight. Even Turk, the watch-dog, who regarded robbers as one of the illusions of his youth, was as usual stretched on the porch snoring, his head between his paws. Dallas sat down on the mossy pump-trough: his brain was on fire, the close air of the house choked him. Why should a man be shut up in a box until after he was dead? After all, any house was a jail! He must have the free air to think over his future life clearly. But he did not think at all. That he ought to be miserable was plain enough. No man could be in a worse case. Tomorrow he must go out to face the world, penniless and untaught, with the leprosy mark of the prison upon him, awaking suspicion against him in the kindest, broadest, human sympathy. The woman who already counted for more than

all the world to him he had driven from him, to-night, irretrievably.

"It is a dark day," said Dallas.

There was heat in the man's long jaws which had not been there since the old Manasquan days. The grave, dark-blue eyes were sparkling and alive. "Hillo, Turk!" he called; and when the dog came sleepily to him he pulled him up and wrestled with him, laughing, and with no gentle hand, as if life, and youth, and good-fellowship were brimful in his heart, and he must find some living thing to caress, if it were but a dog. When Turk went off again, surly, to his nap, Galbraith stood up, stretching his long arms restlessly, looking down the road and then up at the sky. He could not sleep. Of all his strong, brawny body there was but one conscious point—his mouth, on which a touch lay light and warm. Had he found in it to-night that cordial which his hard early life had never tasted? Or was he simply one of those men who never know when fate has worsted them?

However that may be, the Dallas Galbraith who walked vehemently up the hill to the woods, only to throw himself down under a beech tree, was ten years a younger man than the one who had gone out from the Indian Queen this morning. The luck which was against him had vanished out of his sight. As for the disaster that closed in upon him on every side, the thought of it only roused in him the hot, buoyant glow with which he used to fight his way along the beach through the nor'-easters that wet him to the skin. He was going to live out of doors now, thank God! He had done with houses. He began to troll out one of the old fishing-songs, and his magnificent voice echoed through the woods like a trumpet-note of victory. He was so busy with his own fancies and his song that he did not hear the rolling wheels of a buggy on the road.

"Ho, Galbraith! Galbraith! There's nobody fool enough to be shouting in the woods at midnight but that fellow! Galbraith, I say!"

The shouting suddenly ceased, and in

a moment Dallas came down into the road, falling into his usual grave composure when he saw who had summoned him.

"You are late abroad, Doctor Pritchard?" resting his hand on the whip-rest of the buggy.

"Yes; but the night is the same as the day to me. It will be to you when you are as old a campaigner. I—I'm afraid we will have rain to-morrow."

"It is likely."

"Yes; those woolly clouds are a bad sign." Then the Doctor flicked his whip, and finding a knot in the lash picked it out, while Dallas watched him. He could not help it that his heart beat fast or his breath choked him. What if the road was going to open level before his feet? What if, after all the fierce temptation, he had done right and yet not lost his chance?

"I drove over purposely to see you, Galbraith," hesitated the Doctor.

Dallas nodded in silence.

"I was going to the Indian Queen, but I heard you up there. You must carry a light heart, lilting in that fashion in the middle of the night. Well, I've been thinking over that matter—the story you told me, eh?"

Dallas stroked the old horse softly.

"I'm glad to find you are in a better mood, Galbraith. You were angry and disrespectful this morning. A young man, first of all, should master his temper. You prevented me from seeing the thing clearly. Now, when I came to think it over—"

"You determined to trust me," quietly suggested Dallas when the pause grew awkward. "I do not think you will repent it."

"I have determined to trust myself," hastily. "I never found my judgment mislead me yet. And Mr. Galbraith has formed the same opinion of you; though that weighs but little with me. He's a phrenologist. There was Colonel Lad-doun—as clever, gentlemanly a fellow as ever lived—yet the Galbraiths would have none of him. No: James Galbraith's opinion does not count for much with me. But I've determined to risk

it all on my judgment of your face, Galbraith. Convict or not, I'll take you with me to-morrow, if you will go." The respect which he felt for the young man betrayed itself involuntarily in his tone more than his words.

"Yes, I will go. I am glad you trusted me." There was a heartiness and feeling in his voice which took the Doctor by assault.

"Give me your hand, boy!" suddenly, stooping forward. "I believe your story, every syllable. Some men have damnable usage in this world. I'll do what I can to set it right for you."

The men shook hands, and then, as men do when a word of earnest feeling escapes them, began, in a hasty, ashamed way, to talk of the horse and the chances of rain. "We'll make an early start," said Pritchard. "I'll take this road and call for you at the Queen by eight o'clock—sharp. Well, good-bye," pulling his reins. "Don't leave your voice behind you, either. It's good company on a long day's tramp—a tenor voice like yours. I know; I have heard good music in my time. Well, good-night!" looking back, after he had driven a little way, with a nod and smile again to reassure the young fellow.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. DOUR, the next morning, rose as usual with the dawn, for the young man was in reality a hard-plodding student. Gerty, as fresh and sweet as a spice-pink, always was the first of the household to break in on him in the library; but to-day Miss Dundas came in for a book. Paul sprang to meet her, persuading himself he was glad of the rare chance, for his suit was lagging in this quarter; but Miss Dundas was pre-occupied and grave, in haste to get a book from the top shelf, which proved to be Humboldt's "Cosmos," and two or three others which she thought she would need for reference. She was as worn and her eyes were as sunken as though she had spent all night over

them. She was a very homely young woman, Dour thought, as she went out loaded, and he took up his book again; and then he dropped it, considering whether brain-power did or did not tend to injure the ideal woman, and whether women were not, after all, only meant to furnish the element of repose in this hurly-burly of life, to caress away care from their husband's brows, and to bring up children.

Mr. Galbraith laid down his paper when Honora came into his little study and began to sweep the sewing from her own table in the corner and to pile up her books. He could read the titles from where he sat.

"Are you going to study, my dear?"

"I thought I'd try and learn—something," with a despairing energy, sitting down with her chin in her hands, and beginning at the first chapter. The clock ticked for half an hour before she spoke.

"I've laid out a system for myself, uncle. Do you think, if I read and took notes, and all that, I could make myself worth anything in—well, in a year?"

"It is probable. Have you had an especial call toward the natural sciences?"

There was a little pause: "One must begin somewhere. That seems to be the only knowledge of weight. Languages and metaphysics—that sort of indoors learning makes men like Mr. Dour."

"And farming and hunting, men like Colonel Pervis."

"I would be very sorry for the world if they were the only types of men—very sorry, indeed!" tartly, dropping her forehead in her hands and going to work again.

Mrs. Rattlin, at breakfast, suggested that Honora "looked poorly. Most young girls had something in their spines. A white of egg, now, beaten up in raw whisky, was excellent before meals." Madam Galbraith growled assent, and looked keenly at her niece from under her shaggy brows, as though she saw a change in her deeper than the dark scoring under the eyes. The eyes them-

selves were full of meaning, steady and reticent as never before. The shy awkwardness had given place to a languid grace, which had a subtle charm for the eyes of the old lady. When she spoke to the people about her, she neither stammered nor hesitated as usual, but it was as indifferently as if they belonged to a world to which she had long since bidden good-bye. Her very voice was new to Madam Galbraith—natural, and with clear, fine cadences.

"What has altered Honora?" she demanded sharply of her husband, after breakfast. "There's a peculiar steadiness that comes to a woman when she is married or betrothed. I see it in her now. She has done with copying others. She is herself for the rest of her life. What has she been doing?"

"I do not know, Hannah. Studying Humboldt, I believe," tranquilly.

"Some one ought to know," anxiously. "I must take better care of the child."

The old gentleman lighted a cigar and went out to the garden walk, looking in each time that he passed the window at the light flickering over his darling's head, bent again over the books. The change in her face was that of a beautiful life dawning out of chaos, he thought, and went on turning his wife's rough idea over in his fanciful way. Love coming in to a woman's nature was like the last stroke of an artist's pencil to the landscape; there was the background waiting—a bit of heaven and a bit of earth: promise of summer or promise of storms. Then the solitary human figure came in, and the motionless drama took instant life, shape, meaning. The picture was finished for ever. Time would make no essential change—only to dim the hues, perhaps. Having finished his cigar and his meditation together, he went up to the window and opened it:

"Are Babe and I left out of the plans for the year? Come and ride with me, Nora."

"I don't think I have time. You see, uncle, I have been living in a world where knowledge was the very air I

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breathed; and you have no idea how dumb I am. My head does ache horribly!" giving the "Cosmos" a push and coming to the window.

"Yes; go put on your habit. I am going down the river-road. I will meet Doctor Pritchard somewhere there, and bid him good-bye."

Honora put up both hands to shelter her face from the sun. "No, I will not ride this morning," in a low voice.

Mr. Galbraith pulled his spectacles down over his eyes to look at her. "The air is from the mountains," he persisted. "I thought it would be but friendly to meet Pritchard and bid him God-speed. It is a long, dangerous journey the foolish old fellow has undertaken."

"You had better go with your uncle, Honora," said Mrs. Rattlin, who came up just then, patting her on the shoulder in her motherly way.

But, to her dismay, the tears began to roll down the girl's pale cheeks. "I wish you would not worry me, uncle!" she sobbed. "How could you ask me to do that? How could you? I did not know it was a dangerous journey."

"Go take your ride, Mr. Galbraith," said Mrs. Rattlin, quietly. "Don't be uneasy about Honora. It's her spine. Girls are all weakly, nervous things now-a-days. Go and lie down a while, Honora dear."

But Honora slipped away from them both, and went down, slowly, to the garden—to the orchard—into the greenhouse. As she watched her uncle's horse coming to the door, ready for him to mount, the tears dried and her face began to burn hot as the cactus-blooms behind her. In a little while he would be on the hill-road, where Doctor Pritchard must pass.

A quarter of an hour afterward, when Mr. Galbraith stopped his horse to unfasten the gate, there stood Miss Dundas waiting, eyes and cheeks aflame.

"I cut some flowers for you, uncle."

Mr. Galbraith saw that his greenhouse had been altogether rifled. "But I like out-door flowers best, you know, Nora."

"You need not keep them then," eagerly. "Give them to your friend, Doctor Pritchard, if you choose."

"From you, Honora?"

"No, uncle. My name must not be mentioned there," with sudden emphatic gravity.

After Mr. Galbraith's horse had trotted down the road, she leaned a long time on the gate, thinking. She was sure that Dallas would guess that she had cut the flowers for her uncle. She pictured him, gaunt and hollow-eyed, this morning, at the thought of her displeasure, manœuvring to possess himself of one—hiding it, wearing it, as a knight of old was wont to wear his lady's colors, until he came back at the end of the year, having won his golden spurs, to claim—his own.

Dallas at that moment was finishing his breakfast. He always liked a hearty breakfast. It was a question whether he or Matt had done most justice to the chickens, and waffles, and cream-gravy. As for Lizzy and Mrs. Beck, they ate but little, and with that little Peggy literally mingled her tears. Mr. Beck, last night, had given them vague ideas of the vast wildernesses waiting to be explored by Dallas, and they had sat up until near dawn to talk of it.

"Miss Byrne took it worse than my wife," said Beck, when they went up for Galbraith's luggage. "One 'ud think your road was beset by cannibals, by the way she watches you. Women beats all. If you stick an idee in their heads as bare as a broom-stick, they'll have it up and flourishin' like a green bay tree in no time."

"I don't know much about them," said Galbraith, indifferently. He had no time to speculate on women or their idiosyncrasies. There were some bits of rock which he wanted to take with him for comparison, and he had not yet chosen them. He began to choose and pack them now.

Now that he had his work in hand, it was curious how the image of Honora, over which he had been brooding for

days, faded far into the background. A beautiful dream, to be summoned in lonely hours, perhaps; but now the spar must be packed. There were no hollows about his eyes. Ten minutes after he had found his work for life was ready for him last night, he had lain down and slept soundly. It made Lizzy angry to know that he was sleeping like a log in the next room.

"Now, that is the difference between men and women," she said.

"Why, it is only for a year, Lizzy," he said, wringing her hand good-bye, when Doctor Pritchard came at last, and Beck and Washington were storing away the valise in the buggy.

"Only a year! Oh, Dallas! But a year is nothing to you. You will inherit a great fortune—you will marry—"

"No woman would marry a convict. There is no need to remind me of that," sternly.

"There is no need to tell her," eagerly.

"I've no time to be thinking of marriage now, Lizzy. Good-bye—God bless you! I don't forget all you've done for me."

"Time's up, Galbraith!" shouted the Doctor. He was looking down with dismay at Mrs. Beck's store of luncheon and jam jars.

Dallas nodded, packing them in. "Hush. Humor her. We can throw it out easily enough. One moment;" and he ran back to leave a package in his room for Matt.

In that moment Doctor Pritchard saw Mr. Galbraith ride up, quickly, over the brow of the hill, and he drove on to speak to him. He fancied the old gentleman was curiously distraught and anxious. He looked beyond the Doctor, at Dallas when he came out on the steps again and they all gathered about him.

"That is your assistant, Pritchard?" he said.

"Yes; that is my young friend. I use that word advisedly," with a half-defiant tone. "I take him on the responsibility of my instinct, sir. His history is nothing to me."

Mr. Galbraith hesitated: "You have heard his history then?"

"From himself. Without reservation."

There was a strange lightening in Mr. Galbraith's face, which struck even the unobservant Professor as odd. He found, too, that one or two remarks which he made were unheard by the old gentleman, so intently was he regarding the group on the porch, and listening to an occasional word from Dallas.

"The lad," he said, at last, "has the gift of attaching all kinds of people to him. It belonged to—to another of the Galbraiths."

"Yes; but he has the gift of attaching himself to his work, which is better. I have been pleased to see how, since his proper profession opened to him, he has taken hold of it—like a tree that finds itself in its native soil. Friends nor women will not hold this young fellow back, sir. They will be outside matters to him. His work will be the air he breathes."

"You think the discipline good for him, then?" anxiously.

"It is not good—it is necessary. As air to breathe," crustily.

Mr. Galbraith turned his quiet, critical eyes on the irritable little man beside him, as though sounding his nature in reference to some secret thought of his own: then, satisfied, they went back to the tall figure on the porch and the face of the younger man. There was an odd likeness of meaning between them. He wondered if there were any virtue in the earth's secrets that kept the souls of men, who were born to dig them out, clean and honest.

"It is better the boy should go," he said, slowly, as Dallas, having bidden Matt the last hearty good-bye, came toward them, and for the first time saw his grandfather. Mr. Galbraith pressed his horse forward a step and half held out his hand, but seeing that Dallas stopped, he bowed without speaking.

"Now, that fellow does not mean to be uncivil," said the Doctor, quickly. "He will not shake your hand because

you don't know his history. There is no sham about him."

"I understand." Mr. Galbraith spoke nervously, with an unusual repressed excitement in his thin face. "But I should like to have taken the boy by the hand. I hope you will be kind to him, Pritchard?"

"No fear. Well, good-bye. That is a new specimen of acacia in your bouquet. Oh, many thanks! Good-bye. Come, Galbraith."

As Dallas sprang into the buggy and they drove away, the spare military figure on horseback was the last that he saw. It seemed to typify the life and kindred on which he had turned his back. We see ourselves and our neighbors as we are but two or three times in life, and then with electric, irrevocable insight. This old graybeard, with his delicate fingers and sad, sensitive eyes, that would look on the wealth and education for which Dallas schemed with long-used indifference, was a something which the young man never could become. He sat silent beside Dr. Pritchard until they had driven a mile or two, and then, stooping, began to finger the package of tools without which the Professor never traveled.

"You like your trade, Galbraith? Not sorry to give civilization the good-bye for a while, eh?"

"I suppose a man cannot serve two masters?"

"Not such a man as you."

"Then I like my trade."

He took up the flowers which the Doctor had let fall. He was sure that Honora had cut them for her uncle, and touched them with a blush like a boy, as though their leaves had been her cheeks and hair. She might belong to the same world as her uncle, but, if he came back, she would come into his, he thought, with quiet assurance. After a while he pulled one or two of the blossoms to pieces to find out to what class and order they belonged, and when they all drooped in the heat, he threw them away. Dallas never had a keepsake in his life.

Crossing a ridge of the lower hills,

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Doctor Pritchard drew up his horse: "There is the Galbraith homestead. Take your last look at it. You are a branch of that stock, I believe?"

"More of kin than of kind," said Dallas, under his breath.

But the Doctor caught the words: "Oh, of course. But a man's no less a man on account of difference of rank. That is a noble old house. It sits upon the mountain like a crown." He waited to allow the horse to breathe, for the pull up the hill had been hard.

Now, the domestic instinct was strong in Dallas, however wanting in sentimentalism women would have thought him. He had given to even his prison cell a home look. He could not forget that the solemn mountain-landscapes and the house yonder in their midst were his home—had been the birth-place of his ancestors for generations. He alone was cast out—a vagabond upon the earth. Doctor Pritchard broke the silence with words that oddly jarred upon him. He put his hand on Dallas' knee, and said, earnestly:

"I heard you promise to come back here in a year, Galbraith; and I meant, as your friend, when we were alone, to protest against it. What can you have in common with these people? Why would you give up your work when it was just begun?"

"There is something in common between us," said Dallas, but vaguely, for a moving object on the road before them had caught his eye: a low phaeton, with two figures in it. At the sight of one of them, his heart stood still. "There are reasons why I should come back—there are reasons," he repeated, slowly, looking at it.

"I do not ask your confidence, of course," testily: "I only give you practical, common-sense counsel. You have told me your story: you say there is no way for you to prove your innocence, and I tell you your only chance is to devote yourself to-day to your profession, and to rid yourself of every vestige of your past life—make yourself new aims and a new world. There is no hope for you there," motioning to the

mountains and homestead. "There is not one man or woman there who would believe in you as I have done, with the story clinging to you."

Dallas did not answer. He could not take his eyes from the delicate woman leaning back in the phaeton which rapidly approached them.

"No!" pursued the Doctor, energetically, motioning toward the great western valley which opened before them. "There lies your true path. I don't want to see the man in you spoiled by the influence of people whom you have left here. Take your work and go out with it. Let there be no looking back to the flesh-pots of Egypt."

"It is not my work that keeps me from them," cried Dallas, the fair, laughing face of his mother coming nearer and nearer. "It is the stain that is on me; and it was no fault of mine."

"But it will shut you out from them for ever," coolly. "What if you had gone to any of them, as you did to me, and said 'I am a convict'?"

Dallas did not speak, but he took off his cap, and, leaning forward, looked into the woman's face that was now close upon them. The Doctor noticed that he drew his breath heavily: his face became the poor vehicle of some great emotion. What could Mrs. Duffield know of the man?

Colonel Pervis, who drove her, pulled up his horses with a jerk: "Off, Doctor? 'Westward the star of science takes its way,' eh?" with a furtive, inquisitive glance at the workman beside him.

Mrs. Duffield also saw Dallas, but without looking at him. It was a noble, singular head, she thought; and the rolling gray collar and bare throat were wonderfully artistic. She stretched out her pretty little hand to the Doctor. "We will miss you so much!" she said, gently. "But you will find your way back to us some day, I am sure."

"Will I find you here, if I do?"

"Yes. I am at home now. This life suits me." Her hand lay on the red cushion, close to Dallas. For years he never had slept without holding it close

to his breast. The brown hair—there was a little gray in it now—how he used to tug at it and tangle it while she sewed at the slop-shop work! How patient she was, laughing when he brought the tears to her eyes! He could see a faint scar across her forehead: it was there that Duffield struck her that night when she held him in her lap to keep off the savage blows. That night he went to the coal-pits. He knew that the only chance for life for her was to be rid of him.

If he could but touch her! She was not a dainty lady to him: she was only—mother—mother. His hand, holding his cap, was near to hers. The strong, brawny man grew weak and blind. He dared not touch it.

The stain was between them.

She looked beyond him, as though he had been vacant air, to his companion.

The Doctor's kind heart could not bear that any one should be neglected. "My young friend goes with me," he said. "You must wish him God-speed. He is one of your own people."

Colonel Pervis mumbled some commonplace, and Mrs. Duffield promptly held out her ever-ready hand. She looked up with a smile, and their eyes met. A strange, confused trouble came into her face; it grew pale: she drew back the outstretched hand.

"Shall I tell her that I am a convict?" said Dallas, in a quiet whisper, turning to the Doctor. But the boy's look made Pritchard think that he had suddenly gone mad.

"Tut! tut! I will drive on, Colonel Pervis. Good-day, Mrs. Duffield. You are insane on this matter, Galbraith."

"Stay!" Dallas laid his hand on the Doctor's wrist and brought the horse to a sudden halt. He looked at the phaeton which was driving rapidly away. "I may never come back," he said, with a loud uncadenced laugh, "and she—she is—"

"What is she, Galbraith?"

"This life suited her." Should he bring his disgrace on her?

"She was a friend of mine once," he said, loosing his hold on the reins.

"You had better sink all friendships.

There lies your work. I warn you," pointing forward.

Mrs. Duffield was silent and pale so long as to alarm her companion. "Do you know that young man, Colonel Pervis?" she asked at last.

"No. But we can easily hail the Doctor again," with uneasy solicitude, for she was a woman whom every man was anxious to serve.

"No."

"He reminded you of some one?" anxiously.

She bowed, her face turned from him.

"A friend, perhaps?"

"A friend who is dead."

Colonel Pervis was silent. As they turned toward the Galbraith homestead, she looked hurriedly back, and in the rapidly widening distance she saw the two adventurers going down into the valley of the west, whose rising mists enveloped them, making them dim and shadowy to her sight as the image of the dead boy who would come no more, nor send her tidings.

DAY-DREAMING.

How better am I
Than a butterfly?
Here, as the noiseless hours go by,
Hour by hour,
I cling to my fancy's half-blown flower:
Over its sweetness I brood and brood,
And I scarcely stir, though sounds intrude
That would trouble and fret another mood
Less divine
Than mine!

Who cares for the bees?
I will take my ease,
Dream and dream as long as I please;
Hour by hour,
With love-wings fanning my sweet, sweet flower!
Gather your honey, and hoard your gold,
Through spring and summer, and hive through cold!
I will cling to my flower till it is mould,
Breathe one sigh
And die!

AMERICAN FORESTS.

THE American mind has so long been trained to regard a tree as a natural enemy that the prejudice seems now as difficult to eradicate as to uproot one of the giants of the "forest primeval." As a shelter for a savage foe, as an obstacle to be removed before corn could be planted, it fell before the axe of the sturdy pioneer of the Western World; yet the needless destruction of the forests was an idea inherited from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who, long before they heard of the discovery of a new continent, had swept down with unsparing hand the forests of England and Scotland. It was not until the time of Charles the First that an alarm was sounded through Great Britain that the woods were falling too rapidly, and that immediate and active measures were needed to prevent those islands from becoming entirely denuded of trees and unfit for the habitation of man.

While the Puritans in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia had begun, on American soil, another act of the sylvan drama they had learned so well at home, the people of the mother-country were bewailing the scarceness of wood for ship-building, for fuel and other domestic purposes. The first need of a country, and that an island which had just made itself mistress of the seas, was felt in her ships: timber could not be had at the royal dock-yards. Government took the alarm, and John Evelyn was appointed by the Royal Society, at the command of the king, to repair, if possible, the waste of the forests.

Evelyn was a country gentleman, and, although a courtier, he was a true lover of sylvan pursuits and a practical man. Not only by lectures and books did he awaken the attention of his countrymen, but he taught by example how a private gentleman could serve his country by planting and protecting trees, as well as by fighting for his king. He performed

this work so well that his name will be kept for ever green in the woods of his native land.

Evelyn's books are now seldom met with except in old libraries; but his true love of nature and quick perceptions, his earnest loyalty and desire to improve his age and generation, make these volumes, though old-fashioned in language and obsolete in the botanical learning of the present time, some of the pleasantest summer-reading in the language. Evelyn wrote of what he saw and knew; and though sometimes affected by the superstitions that hung around woodcraft in that age, he brought together so much practical knowledge that, even in the greater light of the nineteenth century, his general rules are followed and his conclusions considered correct. Nature is ever the same:

"Oh there is not lost

One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies."

We have alluded to the wholesale destruction of the British forests, yet it is true that the early Saxon kings protected the oak, not only because of the superstitious reverence paid to it by the Druids, but on account of its acorns, which were the food of the serfs and the swine. The earliest recorded notice of the oak tree in England is found in the *Saxon Chronicles*. About the end of the seventh century, King Ina, among the few laws which he enacted to regulate the simple economy of his subjects, made injuring and destroying these trees penal, and those who did so clandestinely were fined thirty shillings. The very sound of the axe was sufficient conviction, and the man who felled a tree under whose shadow thirty hogs could stand incurred a double penalty. Woods of old were valued according to the number of hogs they could fatten; and in times of scarcity the acorns (or mast) were eaten by man, even after the introduction of rye and

oats: it is, therefore, not only on account of the sacred character formerly attached to the oak, but also because of the value of its fruit, that nearly all the millennial trees of England belong to that genus.

The Norman kings protected the forests for the chase, but this was looked upon by the subjugated Saxons as the most oppressive act of their conquerors. Yet to Saxon Ina and Norman William the Englishman of the present time is indebted for the numerous fine old trees that remain the glory and pride of the British isles.

In the reign of Henry the Seventh, we are told, forests, principally of oak and beech, covered one-third of all England. Tusser, who wrote about the year 1562, complains that "men were more studious to cut down than to plant;" and it was probably about this period that clearing for cultivation became universal, as the increasing manufactures and the introduction of garden vegetables from the Continent testify.

The destruction must have been quite as rapid as in America, judging from the lamentations of Evelyn, who was called upon, only a century later, to repair the great waste of woods in England. Thus we find that, until the beginning of our own American history, no special apprehension was felt about the scarcity of wood in the mother-country; but from the time of the appointment of royal governors in the colonies, one of the grievances most frequently mentioned was the prerogative claimed by the king of taking the finest trees in the forests of the New World for the royal navy. The colonists were glad to freight ships for home with their superabundant timber; but, true to the independent spirit which had exiled them, they protested against the monarch's right to take it without pay. The surveyor of the crown, who went through the forests marking the broad arrow of his master on the finest trees, was an unpopular character; and our ancestors showed the same spirit in protesting against this unjust claim as at a later period against the stamp act and tea tax. The grand

white pine of the northern woods was often left to decay, because, the king's broad arrow once placed on it, no meaner hand might dare to appropriate it. This was a standing grievance between the colonists and the king, and in the time of Governor Shute, about 1700, this popular feeling excited much attention, even in England. According to Magna Charta, the monarch had no right to claim a tree on any man's freehold; and wherever land had been granted and occupied by the settlers the royal order was clearly wrong. Our ancestors, learned in the law of their own land, were usually found not only to have justice but right on their side. We wonder now that, amid the almost unbroken forests of New England more than one hundred and fifty years ago, this subject could be the cause of so much ill-feeling toward the home government; but, like Hampden's ship-money, it was the *principle* they protested against.

We have traced the reason why woods were protected by the Saxon kings, by their Norman conquerors, and by the more recent Stuart dynasty, and why our immediate ancestors quarreled with the last of that line in behalf of the glory of the virgin forests of New England; but, although in each and all of these we discern a glimmering of the real question, yet our own republic has shown a wonderful apathy in a matter of such vital importance. No laws have been enacted to stay the woodman's axe, no paternal rewards held out to those who would plant trees; and we seem to be only just awakening to the fact that some efforts should be made to preserve the beautiful forests that remain. In the report of the eighth census, recently published, is the first note of warning and advice sounded by government—of warning, that forests must be preserved—of advice, that trees must be planted. Not only as a source of national wealth is it urged upon the people, but as a grand climatic agent. The legislatures of some of the States are observing with dismay the injury done to their wheat crop and their fruit by

the cold winds, from which they were formerly protected by belts of timber.

In the newly-settled State of Michigan, one of the greatest lumber markets of the world, a special committee have been appointed relative to the preservation of forest trees; and not only do they recommend to the legislature that no more trees should be recklessly cut down, but have introduced a bill to provide for planting trees by the highways. If this is found expedient in the thinly-settled States of the West, how much more necessary is it in the populous sections of the Northern and Middle portion of the Union!

Fifty years ago some fears were entertained that from the constantly-increasing population of the country the demand for firewood was becoming so great that posterity would be deprived of the means of warmth during the arctic winter of the Northern States; but soon after that period the discovery of the inexhaustible coal-basin of Pennsylvania dissipated these fears, and the use of coal for domestic purposes has now become so universal that a cord of oak or hickory can be bought in the Philadelphia market to-day at the same price that Michaux quotes it as selling in New York in 1807. During these sixty years every article of food, as well as wages, has quadrupled in price, and we may well congratulate ourselves that the discovery of coal has allowed us still the means of warmth at a low rate.

Had wood continued to be our only fuel, long ere this some active measures would have been taken to plant trees and preserve forests, for the consumption of wood in the household would have come home to every man's feelings and pocket.

Michaux, on his second visit to this country, more than fifty years ago, to report to the French government upon the trees of North America, urged upon Americans, and particularly upon the Federal government, the care of their forests, as a great source of national wealth. In the introduction to his world-renowned *Sylvia* he says:

"It may not be improper to observe

that the Europeans have great advantages over the Americans in the management of woods. The principal forests are in the hands of governments, which watch over their preservation with a solicitude dictated by imperious necessity. Experience has amply demonstrated that no dependence can be placed, for the public service or the general supply, upon forests that are private property: falling sooner or later into the hands of persons eager to enjoy their price, they disappear and give place to tillage.

"In America, on the contrary, neither the Federal government nor the several States have reserved forests. An alarming destruction of trees proper for building has been the consequence—an evil which is increasing, and will continue to increase, with the increase of population. The effect is already very sensibly felt in the large cities, where the complaint is every year becoming more serious, not only of the excessive dearness of fuel, but of the scarcity of timber.

"Even now, inferior wood is frequently substituted for the white oak; and the live oak, so highly esteemed in ship-building, will soon become extinct upon the islands of Georgia."

It is not yet too late for government to reserve some of its public lands for forests, and to enact laws for their preservation. Most of the States owning wild lands, as they are called, could do the same; and where this is unattainable by public property, the owners of a certain quantity of timber land might be exempted from taxation as long as it remains in forest. Still, it is difficult for our republican government to exercise any direct control over the owners of land; and this inability to coerce the individual in the management of his private affairs is inherent in our idea of liberty. Yet, if the people cannot be educated to know what is needed for their life and comfort, laws must be enacted for self-preservation; and to this point it appears we are now tending.

With such affluence of sylvan riches that there seemed no limit to our wealth, we have been too prodigal of nature's bounties. Our forests are com-

posed of a variety of trees unknown in other lands. Michaux enumerates but thirty-six species of trees which, in France attain the height of thirty feet, eighteen of these forming the principal forest-growth of that country, and seven only of use in civil and naval construction; while he had observed in North America no less than one hundred and forty species of the above-named height, a large proportion of them useful in the arts. The swampy lands of France produce no wood of any value; while the same sort of soil here is covered with the noble trees of the black and white cypress, the red elm, the willow oak and white cedar.

We act in this country as if our forests were inexhaustible, but we may well learn wisdom from facts presented to us by Europeans who have passed through the same phase of their history; and we cannot do better than to quote the words of Evelyn, in the introduction to his *Sylva*: "This devastation has now become so epidemic that unless a favorable expedient offers itself, and a way be seriously resolved upon for a future store, one of the most glorious and considerable bulwarks of the nation will, within a short time, be totally wanting to it. After due reproof of the late impolitic waste, we should now turn our indignation into prayers, and address ourselves to our better-natured countrymen, that such woods as do yet remain entire might be carefully preserved, and such as are destroyed sedulously repaired. It is what all persons who are owners of land may contribute to (and with infinite delight as well as profit), who are touched with that laudable ambition of worthily serving their generation."

These remarks are as applicable to this country now as they were to England two hundred years ago. Evelyn, by his labors and writings, awakened in the minds of his countrymen this "laudable ambition," and in ships built from the oaks his hands had planted Nelson's victories were gained. England's strength was once felt to be so entirely in her "wooden walls" that it was as-

serted that the commanders of the Spanish armada had orders, if they could not subdue the people, not to leave a tree standing in the Forest of Deane. Iron ships are, at the present day, rapidly superseding the floating forests of former times, so that, for this important object, wood is not, as formerly, so great a desideratum in the royal dock-yards and naval depôts of Europe.

Modern science has proved the fact, revealed to man in the dawn of creation, that the tree of the field is man's life; not, as it was formerly understood, as only "pleasant to the sight and good for food," but as the means of holding in equilibrium those forces of nature on which animal life depends. It has been justly remarked that "forests act as a balance-wheel to land climate" in its three most important elements—heat, moisture and wind. The veteran Humboldt says: "In felling the trees which covered the crowns and slopes of the mountains, men in all climates seem to be bringing upon future generations two calamities at once—a want of fuel and a scarcity of water."

Our own vast continent is naturally dry, and is becoming more so by the destruction of the forests. The tendency to an excess of evaporation over precipitation should be counteracted by every possible means. Herschel mentions the absence of trees in Spain as one of the reasons for the extreme aridity of that country. A recent traveler there says: "The Spaniard, and above all the Castilian, has an innate hatred of a tree, and if he does not cut it down for firewood, he cuts it down because it harbors birds that eat his grain. Forests and brushwood alike disappear before the inevitable axe, until, as often occurs in Castile, the traveler may look for leagues over the country without seeing a tree or bush to break its uniformity. This foolish extinction of the forests has been the source of innumerable evils to the country—evils which are continually acting upon and augmenting each other. Unrestrained by any vegetation, the rain rushes down the steep sides of the hills, swells the rivers to dangerous torrents,

and the water, for which the country is gaping, is hurried off to the sea, and becomes lost for all useful purposes: an extreme aridity of the atmosphere is the consequence, a continually diminishing rainfall, and a continually impoverished country."

In Palestine and other parts of Asia, and in Northern Africa (which, in ancient times was the granary of Europe), similar consequences have been experienced, and the lands have become deserts from the destruction of the forests—

"Where naught can grow because it raineth not,
And where no rain can fall to bless the land,
Because naught grows there."

On the other hand, examples of the beneficial influence of restoring woods are not wanting. During the French occupation of Egypt, in the time of Napoleon the First, it did not rain for sixteen months; but since Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim Pacha have made vast plantations there (the former alone having planted more than twenty millions of trees), there now falls a good deal of rain, especially along the coast; and even at Cairo real showers are no rarity. Almost every one can remember springs and streams which were considered perennial in his youth that have now dried up and disappeared. If he takes the trouble to investigate the matter, he will find that the neighboring woods have been cut off, and no longer act as a screen and reservoir for the rain; and if he will go still farther and plant those woods again, he will have the pleasure of finding the stream where he slaked his boyhood's thirst renewed.

Many instances of this kind could be cited: if any one doubts the fact, we beg him to try the experiment for himself, and we heartily hope there may be many who will do so.

"In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night," are the words of the patriarch Jacob, which have doubtless been reiterated for thousands of years by the travelers over the parched wastes of Gobi and Sahara, so destitute of moisture that radiation is almost unchecked, and the temperature

by day, which often reaches 130 degrees, falls at night below the freezing-point.

So, too, on our Western prairies—destitute of trees to produce moisture and exposed to the full sweep of the winds—the nights are fearfully cold while the days are hot. The more intelligent settlers there see that something must be done to produce a change in the climate, and are planting quick-growing trees, like the locust, around their dwellings. As we have observed before, one of the most important offices of the forests is the control of winds: thus Dussard, a French writer, maintains that the north-west wind of France, the dreaded *mistral*, "is the child of man, the result of his devastations. Under the reign of Augustus, the forests which protected the Cevennes were felled or destroyed by fire in mass: a vast country, before covered with impenetrable woods, was suddenly denuded, swept bare, stripped; and soon after a scourge, hitherto unknown, struck terror over the land, from Avignon to the Bouches-du-Rhône, and thence to Marseilles and along the whole maritime frontier. The people thought this wind a curse sent of God: they raised altars to it, and offered sacrifices to appease its rage."

The peach, which was formerly easily cultivated in New England, is now rarely raised there, probably on account of the destruction of the forests, causing a great change in the spring frosts, to which this early-blooming tree is peculiarly liable. It is said that at Piazzatore, in Italy, there was, in the early part of this century, such a devastation of woods, and consequent severity of climate, that maize no longer ripened there. The furnaces of the valley of Bergamo had been stimulated to great activity on account of the demand for Italian iron, caused by the exclusion of English iron during the war, and the forests were ruthlessly cut down to feed the devouring forges. An association, formed for the purpose, effected the restoration of the forests, and maize flourishes again in the fields of Piazzatore. So, doubtless, might the peach orchards of New Eng-

land be restored by a due attention to the climatic agency of trees.

Before speaking of the healthful influences of trees, we must not neglect to mention the very important part they play in sheltering birds. Few people are aware what help the feathered bipeds are in ridding us of noxious vermin: without them we should soon be overrun with insects injurious to vegetation. Man has destroyed the equilibrium between insect and vegetable life, and until it is restored must necessarily suffer. The insects most injurious to rural industry do not multiply in or near woods, but in open plains, where the heat of the sun hastens the hatching of the eggs, and there is no moisture to destroy them and no birds to feed upon the larvæ.

The insectivorous birds love the shade of the forest, and if we would preserve them we must provide them with shelter. Three years ago a committee of scientific men was appointed by the City Councils of Philadelphia to devise some way to arrest the ravages of the army of worms which annually visits us. After full consideration of the remedy, the committee decided that birds alone could rid us of the enemy, and recommended that they be employed to exterminate the worms, and that a bounty be offered them and quarters provided in the public squares: the squirrels, the natural enemies of the birds, were to be expelled, and even foreigners from beyond the seas were to be brought over to assist those to the manor born. The report of the committee was accepted by the city. The squirrels, who had destroyed the eggs of the few birds who had ventured to build in the squares, were killed and their boxes removed, and English and German insectivorous birds were imported and let loose to commence hostilities.

This was all very well; but what shelter and accommodation do our sapient Councils propose for these workers? Where are the tents and the blankets that a wise commander would provide for his fighting men? As we write, hewers and hackers of wood are busy in every street in the city, decapitating fine

trees or denuding them of large branches: all the young boughs and sprays, which birds delight to build in and retire to, are cruelly torn away by the saw, shears and axe. Even in Washington and Independence Squares, under the very eyes of Mayor and Councils, is this *arboricide* going on.

We feel the spirit of the gentle Evelyn stir within us as we walk over the *débris* which litter the pavement, and wish some laws were in force here, as in England, to forbid the destruction of growing wood; though, unlike him, we could hardly commend the severe penalty of losing the eyes or a hand. Until the municipal government prohibits this indiscriminate cutting of trees, we must expect an annual "Diet of Worms" during three weeks of the most delightful season of the year.

"Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the innocents. From the trees spun
down

The canker-worm upon the passers-by—
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl and gown."

Wherever a square is particularly infested with worms, the careful observer will note that the trees there have been most mutilated: from the wounded part the sap exudes, and the wood decays, forming an appropriate nidus for the moth to lay its eggs and for the larvæ to develop. If our city would be free from these disgusting visitors, something must be done to restrain the ignorant men who perambulate the streets with bill-hook, scissors and cords, ringing at every door and demanding of the owner the right to mutilate or destroy the life-supporting trees he has planted. The beautiful crowns of the maples fall before them, and the lovely growth of the previous year becomes a sacrifice to scissors as relentless as those of Atropos.

"Soon to thee

Shall Nature yield her idle boast:

Her cunning finger formed a tree,
But thou hast trained it to a post."

We believe it is only from want of knowledge that this annual destruction of living wood is allowed; and people must be taught, if in no other way by wise laws, the injury they are doing.

The trees of the city might properly be placed in the hands of a committee competent to superintend the cutting out of dead branches, or those in the way of travel or that obscure the light from windows: it would then be done judiciously and with a proper knowledge of vegetable growth, and not given into the care of men who insist upon hacking the trees because they wish to earn a few shillings when work is scarce: far better would it be for each householder to pay the men for letting his trees alone.

The scientific researches of the present age have put to flight the ignorance of a former generation in regard to the deleterious influence of vegetation. They have proved that trees are the great laboratories of nature: their thousand leaves are constantly absorbing the carbonic acid thrown off by animal life, and giving out to the atmosphere an equal amount of oxygen. Trees are the best sanitary agents that can be employed: the small proportion of vegetation in large towns is one great cause of unhealthfulness: the due equilibrium between animal and vegetable life is not sustained. To preserve or restore this, squares or parks in the centres of densely-populated places produce the desired effect, and have not been inappropriately called the lungs or breathing-places of cities. Some people have proposed that all the trees in Philadelphia should be cut down to secure the city from the visit of the measuring-worms. Such a suggestion could only arise from the popular ignorance concerning trees. We should, it is true, rid ourselves of that annoyance, but a worse plague would come upon us. Man would languish in the dazzling whiteness of the marble city: the lungs

nature provides to purify the air being destroyed, wasting disease and pestilence would ensue. Some of the epidemics which have visited this city have been attributed to the destruction of trees in the neighborhood. Dr. Rush was of the opinion that the unusually sickly character of Philadelphia after the year 1778 was caused by the cutting down of the trees around the town by the British army; and similar instances could be cited of places in Virginia during the late rebellion.

In Europe, the laws *De forestâ* form quite a department; and in England, the Keeper of the Woods and Forests is an official of high rank and importance. In our own country each man has done as he chose with his own, unrestrained by royal edicts or wise legislation, and the consequences have been unfavorable. That American citizens must take up this subject in earnest is now evident: each individual may do something practical by planting at least one tree. In some parts of Germany no man can fell a tree until he proves that he has set out another; and a young man is not allowed to marry without a certificate that he has planted a certain number of trees.

The astrologers of the East have a proverb, that planting many trees conduces to longevity. If all the other reasons for preserving and planting trees which have been put forward in this paper fail to move the reader, we trust this epitome of the wisdom of centuries may lead him to engage in the good work, and obtain the promise made to us by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah: "As the days of a tree shall be the days of my people."

POPULAR NOVELS.

PUBLIC taste with regard to works of fiction, although not quite so capricious as in matters of dress, fashion and furniture, is equally certain to change. Of all classes of writers, the novelist is the least likely to obtain, as the reward of his labors, a long-continued or permanent popularity. Let his success be ever so great, he is still, in the vast majority of cases, a mere tenant for life or for a term of years in the interest of the reading community. The utmost he can safely hope for, in this respect, is that his works may in progress of time become "classical;" that is, that they may be found on the shelves of libraries, be tolerably well known to professed literary men and scholars, and be utterly neglected by the world at large.

This assertion requires no proof to any one who is at all familiar with the progress of fiction since it first became distinctly recognized as a department of polite literature. Fielding and Smollett are periodically praised in the Reviews. No one doubts, as matter of theory, the merit either of *Joseph Andrews* or *Peregrine Pickle* or *Tom Jones*. We are perfectly willing to take upon trust the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, that the latter, in the construction of the plot and the general management of the story, approaches nearly to ideal perfection. We feel that Parson Adams and Commodore Trunnion *ought* to be very amusing personages, and are often inclined to be indignant at our own stupidity that we should so soon grow weary of their company. Yet the lamentable fact remains that, of the countless hosts of novel-readers at the present day, not one in a thousand has any real acquaintance with these masterpieces of English genius. The cheap editions which are now and then published, the well-thumbed copies in the libraries, only attest, we sadly suspect, that they owe to their coarseness and indelicacy an attraction which all their wit and satire,

and knowledge of human nature, and faithful portraiture of the men and manners of their own time, would have been wholly inadequate to secure. About the middle of the last century, the production of a single novel, *Clarissa Harlowe*, by an elderly bookseller in London, at once made the author famous—and most justly so—in every civilized country of Europe. Ponderous as it is in size, that surely should be no lawful ground of complaint to those who are in at the final consummation of *Our Mutual Friend*. The twaddle of the first two volumes certainly ought not to discourage readers who are equal to the task of wading through the dull, slow, heavy inanities of the Podsnaps and Veneerings. That the heroine is one of the noblest, sweetest and loveliest conceptions of woman ever drawn by the pen of man; that *Lovelace*, fiend as he is, so works upon our sympathies that, in spite of ourselves and our better nature, we can hardly blame—or at least can scarcely be surprised at—the fine ladies who entreated the author to reform and spare him; that the interest of the story, as it advances, makes the reader tremble in every nerve, while the catastrophe awakens almost insupportable feelings of pity and indignation and horror; that *Clarissa* herself, in her father's gloomy mansion, in the dark haunts of sin and shame, in all the weariness and grief and pain of her short life, appears like an angel walking through the valley of the shadow of death, with only the sacred light of her own purity around her;—all this is well known to the select few who have had the courage to venture upon the eight volumes, and who, after a hundred temptations to throw them aside, have come at last to be fairly lost in admiration of the wonderful and resistless power of the writer. Yet to the great mass of modern readers the novels of Samuel Richardson are practically no more familiar than

the sermons of Sherlock and Tillotson. The subject of *Clarissa Harlowe* precludes even its mention in the polite circles of the decorous and profoundly moral age in which it is our privilege to live; and Sir Charles Grandison would be as little admired in fiction now as the hero himself would meet with a flattering reception if he could step into a modern drawing-room with wig, lace, ruffles and sword complete, execute his most solemn *congés*, and pay his most elaborate compliments to the assembled company.

Thirty years after Richardson was in the zenith of his fame, a girl of seventeen (so at least it was currently reported) set all fashionable London in a flutter by a novel about a young lady's entrance into the world. *Evelina*, *Cecilia* and *Camilla* appeared in rapid succession; and Madame D'Arblay's reputation, almost before she had reached the period of mature womanhood, was probably wider than that enjoyed by any female novelist since her time. But even Lord Macaulay's mighty genius has been unable to lift her works from the obscurity thrown over them by the lapse of two generations. To come down within our own recollections, who has forgotten the secret delights of the boy in the perusal of *The Spy* or *The Last of the Mohicans*, of *Jacob Faithful* or *Midshipman Easy*, in hours supposed by anxious parents to be devoted to the acquisition of the Rule of Three, or the obtaining of a clear insight into the Eleusinian mysteries of Homer and Horace? Yet, if we are rightly informed, both Cooper and Marryatt have been compelled to yield to the unalterable law; and our juvenile friends prefer to risk, not perhaps the obsolete rattle of the pedagogue, but the more skilfully cruel penalties of confinement and additional tasks, for the fascinations of Mayne Reid and a host of kindred spirits. It is needless to multiply these instances. If we may use a very natural comparison, while the fame of the historian, the philosopher or the poet may resemble a massive building, ancient indeed, but still firm and strong in every part, kept in

good repair, still employed for its original purpose, and as well adapted to it as ever, that of the novelist must rather be likened to the ivy-grown ruin, beautiful and picturesque, no doubt, in the landscape, an object of respect and interest to all, but nothing more.

To every effect there is a cause, and that of the circumstance we are considering may be worthy of inquiry. Its solution may, perhaps, be found in a knowledge of the reasons which underlie the universal passion for fiction, in one form and another, which has prevailed wherever education and refinement and the arts have shed their benign influence upon the world. There is a deeper philosophy in this than is commonly supposed. Attenuated and angular pedants, who have spent their lives in analyzing and combining the particles of a dead language, may sneer at the word "novel," and affect to despise, as literary triflers, those who are as superior to themselves as the artist is superior to the maker of canvas and brushes. Such men can be found, who would stand with tearless eyes by the last resting-place of the mighty magician in Dryburgh Abbey, and, with a doleful shake of the head, exclaim, "*Operose in nihil agendo!*" There are others, well-meaning, but narrow-minded persons, with perverted views of religion and the whole theory of human life, who condemn novels, as they might, with equal justice, condemn the beauties of natural scenery, the songs of birds or the fragrance of flowers, because they divert our thoughts from "serious things," and from those "dread realities" which alone are worthy of our attention in our brief and sorrowful pilgrimage here below. But the great heart of mankind, and especially of womankind, beats in unison with the chords touched by the skillful hand of the "story-teller," whether in Cairo or London, on the plains of the desert, by the cottage fireside or in the boudoir of listless beauty—nay, even in the cabinet of the statesman and the learned library of the grave divine. The oldest poem on record, the Book of Job, is considered by many critics of unim-

peached orthodoxy as a metrical tale, designed to inculcate, in this form, the loftiest views of the Supreme Being, and the most important truths which religion has imparted to man. When the great Founder of our faith wished to enforce his precepts most strongly upon his hearers, he resorted to the parable, and by fictitious narratives, simple enough for any child to understand, but drawing tears from the eyes of gray-bearded men who read them after the lapse of two thousand years, he taught forgiveness for the erring, love to our neighbor, sympathy for the poor and sorrowful, justice to our fellow-men, and gratitude to God.

Two centuries and a half ago, on the banks of the Nile, was produced that wonderful collection which has been translated into every language, embodying the most gorgeous dreams of Oriental fancy, reveling amongst the mysteries of the unseen world, conjuring up, at pleasure, the spirits of air, water and fire, yet presenting an exact picture of the every-day life of a people who enjoyed a splendid civilization when England, France and Italy were just emerging from the darkness of barbarism, and making the name of Haroun Alraschid as familiar to the American school-boy as to the Frankish knights who returned to tell the stories of his magnificence to his great rival in the West. The terrible depravity of the ancient world rises before us like a foul spectre in the writings of Lucian, Apuleius and Petronius Arbiter, the only classic novelists of society who have come down to our times, but whose existence proves that numberless others have perished in the storm which swept away all but a few fragments of the literature of Greece and Rome.

Of the vast range of modern fiction it is unnecessary to speak, nor to show how, like its twin-sister, the drama, it has advanced *pari passu* in the progress of a nation with all that gives dignity, value or historic interest to its career. But this widespread passion which we are considering rests upon an entirely different basis from that which prompts to the close labors of the student or the

researches of the scholar in those abstruse realms which lie beyond the reach of ordinary and undisciplined minds. The province of the novel is not to instruct, to inform, to suggest new ideas or open new paths of thought, but to amuse the imagination, to excite the feelings, to draw forth laughter and tears, to display human nature both in its best and worst developments in those trying situations which rarely occur to our individual experience. Hence, if it portrays habits and manners with which we are not familiar; if its characters are not, to some extent at least, such men and women as we see around us; if they dress, talk, eat, drink, marry and are given in marriage in ways that to us seem strange, fantastic, antiquated or vulgar,—the book ceases to be attractive, except to those who may be curious about the social life of a former period, or whose minds are sufficiently cultivated to enable them to separate the gold from the dross, and to recognize the true scintillations of genius amid much that may be tedious, painful and revolting to our better taste. From almost any novel of the eighteenth century, for example, we may learn that the great business of a fine gentleman is seduction and adultery; that his wit consists in practising the most brutal jests upon his acquaintances, while his anger displays itself in knocking his servant's teeth down his throat; that even the lady of his love is not safe from gross insult if she chances to be left alone with him for five minutes; and that he comes, at last, to a happy union with a pure and spotless maiden, after a series of adventures which would long since have consigned him to the State prison if he had lived in a more strait-laced and puritanical age. We are taught that filial duty demands absolute submission to the most tyrannical and selfish behests of parents who sell their daughters in marriage; that men who are held up as models of every virtue must permit the most barbarous flogging of their boys under their own roof as an essential part of education; and that a clergyman is none the worse for being a match at fisticuffs with a butcher, or for getting

drunk periodically at the squire's table or the village ale-house. Even the young ladies are so dissimilar to their charming antitypes at the present day that it is no wonder the latter are not greatly interested in the fortunes of the former. Doubtless they were patterns of propriety. Neither Clarissa Harlowe nor the Honorable Miss Byron ever came within three feet of the man with whom she danced. He had better have ruined fifty women than have put his arm around the waist of one in the sweet and child-like innocence of the "German." A touch of the tips of their fingers was all that was permitted to the most favored lover, and their stately curtsies might well put to shame the easy and unceremonious nod of a modern belle. But the great idea of their lives, impressed upon them from infancy, and made the subject of every maternal homily, was that they were constantly liable to dangers which no more occur to the minds of their fair descendants than the fear of being carried off and married against their will to some impetuous Tarquin. With the daughters of English gentlemen, well born and well bred, a hundred years ago, the penalty for lightness and indiscretion was something far more serious than mortified vanity, the laugh of acquaintances—even the bitter resentment and the broken heart: it was the being cast out, as a polluted thing, from the home of childhood, the hopeless misery of a life of shame, the death which was a welcome relief from the pangs of hunger and cold, the obscure burial and the unmentioned and dishonored grave. To such a condition of society our own age happily offers no parallel; and whatever may be the skill of the artist, the subjects of his pictures are too disagreeable to attract more than a passing glance. Valuable, no doubt, to the student for the information they contain of the domestic history of a former period, which is vastly more important than the most minute chronicle of battles and sieges; interesting to the man of letters, whose mental training enables him to throw himself back into the spirit of the time, and to look at the

characters and scenes from the standpoint of the author;—yet it is not strange that the leading novels of the last century are sealed volumes to the mass of miscellaneous readers.

The same general fact holds good of the majority of later writers, who are quite free from the objections we have named. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen are as blameless in point of morality as Mrs. Gaskell or Mrs. Oliphant. Lord Macaulay, in one of his *ex cathedra* judgments, seems to assign to Miss Austen an almost equal rank with Shakespeare in some peculiarities of her genius. Miss Edgeworth has depicted to the life the rich humor, the native eloquence, the warm affections, the generous sympathies of a people who are as eminent for these qualities as they are deficient in common sense. She has held up to reprobation the vices and follies of the fashionable world with a quiet, ladylike dignity, a modesty and refinement of manner, and, at the same time, with an earnestness and sincerity, which make one of her novels worth a score of sermons. But, though the Irishman retains his brogue, and, even to his ragged hat and his toeless boots, is the same man that his father was before him—though heartlessness, frivolity and the worship of Mammon are the only things in which fashion never changes—though it may require the most subtle art to draw characters which seem very nearly alike, and yet are utterly unlike, it is none the less an exceptional case to find a lady under forty who has read *Mansfield Park* or *The Absentee*; and with those who have, it has been more a matter of duty than inclination—a tribute of respect to the taste and judgment of their elderly friends, or a sort of compromise with the conscience, by the reflection that they are perusing works of sterling merit instead of what they ungratefully call the "trash" of circulating libraries. A still more deplorable fate has befallen another class of novels, of which *The Children of the Abbey* may be taken as a specimen. As a fine lady's brocade robe descends, in process of time, to

her waiting-maid, so, alas! the sentimentalities of the Amanda Fitzallans of fifty years since now find favor only in the sight of factory girls and romantic milliners. The list might be extended much farther, but enough has been said both to point out and—perhaps, also in some degree—to account for a curious fact in literary history, which makes the oft-quoted maxim of the wise Castilian, "Old books to read," so inapplicable to the very description of books which enjoy the widest popularity and wield the most extensive influence upon society at large.

To arrange the works in a library with accuracy under their proper headings is well known to the makers of catalogues to be a somewhat difficult task; and still more so would be the attempt to subdivide any particular department. Our present purpose may be answered by a very general classification of novels, as social, historical, religious, and, though last, not least, "sensational." The limits of a magazine article will permit only a brief notice of a few prominent writers in each of these branches. Foremost among novelists of society—that is, those who describe contemporary life and manners—our readers will at once place the two most popular authors of the day, Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens. The recent sudden and melancholy death of the former—*multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*—casts a shadow of reverence over his memory, and must impart a subdued tone even to the comments of fair and impartial criticism. The frequent association of these two distinguished names might suggest a strong family likeness between them, yet they are as widely different as Hogarth and Gilray; as Lesage and Pigault-Lebrun. Mr. Dickens is by nature and essentially a caricaturist; he delights and revels in everything that is queer, and out-of-the-way, and grotesque, and absurd; the prevailing bent of his mind is toward ludicrous exaggeration on all subjects; and many of his favorite personages, laughable as they are, have no more resemblance to the men and women of actual life than the characters in a Christ-

mas pantomime. In his more youthful days all this was fresh, spontaneous, original and inimitable—the glorious drolleries of Mr. Pickwick and his friends are of course beyond all praise—but for many years past, with each succeeding production of his pen, the sad decline of his powers has become more painfully evident. In *Great Expectations* and *Our Mutual Friend* he appears little better than the ghost of his former self; and the wearisome extravagance which makes up so large a portion of his later novels reminds us only (*quantum mutatus!*) of the professed diner-out, who, having long ago told all his good stories and uttered all his good jokes, is compelled to earn his entertainment by straining his invention and racking his brains, and distorting the most simple and obvious occurrences, in the desperate attempt to be funny at all hazards. Mr. Thackeray, on the other hand, is the first and most consummate satirist of the age. Coarse and cynical he may be called; but no one can deny that in his terrible power of laying bare the worst passions of the human heart, of exposing the deep-rooted corruptions of a highly artificial state of society, and of turning the glance of merciless ridicule upon all that we are accustomed to esteem, to venerate and to love, he has had no equal since the days of Swift, La Rochefoucauld and Voltaire. To the minds of serious and reflecting men, a book like *Vanity Fair* is no less a study than *Gulliver's Travels* or *Candide*; and it is a singular fact that, as a confirmation of their theological doctrine of total depravity, it has met with no small favor among the rigid Calvinists of Scotland. In his subsequent works, Mr. Thackeray may have endeavored to soften its impression, but only with partial success; we cannot help feeling that he writes *con amore* in describing Sir Pitt Crawley the elder, and that poor old Colonel Newcome is really as tiresome to the author as he becomes to the reader; and while the world-renowned Miss Rebecca Sharp is consistency throughout, Ethel Newcome is a bundle of contradictions. If we compare the style of Mr. Thackeray with that of

Mr. Dickens, every one must give a wide preference to the former for his command of pure, clear and idiomatic English, the easy flow of his sentences, and his perfect freedom from the appearance of labor or effort. It is in descriptions perhaps that Mr. Dickens most signally fails, at least in his later novels: he is apt to be tedious, minute and obscure to an intolerable degree; he seems to have no idea of the suggestive method: everything must be told, and told with incessant repetition, with a constant straining after effect, a forced and stilted diction, and a mannerism (if possible) more offensive than that of Carlyle. Let any one contrast, for example, the description in *Little Dorrit* of a hot day at Marseilles with the opening scene of the *Talisman*: the burning desert—the solitary Crusader moving slowly over the plain—the sluggish rise and fall of the waters of the Dead Sea—the range of naked cliffs in the background: what perfect simplicity! and yet who needs the pencil of the artist to enable him fully to realize what the author designed to portray? In *Kenilworth* the whole catastrophe is related in three lines, and a single word more would be superfluous: it requires an equal number of pages to inform us that Mr. Carker was run over by a railway train, and after all we are somewhat mystified as to the precise nature of the tragical occurrence. Mr. Dickens appears to have but one conception of a heroine: a gentle, loving and affectionate girl, capable of any self-sacrifice, but almost childish in her ignorance of the world, and at the mercy of any one who chooses to impose upon her. Harmless as a dove, without one particle of the wisdom of the serpent, she inspires merely a sort of brotherly and pitying fondness, very different indeed from the feelings with which we regard a really tender, enthusiastic and high-spirited woman. In fact, the lesson that all good people are fools is one which, without doing great violence to his philosophy, we might derive from the whole tenor of his writings: at best, the only virtues we are ever called upon to admire are softness and easy good-na-

ture, the most lavish and unsuspecting generosity, a boundless confidence in all mankind, and an utter inability to fathom the pretensions of the most shallow hypocrisy and imposture. It is this want of truthfulness to nature, this excessive exaggeration and disregard of all probability, which are the great drawbacks in reading Mr. Dickens. His countrymen are not famous for humane ideas on the subject of education; but it is incredible that a school like Dotheboys' Hall could exist in England in the middle of the nineteenth century and in a respectable neighborhood. We can well imagine a case of a young lady marrying an old man to rescue her father from a debtor's prison, and a skillful writer might work up the incident with great power; but what save disgust and loathing can be the impression of a modest and beautiful girl, like Madeline Bray, in any circumstances whatever, throwing herself into the embraces of a mumbling, toothless and wrinkled old satyr, who is purposely made as hideous as possible by way of heightening the effect of the noble act of devotion? Mr. Chester, in *Barnaby Rudge*, is intended of course for Lord Chesterfield; but he merely makes us laugh as an amusing and farcical burlesque, with nothing but his cocked hat, his embroidered waistcoat and his sword to remind us that he belongs to a past age. Mr. Thackeray would have given us the original, stern and faithful as any portrait in *Marriage-à-la-Mode*, bearing the exact impress of the time, and displaying the great perverter of morals and manners in fiction with the same masterly hand which has depicted the *Last of the Georges* in a popular lecture. Miss Esther Summerson is doubtless very sweet and lovable, and the most bitter misanthrope could hardly wish ill to Mr. Jarndyce; yet we are unable to see why the former should sacrifice her little all, the hard savings of years, to relieve the necessities of such a transparent humbug as Mr. Harold Skimpole, or why the latter should be precisely as guileless, as benevolent and as self-denying toward the same interesting personage as he is to his amiable young relatives or the orphan

girl entrusted to his charge. Mr. Dickens is in general good-humored in his satire, where his own country is concerned; and however severe it may be, we recognize a feeling of patriotism at bottom which is to his credit. But there are no bounds to his hatred of foreigners if they chance to cross his path or obstruct his cherished projects. When he brings his hero across the Atlantic he fairly raves: he out-Herods Herod in the John-Bull coarseness and ferocity of his speech: language is not strong enough to express his spite and malignity toward a people who, while doing full justice to his merits as a comic writer, were not willing to take him as their guide in political economy, or to submit implicitly to his dictum in matters of grave national importance, about which the wisest statesmen are undecided. This is not the place to discuss personal character; and after the *amende honorable* which Mr. Dickens made at the public dinner in New York on the 18th of April last, the writer has no disposition to comment on his previous declaration that he has always been friendly to America. Rather let by-gones be by-gones, and let the writers of both countries cultivate, in future, that friendship which should always unite Englishmen and Americans.

The question of woman's rights is a frequent effervescence of the restless and indefatigable spirit of our progressive age; but there is one right which all must concede to the fairer part of creation—that of excelling in the department of the novelist, as much as in the art of conversation or the composition of sprightly and graceful letters. Probably the assertion would be within the limits of truth, that two-thirds, if not four-fifths, of the novels published within the last ten years have been written by women. Indeed it is obviously the field which of all others is best adapted to the peculiar qualities of feminine genius—vivid imaginations, warm sympathies, a quick but delicate perception of the ludicrous, and, above all, an intuitive knowledge of the workings of that mysterious passion which has a name in every language, but a definition in none—which levels all

ranks, and is at once the source of the highest joy and the deepest sorrow—which provokes more laughter and leads to more cases of madness and suicide than all other causes combined. The most elaborate and—if we may use the expression with regard to a lady—the most philosophical works of this class are those of Miss Evans, better known perhaps to some of our readers under her *nom de plume* of George Elliott. We might also say, that they are the saddest with which we are acquainted; and if there are really persons in this world who are so fortunate as to be troubled with too much buoyancy of spirits, we could suggest no more perfect antidote than the perusal of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, or *Adam Bede*, or *The Mill on the Floss*. To be felt in their full power, these books should be read, not by the bright fireside or under the trees on a summer day, but in the dreary hours of a sleepless night, in the slow recovery from sickness, or at times when the mind flies to the detail of fancied griefs as a distraction from the gloom which appears to settle down upon all that is real. We have before us now the image of the poor clergyman—not brilliant—not a favorite with his parishioners—unable to cope with his turbulent vestry—shabbily dressed—thinking all the while of the little mouths at home which he finds it so hard to fill; then his invalid wife, wasting away before the bloom of youth is passed, but every moment sweeter in his eyes as the final, hopeless, irrevocable parting draws nearer and nearer; then his silent, speechless misery by the death-bed, and a simple intimation of a visit, years afterward, to the grave where all his happiness lies buried: this is the whole story; but, alas! no less lifelike than true. Then we recall the tragedy of human weakness, and folly, and sin, with remorse and ruin in their train—a tale which has been a thousand times told, but, except perhaps in *The Scarlet Letter*, never so well as in *Adam Bede*. We see the old farmhouse, with its honest and hearty inmates—the frank and generous young squire—the chivalric and noble artisan, who, like

many a wiser man before him, is enslaved by a velvet cheek and a soft eyelash, when all that is lovely and excellent in woman excites only admiring friendship—the restless, vain, ambitious and dissatisfied village beauty, charming in her coqueries, charming even in her pouts, her sulkiness and her ill-temper—the saint-like maiden, with the sublime faith and energy of a heroine of the Catholic martyrology, controlled and pervaded by modern mysticism. For a while the narrative flows smoothly, a graphic picture of a state of English society which, in this country at least, is little known, until the fearful truth dawns upon us in the secret and daily-increasing agony of the unhappy child: then comes the hurried flight from home—the heart-breaking disappointment—her terror and desolation in the wide wide world, not knowing whither to turn or where to look for a friend—the concealment, the arrest, the trial—the shriek of horror which rings through the court-room as she hears her young life consigned to the hangman's hand—the confession in prison—the confused ideas of penitence and forgiveness flitting over a mind naturally too weak to distinguish right from wrong—the reprieve at the last moment, but the exchange to a fate worse than death in the forced association for years with the vilest and most degraded beings of both sexes. The whole impression of the book, whatever humorous scenes may be interspersed, is painful to the utmost, and we might say morbid, did we not know that such things have been, and will continue to be so long as this earth remains the strange scene of perplexity which baffles all attempts to comprehend the Divine Omnipotence by the aid of reason alone. Miss Evans' most highly wrought and finished work, *Romola*, belongs to a separate branch of our subject; but it is *The Mill on the Floss*, we think, which combines and displays to the best advantage her extraordinary powers. We are not inclined to run over the commonplaces of criticism—"close observation of character," "thorough analysis of human motives," and the like—phrases which can no more

convey an idea of a work of true genius than the description in a passport would enable us to recognize the owner. *The Mill on the Floss* is emphatically a story of destiny. From first to last there is a fate pursues the heroine which she cannot escape, and which casts its baneful shadow over every incident of her life. With a warm and yearning heart, an overflowing affection, a passionate desire to love and to be loved, she is tormented even in childhood by the constant feeling of her own shortcomings, and a too sensitive conscience poisons every spring of happiness in her nature. Struggling as she advances to maturity with the great mystery and burden of existence, groping blindly in her ignorance, searching for the path of duty, but always in doubt, and distress, and anxiety, suddenly the light flashes upon her from a few words in a quaint old volume, written hundreds of years ago by a monk in his cell, and she discerns what is the true Imitation of One whose mighty griefs were endured that no human soul should ever sink in despair: thence with girlish enthusiasm cherishing her holy purpose in the solitude of her own chamber, or seeking for sympathy and companionship amongst the tall pines, whose music elevates and enthralls her spirit, as though it were the breath of God upon the waves of a troubled world, she develops into superb and beautiful womanhood, the clouds of domestic misfortune and poverty which have so long hung over her seem to break away, and if not a brighter, a more tranquil and cheerful future opens before her. But her evil angel is still there, to inflict a new form of suffering—the most poignant which a woman can know—that of a deep, absorbing, hopeless passion—a passion that is returned, but which she cannot indulge without ruin to the happiness of those who are nearest and dearest to her heart, without requiting by the basest ingratitude a more than sisterly affection. Every reader must have observed how in the last part of this novel the two leading characters appear to be urged forward in their disastrous course by a power which is beyond their control,

and against which the most strenuous resolutions, the most fearful self-conflicts, the most bitter tears—all the struggles of pride, of friendship, of honorable feeling, of womanly delicacy and manly shame—are of no avail. There is nothing finer in the whole range of fiction, but the fatalism which underlies all the author's writings is nowhere so strikingly manifested. The world may blame them, but we cannot; and the unutterably mournful effect of the close is not marred by a single misgiving with regard to her who lies in Dorlcote church-yard, lost in the final triumph of love and self-sacrificing devotion, and by whose grave we could stand and weep, as that of one whom we had ourselves known and loved with the intensity of years. Of Miss Evans' last production, *Felix Holt*, our space will only permit us to say that in our opinion it hardly sustains the high reputation acquired by *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*. It is serious, earnest, thoughtful; but it is wanting both in the pathos and quiet, genial humor of her previous efforts. But that she is a star of the first magnitude in the horizon of romantic literature will at least be denied by no one who has attempted, within the limits of a single paragraph, to give even the most faint and imperfect outline of works of such singular truthfulness and power.

From the living to the dead the mind is naturally turned in the sombre train of thought which our last topic is fitted to awaken. Charlotte Brontë has been made, not an abstraction, but a reality to the world, by the labors of one of the most interesting and appreciative of biographers—herself, alas! soon called upon to follow the friend whom she lamented. We are more indebted to Mrs. Gaskell for this tribute to departed genius than even for the charming and never-to-be-forgotten pleasantries of *Cranford*, or the matchless contrast between levity and principle in *Wives and Daughters*. It is a book which, while it both gratifies a curiosity that must be felt by every intelligent reader, is also of especial value as identifying, to an unusual degree, the subject of the memoir with her writings, and tracing the

marked effect of circumstances upon her intellectual character and development. One has only to look at the frontispiece of the second volume—the view of Haworth church and parsonage—to understand how the temperament of the author of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* should have been pensive, somewhat masculine, and essentially meditative; how the loneliness and seclusion of her early life should lead her to draw her ideas from books rather than from observation; and how the harsh features of external nature to which she was accustomed should impart a peculiar tinge to her conceptions of an imaginary world. In her long walks over the bleak hills and desolate moors, the image of a hero conjured up before the fancy of the solitary and romantic girl was in unison with the wild scenery around her: he was no carpet-knight—no delicate strippling who could lie at a lady's feet with a guitar—no courtier in satin and velvet to indite sonnets to her beauty, or scatter his curled and perfumed locks over the hand to which he restored the embroidered kerchief or the glove; but a man bearing a shadowy resemblance to the old Scandinavians of whom she had read—of indomitable courage, of Herculean frame and iron will, cherishing a secret contempt for the fripperies and conventionalities to which he might still conform as matter of education and custom—a Titan, whose godlike crime was instinctively to assert his mastery over weaker spirits, and rule with the despotism of innate and conscious superiority even the woman he loved. Mr. Rochester has been unsparingly censured, even by Miss Brontë's warmest admirers; yet it is not difficult to see how, to a mind constituted like hers, and moulded by the discipline and training to which we have alluded, there might have been a fascination about such a character which should pervert her better judgment and blind her to a full sense of the atrocious wrong he contemplated under a temptation which his fierce and passionate nature was unable to withstand. At least, we must admit that poetical justice is more than satisfied in the end; and the

wailing cry of the sightless and despairing victim for the presence of the only being on earth whose voice could soothe and whose hand support him in his hour of agony, must find a responsive echo in the hearts even of those who most strongly condemn the guilty course which the desolation of a life-time so fearfully avenged. Miss Brontë's first hero, however, is much more an ideal than an actual personage: the most effective, as well as in some respects the most painful, scenes in *Jane Eyre* are those which we know to be faithful transcripts of the writer's own experience. The school at Lowood, as the biography informs us, is fictitious only in name; and the description, so far from exceeding, falls considerably short of the reality. Mrs. Gaskell's shocking account of the establishment at Cowan's Bridge—the original of the picture—would be scarcely credible in this country; yet it has an air of perfect truthfulness, and we have not seen it doubted or disputed by any of her reviewers. Indeed, in forensic language, the weight of authority is too decidedly in her favor to leave the question at issue an open one. We have no desire to wander off into an extraneous discussion, but it is impossible to be at all familiar with the current literature of England without observing how the abuse and ill-treatment of children by their instructors appear to be almost an "institution" among a people who boast more of their enlightenment in a single day than any other nation on earth in twelve calendar months. In this respect we are aware of no parallel on the Continent; and certainly on this side of the Atlantic the subject would furnish very little scope for the eloquence of reformers and sensation novelists. But without alluding to the notorious flogging system, or the vile personal indignities to which not only boys but young men are still subjected at Eton, Harrow and Westminster, what would be thought, in any rural district of New York or Pennsylvania, of a chartered school for young ladies, the daughters of clergymen, in which the pupils were habitually dieted, if not on brimstone and treacle, on burnt

porridge and tainted meat; and when their stomachs rejected the nauseous messes which even a doctor spat out in disgust, were gravely lectured for being too fond of pampering their fleshly appetites; where, on the coldest day in winter, the girls were kept in a church without fire between the morning and afternoon services, eating their scanty provisions as well as their chattering teeth would allow them; where the reverend principal considered it his duty incessantly to remind his young charges that they were paupers, by way of inculcating the Christian grace of humility; where, when a low fever broke out, the result of starvation and neglect, no medical attendance was deemed necessary till some fifteen or twenty girls were discovered lying about the school-room, "some resting their aching heads on the table, others on the ground; all heavy-eyed, flushed, indifferent and weary, with pains in every limb;" where a sick child could be dragged from her bed and hurled across the floor by one of the *lady* (!) teachers, and afterward beaten for coming late to her class?—all this not a mere exaggeration to amuse the public, but a sober narrative of facts, by a writer who had no motive for dishonesty, who enjoyed the best means of information, and whose innate goodness of heart evidently inclines her rather to soften than to overstate the truth. We have remarked, in a former part of this article, that Dotheboys' Hall must be, in the main, a fancy sketch; but we are obliged to confess that, in not a few of its most marked features, it hardly surpasses the authentic details we possess of an establishment under the most respectable patronage, and designed for the training of young gentlewomen in the most important and sacred duties of their lives. This influence to which we refer appears to pervade the whole structure of English society, and to affect even the most benevolent natures in a manner which is somewhat mysterious. We would be far from intending to utter a word of disrespect to the memory of our amiable biographer; yet the study of national manners often leads to curious compari-

sons. In the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* we are told of a citizen of North Carolina who, after capturing his fugitive slave girl, tied a rope round her neck and made her run at his horse's heels for some miles over the country and through the streets of a town: the incident is revolting enough, but we must be permitted to doubt whether many Southern ladies would have been disposed to characterize it as a specimen of "grim humor," or to speak admiringly, in general, of the perpetrator, which is the view Mrs. Gaskell takes of precisely the same occurrence in Yorkshire, with the variation that the subject of the joke was a youth of tender years, who had escaped from school, and its ingenious inventor a clergyman widely esteemed and honored. This digression might be swelled to an endless length, were we to cite only a few of the numberless illustrations which occur; but it suggests itself so naturally that what has already been said will require no apology.

It has been the fate of many a writer to discover that the topic which he had selected for a magazine article was likely to grow under his hands into a volume, and that if he wished to confine himself within any enduring limits he must end almost before he had begun. The reader's courtesy, however, may still allow a passing glance at one or two matters of interest connected with the subject of our present sketch, which attract the attention both in her life and her published works. The premature mental development which she shared with her three sisters and her unfortunate brother is almost without a parallel, we imagine, in domestic history. Precocious children, with an inveterate passion for scribbling, are by no means so uncommon; but we may well be awestruck at the phenomenon of a girl who before she was thirteen had composed some twenty volumes, of sixty or a hundred pages each, in the very smallest chirography that ever strained the eyes or called for the aid of a microscope. Pet Marjorie is utterly thrown in the shade by the youthful Brontës; while on the other hand there can be no stronger contrast than between

these painful and stunted little men and women, who must, we sadly suspect, have been rather of the nature of *enfants terribles* to their acquaintances, and our fresh and joyous little darling, whose quaintness and comicality might excite the gloomiest dyspeptic to fits of laughter, and whose fascination consists in the wonderful union of extraordinary cleverness with all that is delightful in the picture of a perfectly healthful and happy infancy. When Charlotte Brontë replies to her father's question, that the best mode of spending time is to "lay it out in preparation for eternity," we recognize the good child who has learned her catechism well; but we have a very different feeling when we read Maidie's doughty resolution to "meditate on Sensible and Religious subjects" because it was Sunday—a purpose which (melancholy to relate!), after her single expression of thankfulness that she is not a "begger," appears to vanish entirely from the mind of the little worldling, perhaps on account of a commotion visible from the window among the "ducks, cocks, geese, hens, etc.," who were "the delight of her soul." The author of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* is the only one of her family who has formed an exception to the general law with regard to precocity of intellect. *Wuthering Heights* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, after a brief interest created by the mystery of their origin, sank rapidly into the oblivion which no friendly hand will ever seek to disturb. It may even be doubted whether the older sister could long have sustained a reputation which was no less suddenly acquired than it was well deserved. Originality, as a logician might say, may be predicated of a first work, perhaps of a second, possibly of a third, but never of a series: when the novelty and surprise have worn off, the public attention inevitably flags. Miss Brontë's world of romance was too spiritual—her acquaintance with the actual world too limited—her leading characters too much abstractions—her dialogues too great an extent the musings, or, as it might be expressed, the "thinkings aloud," of kindred spirits, rather than the natural flow

of conversation—her ideas of the superiority of the rougher sex too little in harmony with the degenerate spirit of the age—to lead us to believe that she could have retained a permanent hold upon the laureateship of fiction, which she appeared to have successfully reached at a single effort. Predictions of all sorts are difficult, and apt to prove very absurd; yet it may be that her destiny will suggest a comparison with that of one to whom she certainly bore no more resemblance than his simpering parasite to the refined and gentle friend who has consecrated her memory. The unwieldy moralist of the last century lives mainly to the present in the pages of his biographer; and the charm of Mrs. Gaskell's style, the singular history it reveals, and the pathetic interest of the whole may serve hereafter to excite the curiosity of readers with regard to the very works it was designed to illustrate, but which would otherwise be known only by name.

When the visitor at one of the vast galleries of paintings which adorn the cities of the Old World perceives that his brief hour has been so occupied with the merits or demerits of some three or four, whose celebrity first attracted his gaze, that he cannot even pause before any of the countless treasures of art which still tempt him on every side, he may yet be irresistibly impelled to linger as he passes the acknowledged masterpiece of the collection, and to pay, perhaps for the thousandth time, his homage to the genius which reigns supreme, though the lapse of years may have begun to soften its tints, and to render them less garish to the eye than those of its more recent competitors. Thus, as after our hasty and desultory remarks upon a few prominent writers in English fiction, we are obliged reluctantly to withdraw for the present from its splendid and far-reaching domain, we are detained by a remembrance associated alike with the happiest moments of boyhood, the brightest fancies of youth, and the solace of the most weary periods of mature age. At the shrine of the great enchanter, to whom, almost equally with the immortal subject of the verse, were entrusted the "golden

keys" which unlock the gates of joy and of grief, of sympathy, of horror, and of tears, we bow with the veneration of humble worshipers, with the gratitude of hearts which his magic spells have never failed to lighten in their darkest hour of gloom. Of the labors of the greatest of British novelists in his own department it may almost be said, with the same justice as of those of the greatest of dramatists in his, that it is "vain to blame and useless to praise;" and to enter either on examination or extended eulogium at the close of an article already too long would be ill-advised indeed. Yet not more in the perusal of Shakespeare himself than of his modern and northern rival in a kindred sphere, is admiration of the writer interwoven and blended with love and affection for the man. The imagination of some skillful artist has embodied in a well-known picture our perfect conception of what the poet was, or ought to have been; and the sunny smile which plays over the features stamped with the impress of all that is most exalted in the power of mind, can be compared in its sweetness only with some of his native wood-notes, or the music which comes o'er the ear like the "sweet south, stealing and giving odors." But in the noble brow, the sagacious and benevolent though somewhat pensive lineaments, even the careless dress, the sturdy and muscular frame, which the sculptor has represented as well for the ornament of our own city as for the delight of thousands from abroad, we recognize an object of scarcely less deep an interest as we are detained at the entrance of a resting-place for the dead, upon which nature has lavished all the beauties that could throw a charm around the home of the living.* We recall not only the historic page illuminated till shadows become realities, till the spirits of past centuries arise and sweep before us in a procession almost too varied and too dazzling for our feeble vision—not only the more quiet, but no less consummate portraitures of social life among a people to whose hardy virtues and example

* Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia.

we are indebted for so much that is excellent and valuable on our own soil—not only the exhaustless humor, the captivating grace and simplicity of style, the wondrous power of effecting by a few brief touches what other writers vainly toil to accomplish in chapters of elaborate description—but we are also reminded of the influence steadily exerted on the side of pure morality—the wit that has no taint of coarseness—the pathos which, though it may enlist our compassion for the criminal, never leads us to forget the crime—the genial and overflowing love of humanity in all its forms, from the highest to the lowest; and more and most of all, the rigid and unflinching sense of honor that prematurely furrowed the countenance and bowed the shoulders and palsied the “right hand” which, in the grandest of his utterances, he declared should throw off even the terrible burden which crushed him by the mismanagement of others,

should retrieve every loss, satisfy every just claim to the last farthing, and leave, at whatever cost, an unsullied name to his children and to the world. In the undying devotion of his countrymen to his memory it might be presumptuous to share, except in so far as reverence for the great departed is at once the common sentiment and the luxury of mankind; yet as united with them by many ties of lineage, of similar institutions, manners and laws, as speaking the same language, partaking in the benefits of the same unrivaled literature, and equally destined to hand down to the latest times the priceless heritage of constitutional freedom and glory, American readers may join with his eminent compatriot,* when at the close of an essay in which national and patriotic feeling at length assert their mastery even over the sharpness of hostile criticism, he offers to the author of *Waverley* the tribute of his “proud and sad farewell!”

ACROSS THE SIERRA NEVADA.

VERY few of the present generation know anything of the pleasures and miseries of an old-fashioned journey by stage—of the bumps and jolts, if the road is rough and the “fast line” has to make its ten miles an hour—of the provoking delays and the lordly indifference of the drivers. An old lady might run out anywhere and stop the coach to ask one of these autocrats to bring her a penn’orth of snuff or a quarter of a pound of tea on his return. If she had a brace of pretty daughters and owned a snug farm in her own right, it was nothing more than natural for the autocrat to indulge in a “few minutes’” chat: it gave him a chance to breathe his horses, during which one of the afore-said pretty damsels was very apt to come after the old lady, ostensibly to remind her that standing on the damp ground

was very favorable to the “rheumatics” about which she complained so much. Vainly do the passengers growl among themselves and give audible expression to their impatience. The autocrat of the stage-coach is not to be moved until he is ready, and is generally sure to quietly revenge himself upon the malcontents by sending his team at their best pace over the worst part of the road, “just to bring ’em to their senses.”

The box of a coach is my delight: a friendly cigar, a social “smile” at the inn while the horses are changing, and a few well-timed compliments about his team and stylish handling of the reins, invariably opened the autocrat’s heart, loosened his tongue, and last, but not least, his whip-lash.

“Young man,” said the driver of a

* Carlyle.

mail-coach on a once popular route (before the days of railroads)—“Young man, I know every gal along the road, and there are some durned pretty ones. One, I know, is worth three thousand dollars, another about ten thousand; and then there's old Squire Smith's darter. She'll be worth a cool thirty thousand when the old man dies, and he's powerful ailin' of late. Now, if you want to get 'quainted with any of them, jest tell me, and I'll 'knock you down' to ary one of them, at once.”

I thanked him for his politeness, but unfortunately was never able to avail myself of his kind offer.

But, alas! the glory of the stage-driver has departed. It is only in the “Far West” that he now flourishes to any extent, and even there his sphere is being more and more circumscribed by the rapid advance of railroads.

Any one who wants a glimpse of staging in its traditional glory—to them, I say, go to California.

Nowhere, even in its palmy days, has it ever been excelled, and a stage-ride over one of the principal competing lines, with its wild scenery, wild horses, and, I was going to add, wild drivers, is an event to be remembered.

Punctually on time, when the roads were good, did the coaches of the rival routes from Sacramento draw up at their offices in Virginia City, Nevada.

The arrival of five or six about the same time always created a great deal of excitement, notwithstanding it was of daily occurrence.

Toward the end of winter, when the roads began to break up, this punctuality was of course impossible, but every exertion would be made to get through with the least delay.

The drivers on these routes do not stop when and where they will to chatter to this old lady or exchange the compliments of the hour with that young one. For two reasons, however: one is, their orders against delaying are very stringent; the other, that the old ladies have no solid attractions to back them up, and the young and pretty single ones are exceedingly scarce.

The coaches run on stated time, and if unavoidably detained by bad places on the route, must make up for it where the road is good.

The consequence is, that the passengers are not unfrequently treated to a ride, at full speed, over mountain grades where the slightest mistake on the part of the expert reinsman would send them over precipices hundreds of feet high. Accidents are of very rare occurrence, but thrilling escapes take place every now and then.

It was in February, 1866, while the roads were in this *mixed* condition, that I left Virginia City, Nevada, for the sunny land of California. The morning was cool and raw, the road hard frozen, and the “mud-wagon” (as the winter coach was elegantly termed) bounded behind its spirited team of six American horses as if determined, by its mad pranks, to break up all formality among the occupants.

And a word about those fellow-occupants—or sufferers. There were but five; and as the “wagon” had not sufficient load to steady it, the rough state of the road, the lively rate at which we were driven, and the unceremonious manner in which we were pitched about, made us very sociable in a short time. I said there were five of us—true; but then I had forgotten the *baby*, an Irish institution in this case, and blessed with an unusually sound constitution.

The lurches of the wagon constantly interfered with dear baby's breakfast, and baby objected to this very same interference in the most vociferous manner.

I wish here to remark, *par parenthesi*, that I don't particularly dislike babies, neither do I adore them; nor can I go into ecstasies when my old friend Jones presents, with paternal pride, his seventh infant, and tells me he is “wrapped up in its existence.” On these occasions, out of regard for Jones, I usually put on a bland, benevolent smile, daintily touch its fingers and compliment papa and mamma upon the strong resemblance to them. If the youngster looks justly astonished at my

familiarity, and puckers up its little lips, threatening my sensitive ears with a squall, in sheer desperation have I sometimes pulled out my watch and made baby listen to its "tick, tick, tick." To spring open the hunting-case was always the last resource, this *coup de main* being usually rewarded by a triumphant crow from the small child. I have often thought, while undergoing this presentation to the nursery pet, that my countenance would afford a rich study for a painter. Glad, indeed, was I when mamma and nurse disappeared with the last blessing to put it to bed, leaving Jones and myself to a social smoke in his cozy library.

I am, if I say it myself, a good-natured man, and as such am constantly imposed upon. If I am in a street-car, although there may be plenty of unoccupied seats, the jittlemon from the other side of the way, who, in the consciousness of his proud lineage, objects energetically to riding in the same vehicle with a "durty nagur"—this jittlemon, whose breath is redolent of whisky and onions, and who has altogether an odor not of sanctity, but of exceeding worldly uncleanness, is always sure to plant himself down by me with the most friendly assurance. And then, when requested by Miss Juno or Miss Minerva to escort them to the concert in place of their respective adorers, who have been obliged to run on to New York for a day or so "on business," in my sincere politeness have I stepped out into the aisle to allow other ladies, attended by cavaliers on their own account—not by proxy, as in my case,—to pass up. My politeness has been usually appreciated and acknowledged by their spreading themselves out to such an extent that when I again attempt to resume my seat I find, to my sorrow, that I have less than half of it left, and am compelled to drag out an excruciating evening.

These reflections were called forth by the Irishwoman's depositing, *sans cérémonie*, her precious charge in my lap, and asking my benevolent self, in a voice resembling a harp of Erin with its strings out of tune, "Would yer honor just

plaze to howld the baby for one minnit ownly?"

The coach was rattling along at a merry pace, and for no other reason but just to prevent that embryo democrat's valuable brains from being bruised against the sides did I hold him carefully from me, supporting him, not in mid-air, like Mohammed's coffin, but between the roof and floor of the coach. All things must have an end, and madam at last announced her willingness to receive again her son and heir. My traveling companions were convulsed with laughter at the woman's assurance and my awkward discomfiture; and one suggested that I seemed quite *au fait* at the nursery business.

I indignantly denied the soft impeachment, and hoped he might have a dozen babies, and no better fate than to be traveling with them all in a land where there were nothing but stage-coaches to ride in, and where the roads were always rough.

By this time our Jehu had accomplished his first change. Six fresh horses were ready with their harness on, and in a very few minutes we were off again.

I took the opportunity to get out by the driver, to enjoy the splendid scenery, and be, at the same time, rid of those unfeeling fellows inside, who could not sympathize with my humane efforts in behalf of distressed maternity.

At the next station we found breakfast ready, to which ample justice was done. Here our female *compagnon de voyage* left us. The parting was entirely without tears on either side. She was going to be cook at the hotel where we had just breakfasted, and, remembering my services in holding her infant, exclaimed, as we were driving off:

"Shure, and it's yer honor as I hopes to see pass this way again."

"The old Sierras look cold this morning," remarked the driver to me; and the long, dark range of mountains, with their summits thickly covered with snow, loomed majestically before us, and seemingly presenting an impassable barrier to the warm and sunny lands of the Golden

State. The road began to ascend the foot hills, and was so rough and cut up as to render faster progress than a walk impossible.

"We'll strike snow directly," said the driver, who now found time to enjoy a cigar, with which I had cemented our friendship upon climbing to the box, "and then I'll show you what a sleigh-ride across the Sierra Nevada is."

Soon we were winding through forests of lofty pine trees, whose fragrant odor reminded me pleasantly of a similar region, but in a distant land. At last the station came in sight—a large wayside inn with ample stabling. Here we were to be transferred from the uncomfortable mud-wagon to a large and commodious sleigh; and here was to begin our exciting ride across the frowning, snowy mountains.

While the horses are changing, and while our fellow-travelers take a hot drink together, let us briefly review the magical (for no other word so fitly expresses it) change that has taken place in the last twenty years.

From a dreamy, sunny land, with an indolent, shiftless race of inhabitants, has arisen the Golden State of California, teeming with wealth and enterprise. Stately cities have been reared within her limits, the chief of which, at no distant day, when the iron band of union from the Atlantic to the Pacific shall be completed, will proudly take rank with the famous cities of the world. In those twenty years how many new States and Territories have been created! How step by step, but with sure progress, has the Star of Empire taken its westward way! Of the populous cities on its path, Denver, in Colorado, Salt Lake, in Utah, Virginia City, in Nevada, are stepping-stones for the march of improvement. Think of the toils and sufferings of the pioneers to the new El Dorado, and contrast them with the present easy, nay, almost luxurious, mode of transit, its great prosperity and brilliant future.

"All aboard!" and taking our seats the grooms release the plunging horses, and off we dash, the excitement of rapid motion communicating itself to every one.

This fresh team is composed of "bronchas," or half-breed American and mustang horses, unrivaled for fleetness and endurance. Pretty animals they are: closely matched and white as snow, with clean bright harness, they speed along, carrying us rapidly into the fastnesses of the once-dreaded Sierras. The snow deepens, but is well packed in the road, which is carefully marked out by a continuous line of poles on either side, a necessary precaution to guide travelers when a fresh fall has covered up the tracks. Once out of that beaten path, and the snow is, in many places, deep enough to bury completely horses, sleigh, travelers and all!

Far above us tower the stately pines, and one is astonished at their gigantic proportions, and calls to mind the remark of an Oregonian, some years since, when talking of the comparative size of the pines of the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range.

"Why, in old Web-foot," as Oregon is affectionately called by its inhabitants, owing to the incessant rains which prevail, "there are plenty of trees so tall that I could never see the tops of 'em without lying on my back to look up!"

A glance at the enormous trees we are passing by made me think that the Oregonian's figure of speech was not so extravagant after all.

We are indeed approaching a land of wonders, of magnificent scenery, of memorable trees, of the Yo Semite, and of "Frisco." For if Boston is the hub of the universe, San Francisco is the hub of California.

The rapid rate at which we are going soon carries us over the intervening distance between stations. Fresh teams every eight or ten miles made our driver able to redeem his promise of giving us an exciting sleigh-ride. "The next station is dinner, and the end of my route," said he, gathering up the reins in an artistic manner, "and I am going to put you through lively."

Most certainly, if the start was any indication. That spanking team of bays seemed to go as if for the very love of it. Down a steep hill like the wind, the

driver bearing hard on the brake (with which all the sleighs are furnished as a very necessary precaution), when suddenly a passenger shouts out, "Driver, the brake's broke!" and the rattling of the iron work instantly confirmed his statement. We were speeding down hill when this happened, and the sleigh began to crowd the pole-horses pretty severely. I glanced at our driver. Not a muscle of his countenance changed expression; and deliberately, and without the slightest excitement in his manner, he put the whip to his animals and sent them along on a keen run. One of the pole-horses made a misstep, which was instantly noticed, and corrected with a blow from the double thong, and the stumbling animal briefly enjoined to "mind where he was going."

In this seemingly reckless manner did we finish that drive, nearly all of which lay along the shores of the Donner Lake, where a party of early California emigrants were caught by the deep snows of winter and miserably perished. A few survived by subsisting upon the flesh of their dead companions. But enough of these horrors: they can never be repeated. The lake, a beautiful body of crystal purity, lay embowered in lofty pines, whose dark forms strongly contrasted with the glaring whiteness of the snow on its frozen bosom. Around a turn in the road and we are at the station, where dinner is announced without loss of time; after which, under the auspices of a new but no less skillful driver, we continue our journey. Now came the really dangerous part of the road: we here commenced in earnest the crossing of the Sierra Nevada. High above us towered the grand old mountains, guarding like grim sentinels the portals to the promised land of California. Huge masses of snow, seeming to need but a breath to topple them over, and gathering fresh strength from their impetus, roll down into the valley, a frightful avalanche! Occasionally to our left we see stumps of trees cut off some fifteen or twenty feet from the roots, and also the ruins of several log cabins. The driver tells me that the cabins are the remains of those

erected by the Donner party, and the stumps now rearing their ghastly heads high above the snow were nearly on a level with it that terrible winter. Horrible sufferings! frightful deaths! If they had only known it, or had succeeded in the attempt, it was but a short distance from that fatal encampment to the mild and sunny climate of California.

In answer to my question, the driver said that in a month hence, when the sun has greater power, the danger is very much increased and lives are not unfrequently lost.

We anxiously watch each impending cliff with its snowy crown, and feel relieved, on emerging from the gloomy defile, to find ourselves upon the comparatively level summit of the range. What a sight! Snow, snow, snow! And it is through this that the iron horse is soon to plough his resistless way, and laugh to scorn those whose faith in a railroad to the Pacific wavered when the impassable barrier of the Sierra Nevada was mentioned.

How lonely the station looks we are coming to!—almost buried in the snow, and yet everything about it is exceedingly comfortable. Huge fires roar in the chimneys, immense ricks of hay overshadow the spacious stables; each and all, with silent eloquence, cordially inviting the storm-belated traveler to rest. On this summit the snow is constantly filling up the road, and snow-ploughs are regularly run over it to keep the track in a passable condition. Our new driver is as fast as the old one, his horses are every bit as good, and we recline in our comfortable seats and think how splendid it would be if we could only transport some of the *spirit* of that ride to the far distant East—the vast masses of snow, the magnificent mountains, the towering pines, the dashing driver and his Mazeppa team, so different from the sober, staid, discreet style in vogue in the land of steady habits.

The shades of night are now falling fast, and the dark forest through which our road leads looks more sombre than ever. The snow is not near as deep as it was, and in many places the ground

is almost bare: the air, too, is milder. We are fast descending the western slope of the mountains, and begin to get a soft breath from the tropics. Before going much farther we find it necessary to change back to the mud-wagon again, and for nine miles crawl at a snail's pace over a corduroy road of the roughest possible construction—nine miles of mortal agony, of cruel bumps and dislocating jerks. Right glad are we to see, from the heights behind it, the twinkling lights in the pretty town of Dutch Flat, in CALIFORNIA!

The remainder of the road, until we strike the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad at Colfax, eleven miles farther, we are told, is utterly impassable for wagons, and has to be traveled on horseback; so I was not sorry at the prospect of resting my sore and wearied limbs. The "rack of torture," as one of the party feelingly called the last nine miles of corduroy, had most effectually taken away all the romance of our splendid sleigh-ride across the Sierras.

At early daylight the stage agent went around, gave each passenger a tender punch in the ribs, thrusting his lantern right into his face to see if he was awake and comprehended the call, "Boots and saddles." With many a groan did the unfortunate wights follow him to the stables where our would-be chargers were in readiness.

As stage-horses they were richly entitled to their full meed of praise; but as saddle-animals—ah! *they* are horses of other colors.

By the time the company is mustered and mounted it numbers fourteen, including the conductor and several local passengers—two, by the way, being ladies, and one a genuine John Chinaman, in the full glory of his Celestial splendor.

"How far to the cars?" inquired an individual bestriding a very rough trotter.

"Eleven miles."

"Pshaw!" said another, thinking, doubtless, of the fleet-footed steeds and the flying sleigh of the day before, "a mere bagatelle of a distance: we'll do it in no time." The spirits of the whole

party were on the rise; the new-comers feel particularly exuberant and addressed sundry jocose observations to the unfortunate possessor of a pigtail, upon whose unappreciative ears the sharp arrows of wit fell harmless.

"Bless my stars! here's a big mud hole!" shouted out a luckless equestrian, as his horse plunged in up to his belly.

"Follow after me carefully, gentlemen," said the conductor, coming to his assistance, and we were soon fain to believe that the road was not only impassable for wagons, but well-nigh for horses also. Our swelling plumes were gently smoothed down, and we followed the conductor at a slow walk in Indian file, moreover picking our way most carefully. It was broad daylight, and we were in full view of some placer mines now being worked by extensive hydraulics. The road ran almost parallel with the line of the railroad, upon which thousands of Chinese laborers were swarming like bees, cutting through hills, leveling mountains, building embankments, and grading. No one in our party experienced the slightest difficulty with his charger but the unfortunate Chinaman, whose girth was always getting loose, or something else out of order. Once, while ascending a steep hill, his saddle slipped back and turned; the horse started and plunged, and a mingled mass of pig-tail, nankeen and chopsticks flew into the air and struck the ground, whence arose a badly frightened, mud-bespattered, but uninjured Celestial.

To catch the horse, adjust the saddle, and assist Mr. Chinaman to remount, delayed us some little, and between the laughter of the spectators (who would have thought it exceedingly funny if the brains and pig-tail had been generally scattered), the anathemas of the conductor, and the jabbering explanations of the equestrian Celestial, the scene was highly sensational.

"How far to the depôt?"

"Seven miles."

"Goodness! have we only come four miles?" growled one; to which another added, "Four of the longest miles I have ever ridden!" So on we jogged.

Yesterday we had nothing but snow, snow, snow. To-day, it is mud, mud, mud!

"Look, boys, flowers—and as I live, there are strawberries!"

"Hurrah for old California!" shouted an enthusiastic admirer. The air was warm and balmy: how oppressive our winter clothing began to feel! Coats were unbuttoned, gloves and tippets removed. So genial was the weather that it spread its influence to me, under which I presented to the conductor (thereby firmly ingratiating myself in his favor) my fur gloves and muffler. All things must have an end, and so we at last arrived at Colfax.

A train of cars, the first I had seen for several years, with a large, handsome engine, resplendent with polished brass, fumed and fretted in its impatience to be off. Seated in the elegant cars, the whistle sounded, and over the rails the train speeded toward Sacramento.

Actually on a smooth, well-equipped road in that wonder-land of California, I could hardly realize the fact. Swiftly as had our wild horses drawn us across the mountains and over the snow, it was nothing to the speed of that iron horse as he roared and rattled over the plain.

Farms and improvements begin to

crowd each other in the rapidly-changing landscape. The American and Feather rivers appear in sight: the speed is slackened as the train rolls by the populous Chinese quarter. The river is crowded with their odd-looking boats, teeming with their still odder inmates. Round a curve, and the engine whistles "down brakes" on the broad levee of Sacramento. It is Sunday, and very quiet the city is—more quiet and orderly than one would expect to find in a country so new and impulsive as this. Stately steamers are moored at the landings: omnibuses are in waiting to carry us to the hotels. We are driven to the Golden Eagle, on K street, and gladly seek rest from the fatigues of the past few days—like a dream to look back upon, so swiftly had they passed.

The great, clanging quartz mills of Virginia City, the wild drive over the Sierra Nevada, the ludicrous ride to the dépôt, the cars, the calm Sabbath in the city. Everything so new, so strange, and yet so natural withal!

Here shall I rest a while, and bask in the rays of this sunny clime before commencing my proposed tour on horseback through the southern part of the State and among the vaqueros of California.

THE WIND'S REPLY.

"June hath her heart in the frolic of Summer,

Roses declare for my bridal feast:

Wind of the sea! do you study to gladden?

When will my lover sail in from the East?"

Maidens, one the sweet mate of the other,

Every day to the sea go down,

Hearing the Wind say over and over,

"Weddings must wait, if ships will drown."

SIENA.*

I.

INSIDE this northern summer's fold
The fields are full of naked gold
Broadcast from heaven on lands it loves ;
The green-veiled air is full of doves ;
Soft leaves, that sift the sunbeams, let
Light on the small warm grasses wet
Fall in short, broken kisses sweet,
And break again like waves that beat
Round the sun's feet.

II.

But I for all this English mirth
Of golden-shod and dancing days,
And the old green-girt sweet-hearted earth,
Desire, what here no spells can raise.
Far hence, with holier heavens above,
The lovely city of my love
Bathes deep in the sun's satiate air,
That flows round no fair thing more fair,
Her beauty bare.

III.

There the utter sky is holier, there
More pure the intense white height of air,
More clear men's eyes that mine would meet,
And the sweet springs of things more sweet.—
There, for this one warm note of doves,
A clamor of a thousand loves
Strains the night's ear, the day's assails,
From the tempestuous nightingales,
And fills and fails.

IV.

O gracious city, well beloved,
Italian, and a maiden crowned,
Siena, my feet are no more moved
Toward thy steep-shapen mountain bound ;
But my heart in me turns and moves,
O lady, loveliest of my loves,
Toward thee, to lie before thy feet
And gaze from thy fair fountain-seat
Up the sheer street ;

* See Notes on page 629.

V.

And the house, midway hanging, see!
That saw Saint Catharine bodily,
Felt on its floors her sweet feet move,
And the live light of fiery love
Burn from her beautiful strange face,
As in the sanguine, sacred place
Where in pure hands she took the head
Severed, and with pure lips, still red,
Kissed the lips dead.

VI.

For years through, sweetest of the saints,
In quiet without cease she wrought,
Till cries of men and fierce complaints
From outward moved her maiden thought;
And prayers she heard and sighs toward France:
"God, send us back deliverance—
Send back Thy servant, lest we die!"
With an exceeding bitter cry
They smote the sky.

VII.

Then in her sacred, saving hands
She took the sorrows of the lands,
With maiden palms she lifted up
The sick time's blood-embittered cup,
And in her virgin garment furled
The faint limbs of a wounded world.
Clothed with calm love and clear desire,
She went forth, in her soul's attire,
A missive fire.

VIII.

Across the might of men that strove
It shone, and over heads of kings;
And molten in red flames of love
Were swords and many monstrous things;
And shields were lowered, and snapt were spears
And sweeter-tuned the clamorous years;
And faith came back and peace, that were
Fled; for she bade, saying, "Thou, God's heir,
Hast thou no care?"

IX.

"Lo, men lay waste thine heritage
Still, and much heathen people rage
Against thee, and desire vain things.
What comfort in the face of kings,
What counsel is there? Turn thine eyes
And thine heart from them in likewise;
Turn thee unto thine holy place,
To help us that of God for grace
Require thy face.

X.

"For who shall hear us, if not thou,
 In a strange land? What doest thou there?
 Thy sheep are spoiled, and the plougher's plough
 Upon us; why hast thou no care
 For all this, and beyond strange hills
 Liest unregardful what snow chills
 Thy foldless flock, or what rains beat?
 Lo, in thine ears, before thy feet,
 Thy lost sheep bleat.

XI.

"And strange men feed on faultless lives,
 And there is blood, and men put knives,
 Shepherd, unto the young lamb's throat;
 And one hath eaten, and one smote
 And one had hunger and is fed
 Full of the flesh of these, and red
 With blood of those, as who drinks wine;
 And God knoweth, who hath sent thee a sign,
 If these were thine."

XII.

But the Pope's heart within him burned,
 So that he rose up, seeing the sign,
 And came among them; but she turned
 Back to her daily way divine,
 And fed her faith with silent things,
 And lived her life with curbed white wings,
 And mixed herself with heaven and died,
 And now on the sheer city-side
 Smiles like a bride.

XIII.

You see her in the fresh clear gloom,
 Where walls shut out the flame and bloom
 Of full-breathed summer, and the roof
 Keeps the keen ardent air aloof,
 And sweet weight of the violet sky.
 There, bodily beheld on high,
 She seems as one, hearing in tune
 Heaven within heaven, and heaven's full noon,
 In sacred swoon—

XIV.

A solemn swoon of sense that aches
 With imminent blind heat of heaven,
 While all the wide-eyed spirit wakes,
 Vigilant of the supreme Seven
 Whose choral flames in God's sight move,
 Made unendurable with love
 That, without wind or blast of breath,
 Compels all things through life and death
 Whither God saith.

XV.

There on the dim side-chapel wall
Thy mighty touch memorial,
Razzi, raised up, for ages dead,
And fixed for us her heavenly head ;
And, rent with plaited thorn and rod,
Bared the live likeness of her God
To men's eyes, turning from strange lands,
Where, pale from thine immortal hands,
Christ wounded stands ;

XVI.

And the blood blots his holy hair
And white brows, over hungering eyes
That plead against us, and the fair
Mute lips, forlorn of words or sighs,
In the great torment that bends down
His bruised head with the bloomless crown,
White as the unfruitful thorn-flower,—
A God beheld in dreams that were
Beheld of her.

XVII.

In vain on all these sins and years
Falls the sad blood, fall the slow tears ;
In vain, poured forth as watersprings,
Priests, on your altars, and, ye kings,
About your seats of sanguine gold ;
Still your God, spat upon and sold,
Bleeds at your hands ; but now is gone
All his flock from him saving one,
Judas alone.

XVIII.

Surely your race it was that he,
O men, signed backward with his name,
Beholding in Gethsemane ;
Bled the red bitter sweat of shame,
Knowing how the word of Christian should
Mean to men evil and not good,
Seem to men shameful for your sake
Whose lips, for all the prayers they make,
Man's blood must slake.

XIX.

But blood nor tears ye love not, you
That my love leads my longing to,
Fair as the world's old faith of flowers,
O golden goddesses of ours !
From what Idalian rose-pleasance
Hath Aphrodite bidden glance
The lovelier lightnings of your feet ?
From what sweet Paphian sward or seat
Led you more sweet ?

XX.

O white three sisters, three as one,
 With flower-like arms for flowery bands,
 Your linked limbs glitter like the sun,
 And Time lies beaten at your hands.—
 Time and wild years and wars and men
 Pass, and ye care not whence or when;
 With calm lips, over-sweet for scorn,
 Ye watch night pass, O children born
 Of the old-world morn.

XXI.

Ah, in this strange and shrineless place,
 What doth a goddess, what a Grace,
 Where no Greek worships her shrined limbs
 With wreaths and Cytherean hymns?—
 Where no lute makes luxurious
 The adoring airs in Amathus,
 Till the maid, knowing her mother near,
 Sobs for love, aching with sweet fear;—
 What do ye here?

XXII.

For the outer land is sad, and wears
 A raiment of a flaming fire;
 And the fierce fruitless mountain stairs
 Climb, yet seem wroth and loth to aspire—
 Climb, and break, and are broken down;
 And through their clefts and crests the town
 Looks west, and sees the dead sun lie,—
 A sanguine death that stains the sky
 With angry dye.

XXIII.

And from the war-worn wastes without,
 In twilight, in the time of doubt,
 One sound comes of one whisper, where,
 Moved with low motions of slow air,
 The great trees near the castle swing
 In the sad-colored evening:
Ricorditi di me, che son
La Pia;—that small sweet word alone
 Is not yet gone.

XXIV.

Ricorditi di me; the sound,
 Sole out of deep dumb days remote,
 Across the fiery and fatal ground
 Comes, tender as a hurt bird's note,
 To where, a ghost with empty hands,
 A woe-worn ghost, her palace stands
 In the mid city, where the strong
 Bells turn the sunset air to song,
 And the towers throng.

XXV.

With other face, with speech the same,
A mightier maiden's likeness came
Late among mourning men that slept;
A sacred ghost that went and wept,
White as the sacred wounded Lamb,
Saying, "Ah, remember me, that am
Italia!"—From deep sea to sea
Earth heard, earth knew her, that this was she—
"Ricorditi!"

XXVI.

"Love made me of all things fairest thing,
And hate unmade me: this knows he
Who with God's sacerdotal ring
Enringed mine hand, espousing me."
Yea, in thy myriad-mooded woe,
Yea, mother, hast thou not said so?
Have not our hearts within us stirred,
O thou most holiest, at thy word?
Have we not heard?

XXVII.

As this dead tragic land, that she
Found deadly, such was time to thee;
Years passed thee withering in the red
Maremma—years that deemed thee dead,
Ages that sorrowed or that scorned;
And all this while, through all they mourned,
Thou sawest the end of things unclean,
And the unborn, that should see thee a queen,
Have we not seen?

XXVIII.

The weary poet, thy sad son,
Upon thy soil, under thy skies,
Saw all Italian things save one—
Italia; this thing missed his eyes;
The old mother-might, the breast, the face,
That reared, that lit the Roman race,
This not Leopardi saw; but we—
What is it, mother, that we see,
What if not thee?

XXIX.

Look thou from Siena southward, home,
Where the priest's pall hangs rent on Rome,
And through the red rent swaddling-bands
Toward thine she strains her laboring hands!—
Look, thou, and listen, and let be
All the dead quick, all the bond free;
In the blind eyes let there be sight;
In the eighteen centuries of the night
Let there be light!

XXX.

Bow down the beauty of thine head,
 Sweet, and with lips of living breath
 Kiss thy sons sleeping and thy dead ;
 That there be no more sleep or death !
 Give us thy light, thy might, thy love,
 Whom thy face, seen afar above,
 Drew to thy feet ; and when, being free,
 Thou hast blest thy children born to thee,
 Bless also me !—

XXXI.

Me that, when others played or slept,
 Sat still under thy cross and wept ;
 Me who so early and unaware
 Felt fall on bent bared brows and hair
 Thin drops of the overflowing flood—
 The bitter blessing of thy blood,
 The sacred shadow of thy pain,—
 Thine, the true maiden-mother, slain
 And raised again.

XXXII.

Me consecrated, if I might,
 To praise thee, or to love at least,
 O mother of all men's dear delight,
 Thou madest a choral-souled boy-priest,
 Before my lips had leave to sing,
 Or my hands hardly strength to cling
 About the intolerable tree,
 Whereto they had nailed my heart and thee,
 And said, " Let be !"

XXXIII.

For to thee too the high Fates gave
 Grace to be sacrificed and save,
 That, being arisen in the equal sun,
 God and the People should be one ;
 By those red roads thy footprints trod,
 Man more divine, more human God,
 Saviour ; that where was no light known,
 But darkness and a daytime frown,
 Light should be shown.

XXXIV.

Let there be light, O Italy !
 For our feet falter in the night.—
 O lamp of living years to be !
 O light of God, let there be light !
 Fill with a love, keener than flame,
 Men sealed in spirit with thy name,
 The cities and the Roman skies,
 Where men, with other than man's eyes,
 Saw thy sun rise.

XXXV.

For theirs thou wast, and thine were they
 Whose names outshine thy very day;
 For they are thine, and theirs thou art,
 Whose blood beats living in man's heart,
 Remembering ages fled and dead,
 Wherein for thy sake these men bled,—
 They that saw Trebia, they that see
 Mentana, they in years to be
 That shall see thee.

XXXVI.

For thine are all of us, and ours
 Thou; till the seasons bring to birth
 A perfect people, and all the powers
 Be with them that bear fruit on earth;
 Till the inner heart of man be one
 With freedom and the sovereign sun;
 And Time, in likeness of a guide,
 Lead the Republic as a bride
 Up to God's side.

NOTES TO POEM.

SIENA—the "Colonia Sena Julia" of Pliny—which gives its name to the poem, is an ancient capital of Tuscany, and was a city of great prosperity during the Middle Ages. Its cathedral is a magnificent structure of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Siena is the birth-place of five popes.

STANZA V.—Among the places of interest in Siena is the house of St. Catharine. This structure stands high up in the city, as it were, on the brow of a cliff. The interior is adorned with magnificent frescoes by Razzi.

On one occasion St. Catharine accompanied a notorious malefactor to the scaffold, and administered to him the consolations of religion. When the axe had done its duty, she lifted up the bleeding head, and, addressing the assembled crowd, by whom she was regarded as a direct messenger of God, said: "Fear not to raise your prayers for this man's soul; I accept him as my brother;" and she kissed his dead lips.

STANZAS VI. TO XI.—During the residence of Pope Gregory XI. at Avignon, his people suffered great oppression, and the land was ruled by a factional aristocracy. After writing many appeals to the Pope without avail, St. Catharine undertook a pilgrimage to France and came before the Pontiff, representing her-

self as a missionary delegated by God for the redemption of her native land. The appeal was successful, and the Pope returned and resumed the reins of government. Instead of accepting the honors the people were fain to shower upon her, she quietly retired to her home in Siena, and administered comfort to the sick and suffering unto the day of her death. *The Epistles and Speeches of St. Catharine of Siena* were published at Venice in 1548.

STANZA XV.—Gian-Antonio Razzi, or Bazzi, surnamed Sodoma or Sodona, painted the magnificent frescoes in the house of St. Catharine, the great picture of her ecstasy, which adorns the church, the splendid "Christ bound to the pillar," and the "Graces"—the latter two in the academy of Siena.

STANZAS XXIII. TO XXXVI.—Pia Guastelloni, a lady of Siena, married about 1295 to a Tolomei, afterward to Nello or Paganello Pannoeshieschi, was suspected by her second husband of adultery with one Agostino di Ghisi, and was imprisoned in Maremma till her death. She is introduced by Dante in the *Purgatory*, canto V., lines 130 to 136. Her palace in Siena is high above the great square of the city, overlooking the bell-tower, and is almost the highest point to which the town extends up the spurs of the mountain.

TO PLEASE AUNT MARTHA.

MY story is about the dearest and best of women, and a little adventure that grew out of my love for her. I am not used to the art of narration, and shall perhaps wander a little in gathering all my points together; but I'll try to begin at once and waste no words beyond letting you understand the good reason I had to prize and value her. My poor, dear mother was an only child, and my grandfather was a widower from the hour of her birth: had it not been for my precious Aunt Martha, the best and kindest of all friends, my mother would have been without a loving hand to check or eye to guide her, for her father was deeply immersed in business interests, with but little time or thought for the baby at home.

She was very beautiful, and a little willful, I am afraid, for when she grew up to womanhood she made a runaway-match, to which my grandfather was so desperately opposed that he never forgave her. My father was a gay and handsome gentleman, fond of fine living and fast company; and the marriage brought no good to either, for the little money my mother had of her own being gone, and her father remaining deaf to her prayers for forgiveness, she gave herself up to sorrow and regret, and he fled from threatening poverty to the excitement of folly and dissipation. It was a short story with a sad, sad close, for my father was killed in a duel, and my poor, dear mother soon followed him to the grave, leaving me, a tiny little creature, with a faint remembrance of her fading beauty. Aunt Martha had followed her from her old home, where she had held the place of housekeeper so many years, and shared her sorrows and lightened her troubles. When my dear mother's eyes closed on earth for ever, their last look was fixed on that kind face, and her heart was cheered by the promise that I should be to her old nurse what she had been in days gone by.

Dear Aunt Martha! how often she and I have cried our hearts full over that last sad scene! for she was never weary telling me of my beautiful girlish mother, whose life had closed when others are scarce begun; but about my father's memory she evinced a strange reluctance, and never named him of her own free will.

Now, I should tell you that she was not my aunt by relationship, being only a distant connexion of my grandfather, whose good-will she had forfeited when she left his handsome home to link her fortunes with his poor, forsaken child's. She was not young, even in those days, but she was always lovely to me, and looking at her sweet, earnest face with its good, hopeful eyes and cheery smile, I often wondered why no one had ever tried to win her for his own; for Aunt Martha was an old maid, and I never heard her allude to her youth or the fancies that belong to it. She was naturally the busiest of all living people: she never seemed to tire or need repose like the rest of the world; and it was such a matter of course to see her fingers flying from morning till night that I am afraid I did not always consider that it was the care of me that made her ceaseless industry necessary.

One day, when I was still a little child and had just begun to read and spell in a little school that was next door to our lodgings, I came in with my primer to tell all I had achieved of its wonderful contents that day, and found Aunt Martha with an open letter in her hand, weeping very bitterly. As soon as she saw me she checked her sorrow, and, becoming calm as usual, in answer to my sympathetic questions told me that she had just heard of the death of an old friend who was once very dear to her. Then she grew quiet, and I had never before known her so silent or abstracted as she appeared all the evening. Once or twice she laid her head down

on the little sewing table, and when she raised it again, her face looked pale and was wet with tears. At last she said:

"Bessie, should you like to have a brother?"

"But I couldn't, you know," I responded promptly.

"Oh yes, you could," she said hastily; "and you are going to have one come here and live with us; and we must love him and try to make him happy."

I never was so astonished before. I gazed at her with wide open eyes, and found no explanation in her rather flushed face and averted glance.

Indeed, it seemed to give her pain to say any more than could be helped on the subject, and she replied reluctantly to my unsparing questions. She said he was to be the same as a real brother to me, and his name was Roy Fielding. His father was the old friend who had once been very dear to her, and now he was dead and the poor boy all alone in the world, which must seem very empty and desolate without his father's love. We must endeavor to make him forget his sorrow; and here she grew very earnest and tender as she reminded me of my own sad little heart, and said it must teach me how to cheer his.

It was not on the next day, but nearly a fortnight afterward, that he came, but I had talked or thought of nothing else for all the time, and I greeted him eagerly as an expected playfellow. But when I saw what a great boy he was, with such a manly, grown-up manner, I hung back disappointed, and even cried.

In the midst of my pettish feeling, and in spite of my childish years, I was impressed with my Aunt Martha's face as she looked for the first time on the new-comer. I had never seen it show so much or such a kind of feeling before, and from that time I felt assured that some strange, strong emotion was awakened when she met him, and that she loved him for the sake of some one who was gone, as well as for his own.

It was not long till I learned to love him too, and forget that he was so tall and manly. He was the kindest of

brothers to me and the best of sons to Aunt Martha; and her heart seemed filled with pride and love from the first hour of his coming.

In the beginning he was sad and quiet, being impressed by the memory of his loss; but as its freshness wore away, his native energy and strong unselfishness of character were asserted and he began to take his place at Aunt Martha's side and help her in everything.

He had brought to our city a letter to some man of influence from a friend of his father's, and it soon gained him a suitable employment that lessened Aunt Martha's cares. He had school-books which he studied or read from at night, and he helped me over the hard places in my little primer with a ready good-humor and interest that made the task light.

And so we lived together just as happily as people in a fairy tale, or at least it seemed so to me; and brother Roy grew to be such a splendid man, rising steadily in business and giving every thought of his heart to dear Aunt Martha and her comfort!

Already our little home began to look so pretty and cheerful, and he never tired filling it with contrivances for her pleasure. Nothing seemed to distress him so much as to see her look weary through working, and yet she was so busy naturally, and had been so long accustomed to the necessity of labor, that it seemed impossible for her to be contented without it. I hope I was always grateful, or rather that I was able to express my gratitude by my efforts to please dear Aunt Martha, for I knew no stronger ambition than the desire to make her happy, until one dreadful night, when I discovered how utterly selfish I was at heart, and how ill I could bear my own happiness to be interfered with.

It was late in the autumn, and we had been making our plans for winter nights: Aunt Martha and I had stores of embroidery and transfer-work to do for the shops, and brother Roy had promised to read to us while we sewed. All day long I studied, being determined to pre-

pare myself for teaching, so as to take my share of the work and charge of our little household. I was almost a woman in years, and full of hope as to assuming my responsibilities.

Brother Roy looked serious and shook his head when I spoke of my eagerness to gain a position, and I had once overheard him saying to Aunt Martha that I was too slender and delicate for such a life.

But I did not mind this : I felt strong and hopeful, and was sure that I should convince him of my ability when I was sufficiently learned in the text-books to go through with the preparatory examination. Thus things stood that startling and long-to-be-remembered night when he came home rather late with a flushed face and excited manner, and broke at once into the awful announcement :

"Mr. Watson, my employer, has found an opening for me in a house in San Francisco, and I'm going out to make a fortune for us all. No more needle-work for you, Aunt Martha, or school-teaching for Bessie. I shall come back rich enough to buy a house of our own, where we can live together in comfort, without this endless striving against want."

Aunt Martha looked up quickly and her face changed color. I could not speak, although I saw that his eyes were fixed on me with an asking earnestness that said :

"Do not take away my courage, but help me to do what I know must be for the best."

At length Aunt Martha said, slowly, looking at him steadily as she spoke :

"We are very happy here, Roy, and our labor is lightened by love ; but you shall decide for yourself. I never believed in going against a strong impulse, and if yours deepens into resolution, it must be right for you to follow it."

For the first time in my life I felt an angry feeling dawn in my breast against dear Aunt Martha. Was she not wild to further such a plan as this ? California seemed a burial-ground to every hope, instead of a field wherein to win

a fortune. I could not account for the bitter prejudice with which its name inspired me. I had never known any one who went there except a fellow-clerk of brother Roy ; and of him I only knew through Roy's indignant mention of his faithlessness to a poor girl who loved him dearly, and whom he was to have returned to marry as soon as fortune favored him. They were bound by the tenderest vows, and she relied on him solely, living in the fond hope of his claiming her as his wife ; but he, shallow wretch that he was ! found a fresher beauty—the daughter of his business partner—and, sending his deserted love a letter of weak excuses for his want of truth, enclosed a handsome draft to make amends for her broken heart.

This little episode was all the personal knowledge I had of California, and somehow it made the whole place seem tainted with faithlessness to me.

Brother Roy's eyes were still watching me with that odd look, though his face was turned toward Aunt Martha and he spoke to her.

"Thank you again and again," he said, warmly. "I knew you would see it in the right light : in fact, it is the only path open to a man without capital, and I have known that for years. See here, Bessie—and this is as good a reason as I can offer for my determination—I have known for five years that California was the place on which I must fix any hope I had beyond slow drudgery, and I have worked for it steadily, and denied you many things you should have possessed, in saving for this end. Well, I have barely accomplished it : I have enough to secure you from trouble till I am able to send more, and the price of my passage and outfit beside."

Still I could not speak. I saw in anticipation his empty place, and felt the sense of desolation that his absence made : then I grew sick at heart and still more unreasonably angry at my quiet aunt, who sat thoughtful and silent, still looking steadily at Roy, as if to read his inmost soul.

"Then I may tell you that I have made arrangements to go at once," he

said, accepting her words as conclusive, and suddenly ceasing to regard me. "I think the time that elapses between decision and action is lost."

"Well," thought I, "he does not care for what I think or feel;" and a pang of offended pride swelled in my soul and kept me silent from that time forward.

True to his word, he lost no time, but worked at a flying rate for the few days that intervened till the sailing of the steamer, and allowed us no opportunity to regret his decision or anticipate our loneliness until it came upon us in the mournful word, Good-bye! and we saw his face turned from us, and went back again into our empty rooms. Then Aunt Martha sat down and cried as I had never seen her do since the night we received the letter that announced his coming.

I could not shed a tear, but I felt that the world was darkened and charmless, and that somehow it was a dreary thing to try to live in it.

It was in October he sailed away, and we should have to wait until December before we should get a letter from him, unless he was fortunate enough to be able to write from the Isthmus, which we scarcely dared to hope for.

As soon as we began our lonely life together, Aunt Martha recovered her cheerfulness, and spoke hopefully of the promising future that she was sure must await him. And so we went on, I being very quiet, for I could not think that all was bright in the future, and I dare not trust myself to say what was in my heart; but dear Aunt Martha either could not or would not see that I was changed toward her, but treated me with redoubled tenderness and love.

All at once two most unlooked-for things occurred, and, strangely enough, they happened on the same day.

The time for receiving the Isthmus letter passed and none came: we had not fully expected to get one, so we could bear that; but when it drew on to the date when the one from San Francisco should be due, and Christmas came and went with not a word of our

wanderer, I could see shadowed in Aunt Martha's face the agony that throbbed in my own heart.

The day I speak of was the first of the New Year, and we were unspeakably sad, as if a heavy foreboding hung over us. Aunt Martha was never idle, not even in trouble, and I worked mechanically in setting our little parlor to rights, whilst she busied herself with her endless lace-work.

Suddenly, in the midst of a long silence, a tap came to the door, and an unknown voice asked without if Miss Martha Watts and Miss Elizabeth Barton lived there.

I hastened to answer, with my heart in my mouth, for I felt instinctively that there was news of Roy. I was right, for opening the door, I found a smartly-dressed but rather confused-looking young man standing there, who told me he was a friend of my brother's, and had brought us messages from him.

Aunt Martha sprang forward, and, crying out that it was three long months since we had seen his dear face or heard a word of his welfare, implored him to tell us everything and lose no time in ceremony. The new-comer stammered a little; but that was because we were strangers to him and so excited, no doubt. His name was John Havens, he said, and he had known Roy since his first landing in California: indeed, he had helped to carry him ashore, for the poor, dear fellow had taken the fever at the Isthmus, and was too weak to stand or walk.

My aunt's cry of distress at this intelligence seemed to disconcert our visitor, for he almost contradicted his first assertion by endeavoring to make light of the disease, and finally assured us that there was not the slightest danger or trouble of any kind, except that it cost so much to be sick in San Francisco that we must try to send him money enough to cover his expenses until he gained strength. Instantly our eyes wandered over the furniture of our little parlor, and I could see Aunt Martha's mind, like my own, was busy calculating what sum might be realized by its

sale ; for we had but little ready money beside.

The stranger, who was more observing than he appeared, seemed to divine our thoughts, for he hastily interposed something about personal sacrifices being unnecessary, and hinted that we were not without rich relatives. I did not take his meaning, but Aunt Martha shook her head despondingly, and answered :

"There is no source from which we have any right to expect help, but we will leave no stone unturned to secure Roy's comfort. What will be our best way to transmit what we can to him ?"

"I go back on the next steamer : it is only a flying visit I am making to the East : in fact, I intend sailing for San Francisco by the day after to-morrow. I'll call to-morrow night. Will that suit ?"

Aunt Martha said, "Yes." And he took his leave, stopping to assure us, again and again, that there was no trouble about Roy's getting well if he only had the money.

As soon as he left us his efforts to calm our fears seemed forced, and we gave way to the most distracting forebodings about our poor wanderer.

Oh, how can I ever forgive myself when I remember my own selfish excitement, and how, in my dread for Roy, I reproached that dear, patient, loving friend for encouraging his plan, and overlooking its mad sacrifice of home and happiness for the unreal promise of future wealth ?

I pictured his suffering and desolation as the reward of the fine scheme she had believed in ; but before I had uttered ten foolish words, I saw their sting had struck home to that gentle heart, and remorse seized upon my own for the wrong I had done her ; so that I fell at her feet and clung to them, praying for forgiveness.

A stranger, whose knock at the door had not been regarded, found me there as he opened it, and looked in with a glance of inquiry on his grave face.

At first I could hardly realize the meaning of the words he began to

speak with cautious precision, and I repeated them to myself without catching their wonderful import. But by and by it dawned on me. My grandfather was dead, and I was an heiress ! A feeling of exultant joy shot through me like a flame, and the knowledge of possessing wealth, that would sweep away care like a black cloud from our lives, filled my heart with triumphant hope. The next moment I remembered that he who had periled his life to enrich us might be beyond its influence, and I shuddered as I thought of a desolate grave by the shore of the far Pacific. Then I fell weeping upon the bosom of dear Aunt Martha, and forgot all and everything in a headlong, passionate outburst of feeling.

After that everything seemed like a dream. I could hear the lawyer's voice, talking so calmly of the strange idiosyncrasy that prevented my grandfather from ever seeing me during his life-time, or making a will whereby to testify his sorrow for his harshness to my poor mother. I could follow Aunt Martha's loving expressions of congratulation, and, left alone together, I could join with her in thanking the merciful and beneficent Father of all, who had bestowed so much upon one so little worthy, and imploring His guidance and care in the disposal of it ; but nothing appeared real or tangible, even California ; and brother Roy partook of the nature of the rest, and seemed to float in a sort of mist through my mind. But this passed off with that first day, and the next I woke to a strong resolve with morning light.

"I am going to San Francisco for my poor sick brother, Aunt Martha," I said, when we sat side by side at our little breakfast-table. "Letters *may* reach him, but I shall be *sure* to do so if I live. Heaven, in its mercy, has given us this blessed fortune to save him and bring him once more into our happy home. You stay and attend to all that long business that Mr. Derrick, the lawyer, talked of, and let me go and bring him back."

I can remember now that a bright-red flush, that deepened into scarlet, covered

Aunt Martha's face as I spoke, and she threw her arms around me and held me close within them without speaking for a little time. Then she said, softly:

"You cannot go alone, my darling."

"Why not?" I cried, in surprise. "There is no possible danger in these days. Mr. Havens said the fever was the only thing, and I can take quantities of quinine."

Dear Aunt Martha had another visitation of that mysterious, flushing color, and then she said, still very softly and gently:

"You know what I told your brother Roy about never thwarting strong impulses; and I say the same to you. If your heart guides you in this, I shall not interfere."

"Interfere?" I repeated her words in astonishment. "Do you not desire to see him as much as I?"

"Oh, yes, Bess, my darling: I long for the sight of his face."

"I know it, dear, dear Aunt Martha; and it is because I was so wicked and sinful as to reproach you in that silly way last evening that I want to prove my love and penitence now."

She smiled such a faint but loving smile, so full of something I could not understand, that I felt bewildered for a moment, and sat looking at her, with my state of mind, no doubt, expressed in my face, for she threw her arms about me once more and held me close in the same silent kind of embrace as she had done before.

Well, at last it was settled, and I was to go out in the next steamer with Mr. Havens; and I do not know why it was, but the moment I made up my mind to do so, that moment all fear left my heart, and I lived in an atmosphere of hopefulness and joy.

Mr. Havens came back, with his business transacted, ready to start, and asked for his message, being much astounded and (I thought) annoyed at my prayer for his kindly escort on that long journey.

Mr. Derrick gave us bank notes, and I took but little luggage for my voyage, for I fear I had slight practical

knowledge of what was before me. Then we started, and, standing on the deck of the steamer and looking off at my aunt's yearning face, as it faded away among the crowd on the shore, I saw the same inexplicable flush lighting it up that had puzzled me so before.

It was in January, 1856, that I saw the snow-clad shores of Governor's Island sink into the wintry sea, and coming, after ten days' sailing, to the town of Aspinwall, crossed over the Isthmus to Panama in a glorious summer verdure that was a feast to my unaccustomed eyes. The whole journey was like a dream to me, and I cannot remember anything that seems like a reality until we entered the "Golden Gate," and I saw a city rising on irregular sand-hills, like a picture I had seen of some ancient place in the Old World. When we drew nearer and it became more clearly defined, I saw that some of the buildings that were perched, like eagles' eyries, on the hills were pretty Swiss or Gothic cottages, with vines and ornamental bushes tastefully arranged around them.

All in an instant a terrible dread took possession of me. I had come out in full hope, and been sustained by the un-failing belief that Roy would greet me as our vessel neared the shore; but when I looked at the crowd of strange and eager faces that clustered round ready to spring up the lowered gangway, and *saw* he was not there, my soul sickened, and I turned away in miserable fear.

Mr. Havens, who had been very distant but quite respectful in his behavior all the way, came to my side, saying that it would have been impossible for Roy to have divined my coming, and that he would take me to a hotel and go out and find my brother. But nothing that he could say would lift the heavy weight that pressed my heart down.

It was a large and quite comfortable building, not very far from the wharf at which we landed, where Mr. Havens left me, after ordering tea to be sent to my room, and went out to look for Roy.

What weary hours they were and how

they dragged until nearly midnight, when he came back dejectedly, and said he could not find any trace of him without going inland and prosecuting a personal inquiry!

He had last seen him at the house of a respectable couple, who, he learned, had left the city for the mines.

"Where are the mines?" I asked, instantly.

"Oh," he said, "there are so many diggings now that it is difficult to tell in which direction to go: I cannot discover, without time and money, whether he went north or south."

"Oh, Mr. Havens!" I cried, "let us go in both directions. I think, if you love my brother as you say, you will give him so much of your time as may be necessary for the journey, and I am sure there will be money enough, too."

He blushed and stammered, and said it would be easier to go alone; but I do not know why I seemed to have lost all sense of delicacy, and declared I would not be left behind; so, rather reluctantly, he took our tickets for Stockton, to go from thence to a place called McGuffey's Camp, where it was said such a party as Roy's had been heard of.

I do not think my courage forsook me, but I felt strangely confused and excited by my new surroundings, and I had to keep in view the dear, trembling watcher at home, and the timely riches I was able to share with those I loved, to keep my fluttering heart from sinking at the strange position in which I found myself.

The best thing to do was to start at once and go forward by the first mule-train leaving Stockton, a small inland city. I wrote to my aunt the evening before starting, and tried to make as light as possible of my missing brother Roy, and speak with as much hope as I could of the surety of meeting him at McGuffey's Camp.

We took the boat for Stockton late in the afternoon, and arrived there at day-break the next morning. It was a flatly little place, very muddy and wet, for it was still the middle of the rainy season. It was nearly twenty miles

northward—a journey accomplished on mule-back—before we reached the Calaveras, and, crossing at a ford, followed the river to McGuffey's Camp.

It was my first glimpse of mining life, and the busy enthusiasm of hopeful diggers struck me in contrast with the hard life and terrible privations the workers were forced to encounter. It was not a large settlement, and the miners looked all alike in their long beards, gay shirts and tremendous boots; but Roy's face was not there. Oh how my heart sank within me as I heard Mr. Havens inquire without success for the name of Roy Fielding! The men who gathered round us repeated the name without recognizing it, and then began to ask if we meant "Caledonia" or "Tall York," or was it any of "Spinky Sam's" party? Then Mr. Havens explained to me that it was the custom of the country to give sobriquets of this kind to new-comers, who lose sight of their own proper titles under them.

Then he repeated my elaborate description of my brother, and gathered from contradictory sources that such a gentleman might have been there, but did not "locate," and had gone no one could tell where.

Dejectedly we took our way to Stockton again, and there, Mr. Havens said, he learned from an old friend that my brother had gone down to San Francisco, and set sail homeward on a steamer that had gone out a few hours before ours came in.

This was mortifying, but still good news. Dear Roy's face was turned homeward; and although I would not be the first to tell him of our good fortune, Aunt Martha would have the pleasure, and I felt a joyous thrill of anticipative delight. But, by and by, Mr. Havens dropped hints that my poor brother was too ill to remain in California, and that he could scarcely crawl down to San Francisco to reach the home-bound steamer; and then hope forsook me, and I wanted wings to fly over the sea and be in Aunt Martha's little parlor to greet and welcome our poor, broken-down knight, who had gone

out so valiantly to battle with fortune for our sakes.

By traveling without rest, I reached San Francisco many days before the steamer would sail, and there I chafed as I waited, praying and trembling lest that dreadful fever might be pitiless enough to blight all future joy and hope for dear Aunt Martha.

Then Mr. Havens left me suddenly, and I found, to my unspeakable amazement, that all my funds were gone too, for I had given him my purse to buy my ticket, and I was left alone, in a strange city, without a single dollar in the world, and a long, expensive journey between me and home. Some people learn the lessons of life in a single instant; and mine was all *made* plain to me that night as I looked back upon my intercourse with Mr. Havens, in whom I had placed implicit confidence, and recalled the vagueness of every interview we had had since his first appearance in our little parlor with the story of my brother's illness. I had never suspected him for a moment before; but now I saw my own blindness and the rash indiscretion of trusting myself to the guidance of a complete stranger. I remembered his avoidance of Mr. Derrick, our lawyer, and was convinced now that I had accompanied him on his *first* voyage to San Francisco, the story of his life there and friendship for my brother being entirely invented to have himself made the bearer of funds to him, which he knew would follow the knowledge of his illness. How he knew of our good fortune and acted upon it so maliciously I could not guess: he was not a bold villain, or he might have had my purse at the out-start, instead of tramping over the country with me until I offered it to him to buy me a return ticket.

These were not very cheering thoughts; but then the story of Roy's illness was not *true*: that consoled me for a moment; and the next, a fear that he might be dead, since he had never written to us, came upon me like a blighting wind, and I trembled in loneliness and dread.

What should I do?

Wait till morning, at any rate: it was

late now, and I must try to collect my scattered and startled thoughts. I sat down, wrapping a shawl about me, for it seemed impossible to lie down and sleep in such a state of mind as I was in.

I thought and thought till everything became misty and confused about me, and I fell into a troubled sleep.

I dreamed of traveling—such an endless journey over the roughest and meanest road: my feet were blistered and aching, and my limbs refused to bear my weight; suddenly a great, lumbering carriage came rumbling along toward me, with a loud, roaring noise in its wheels, greater than I had ever heard a carriage make before. I started to my feet, awakened by the sound, and heard it still. I rubbed my eyes and gazed around me with astonished fear, when suddenly the great building in which I stood began to shake and sway beneath my feet, and the walls cracked and jarred, and the casements rattled with a sound that froze my blood in my veins. An earthquake! I had never felt and scarcely ever thought of such a thing before; but I knew the fearful sensation at its first shock, and stood horrified and spellbound in the awful lull that followed, till another and greater throe shook the great mass of masonry about me, and the awful rumbling sound, followed by the indescribable rocking and jarring, came again with increased force, and then died away.

Then the whole house became alive with cries and shrieks of terror, and the crashing of opening doors and flying feet. Unable to endure my isolation, I struggled with my own jarred lock, and, with all my strength, turning it, dashed out with the rest of the frightened people into the wide hall, and fell against a gentleman, who was quieting a startled child with assurances of safety. He turned as I struck unwittingly against him and almost fell into his arms, and, with a cry of delight, I recognized my darling brother Roy! Oh, what a blessed moment! There were many wild scenes that night of terror; but none could have exceeded the perfectly reckless way in which I laughed and

cried and hung about my long-sought brother.

I cannot tell even now which feeling reigned supreme in his face—consternation or joy; and after I had explained it all over and over again, he seemed to understand it all as little as at first.

But when he heard how wickedly I had been deceived, and how sadly we had suffered in not getting the letters that had been lost on a wrecked steamer, his good, tender heart was full of self-reproach. He had just succeeded in establishing himself favorably in business, as he had written to us at length; and, becoming a partner in a forwarding house, was that next day to have sailed to China, to attend to business there connected with the firm.

So the terrible earthquake of 1856 threw me right into his arms, or we should have been parted for long, long months—perhaps for ever.

Did I take him back to Aunt Martha?

Well, there is really something rather odd about it, and as truly as I loved her, I never thought of it till he and I stood side by side as the day dawned on us that morning in San Francisco. It

really seemed a far less womanly and devoted thing than I had meant it to be, and when I thought it over I was covered with shame and confusion; particularly as Roy proposed to me—as the only terms on which he would neglect his promising business for two or three months to go and see dear Aunt Martha—that he should take me with him as his wife.

“For it was for your sake, my darling Bess,” he said, “that I left our dear little home to try and make a fortune. Now, I should hardly dare to seek or claim you, but since you came after me”—and here he looked so knowing that it was dreadfully confusing—“why, you must take me. Besides, my dearest, it is the wish of our dear Aunt Martha’s heart.”

Then that was what her blushing and mysterious looks meant. “Oh,” I said, “I will be dreadfully angry when we meet, for I never can forgive such mean scheming.” But Roy laughed, and I had to consent. What could I do, having *gone so far*? But this I will say and declare: it was all done to please my dear old Aunt Martha.

CONVERSION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT INTO CAPITAL.

MANY propositions in regard to the manner in which the public debt should be disposed of, have appeared from different sources; but they may be divided into three several kinds:

First: That the debt be converted into interminable annuities, like the British Consols; for the redemption of which no time is fixed, but which are understood to be permanent investments.

Second: That a fixed annuity, or annual payment, be provided for the gradual redemption of the principal, sufficient to liquidate the debt in fifty to one hun-

dred and fifty years, according to the amount of the annuity determined upon.

Third: That a sum shall be set apart by the government annually, sufficient to meet the accruing interest, and discharge the entire debt within the present century.

The first of these plans does not contemplate the payment of the public debt at all; the second extends the payment through a protracted period; the third provides for its prompt extinction by the present generation. Which of these several methods will best promote the

general welfare of the country? This question we propose to consider.

The first of these proposals is regarded with complacency by moneyed institutions and heavy capitalists, who have immense sums to invest, and would like to have the nation guarantee the annual interest upon the same to themselves and their successors. To this there would certainly be no objection, provided it be consistent with the public interest. But no class has a rightful claim upon the government for this, any more than the laborers of the country have to a guarantee of a fixed and certain rate of wages and constant employment for themselves and their children for ever. Capital and labor are both entitled to full protection, but neither to any advantage at the expense of the other. If, therefore, it be found that the payment of the public indebtedness would be more conducive to the general welfare than its retention, there should be no unnecessary delay in accomplishing that object. Whether such is the case or not will, perhaps, be made sufficiently clear by our examination of the second proposition, viz.: that the debt be paid so slowly as to extend over a long period. In considering this point, we take, for convenience, a proposition presented by Mr. J. S. Gibbons in his late work, *The Public Debt of the United States*.

In one of his series of "tables of liquidation," Mr. Gibbons assumes that the debt is \$2,700,000,000, and the interest 6 per cent. Commencing with an annual payment of \$10,000,000 of the principal, he proceeds to show how the debt can be extinguished in the year 2008, or one hundred and forty-two years from 1866. This is so gradual a process that the amount of interest to be paid, in all, would be \$9,820,000,000—nearly four times the principal—and the total amount required to discharge the debt in this way would be \$12,528,000,000—a sum equal to almost five times the original debt. But, large as this sum is, it is only the amount the government will receive, not the actual amount the people must pay, which we shall

find, as we proceed, to be quite a different matter.

Upon all taxes laid on commodities, foreign or domestic, the merchants and dealers through whose hands they pass charge a profit. These taxes increase their cost; and as the trader, of course, charges his profit per centum upon that, the consumer has to pay profits upon the taxes as truly as upon the original cost of the articles.

Foreign goods pass through the hands of importers, jobbers and retailers. If their aggregate profits are together equal to only $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., which will be an average of about 11 per cent. each, and probably much less than in the actual fact, and if domestic articles pass through the hands of but two classes of dealers, at 10 per cent. each, which, as the profit of the last dealer is charged upon the first, is equal to 21 per cent., which is a fair estimate in proportion to the former, we shall then have a basis upon which to compute the entire cost to the tax-payers.

Judging from an analysis of the revenue of 1867, and the changes certain to be made, it appears sufficiently clear that about 50 per cent. of our revenue will be derived from custom-house duties, and 25 per cent. from direct or indirect excise upon home products—the balance from income and other special taxes. If so, it will then be true that, of the sum required to pay the gross amount of \$12,528,000,000, one-half, or \$6,264,000,000, will be paid by these duties, and one-half the balance, or \$3,132,000,000, by excise on merchantable commodities. We, then, get at the following result:

On \$6,264,000,000, profits	
$33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., amount . .	\$2,088,000,000
On \$3,132,000,000, profits	
21 per cent., amount . . .	657,720,000

Total paid in profits . . \$2,745,720,000
Thus it appears that, by the tedious process of procrastination which has been proposed, the people would pay, in mere profit upon taxes, a larger sum than the whole original amount of the national debt! But this is not all. The debt

must be taken care of during the long period contemplated. The English government pays over \$500,000 annually for the care of its debt. Ours could hardly cost less; but as we are supposing that it will be gradually reduced until extinguished, we may safely assume that the cost of management will be for the whole term \$250,000 per annum, which, in one hundred and forty-two years, would amount to \$35,500,000 dollars to be added to the amount the people must pay.

And, again, what must be the expense of maintaining, for more than a century, the vast machinery necessary for raising, by taxation, this aggregate of \$12,528,000,000 contemplated by the procrastination policy? Our custom-house duties cost the government somewhere from 6 to 10 per cent. upon the gross amount collected. Excise taxes, on an average, cost about three per cent.; but it would doubtless be a moderate estimate to place the average expenses of collecting taxes of all kinds at 5 per cent. At this rate we shall find that the mere collection will amount to over \$626,000,000.

But there is still another view of the bad economy of procrastination. The constant speculative operations which are always connected with the public funds would employ an army of stock-dealers and others, who, though not chargeable upon the national treasury, must nevertheless be supported by the public. The experience of England shows that a large part of her consols changes hands every year. The same will be true of American stocks, and consequently the industry of the country, which is ultimately charged with the maintenance of the non-producing classes, must support all those who obtain a livelihood through their connection with the purchase and sale of the national bonds. When the debt is paid the services of these men are dispensed with, and they may devote themselves to some other and more useful employment.

We are now prepared to find the total cost of paying the national debt in the

term of one hundred and forty-two years, and we have—

1. The gross sum paid to the government . . .	\$12,528,000,000
2. Profit upon duties and excise charges . . .	2,745,720,000
3. Expenses of collecting \$12,528,000,000, at 5 per cent.	626,000,000
4. Care of debt.	35,500,000
Total	\$15,935,220,000

Which last sum is nearly equal to the whole estimated wealth of the nation in 1860—slaves included. But this amount does not embrace the speculative operations always connected with public stocks, nor any estimate of the demoralization which they invariably occasion; all of which, whatever the loss or expense connected with them may be, is as truly saddled upon the producers of the country as the taxes, profits and other charges we have enumerated.

We now turn to the consideration of the proposal to liquidate the debt within the present century, or say thirty-four years from 1866. We will assume the debt to be \$2,500,000,000, because that is the amount at which it now stands, and because we have our calculation already made upon that basis. To do this, it will be needful that the sum of \$175,000,000 be set apart annually for the purpose of paying accruing interest and gradually reducing the debt. The whole amount required upon this principle we find to be \$5,898,000,000. If one-half of this sum is paid from custom-house collections, and one-fourth from excise taxes, with the profit upon the same, as before estimated, the result will be as follows:

1. The gross sum paid the government	\$5,898,000,000
2. Profits on \$2,949,000,000 paid upon duties, at 33½ per cent. . . .	983,000,000
3. Profits on \$1,474,000,000 paid on excise, at 21 per cent.	309,645,000
4. Collection of \$5,898,000,000, at 5 per cent.	294,900,000

5. Care of debt, at \$250,- 000 per annum, for 34 years	\$8,500,000
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Total amount paid by the

people \$7,494,045,000

If this sum be deducted from what the total cost would be if extended through a period of one hundred and forty-two years, the matter will stand thus :

Cost of paying the debt in

142 years, as before

shown \$15,935,220,000

Ditto, if paid in 34 years. 7,494,045,000

Saved by the shorter pro-

cess \$8,441,175,000

Which sum is equal to half the estimated wealth of the nation in 1860. From this should be deducted the difference caused by the \$200,000,000 of higher estimate in Mr. Gibbons' calculation.

If these views are correct, we have a striking illustration of the manner in which the people of Great Britain have been oppressed by the creation and perpetuation of their large national debt. We see the process by which its yeomanry, once owning independent freeholds, have been converted into peasants : day-laborers and tenants-at-will have been so utterly consumed that they are, as we are assured by high English authority, "on the verge of pauperism." This could have been accomplished in no other way. Direct robbery by force could not have attained this so effectually as has been done through the creation of a permanent national debt, and the support of that debt by a system of indirect taxation, which has compelled the people to maintain one set of men to take care of the debt ; another to collect the taxes to pay the interest upon it ; another to live upon the profit charged upon those taxes ; and another still to speculate upon the public stocks. It is here we find by far the greatest cause of the impoverishment of the people of Great Britain as it exists to-day ; and a similar result, in degree, must inevitably follow the establishment and perpetuation of a similar system in this country.

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We have thus far endeavored to show the great economy of a speedy as compared with a protracted extinction of our national indebtedness ; but two important questions remain to be considered, viz : Is the measure a feasible one ? and if so, What would be its effect upon the commerce, manufactures and general prosperity of the country ? for, however desirable it may appear in the abstract, the measure must be shown to be practicable, or it is unworthy of notice.

Assuming then, as before, that the national debt is \$2,500,000,000, the interest upon it \$150,000,000, can the debt, principal and interest, be paid during the present century without detriment to the general prosperity of the country ? Our present population is estimated in the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-eight millions. To raise the sum of \$25,000,000, the annual tax required would be equal to 66 cents *per capita*, or, allowing five persons to a family, the proportion would be \$3.30 to each. If the people of the United States can bear this burden, the debt is disposed of, because that sum annually devoted to the payment of principal, in addition to the present interest, is all that is required to annihilate the debt within a period of thirty-four years.

But this is not a full view of the case, because the bearing of the tax as reckoned *per capita* is virtually greatly reduced by the fact that a large part of the revenue comes from the income tax, stamps, licenses, the tax upon banks, railroads, &c., which amount in the aggregate to over \$100,000,000. One-third of the whole taxes therefore do not fall upon the great mass of the people, upon whom the rate *per capita* would be at least one-third less than we have stated—say only 44 cents, or \$2.20 to each family per annum. Besides all this, the population of the country is so rapidly increasing that, taking the whole time together, the average *per capita* will not be more than half what we first estimated ; that is, 33 cents *per capita*, or \$1.65 for each family per annum.

To take another view of the subject, we find the aggregate accumulated wealth

of the nation, according to the last census, exclusive of slaves, was in round numbers \$15,000,000,000. A tax of two mills upon that sum would raise \$30,000,000, or \$5,000,000 more than necessary for our purpose. Can the nation bear such an additional tax?

Again, the aggregate *annual production* in 1860 has been officially estimated at \$4,000,000,000: can the country from this sum appropriate \$25,000,000 for this purpose, or $\frac{1}{160}$ th part of it, equal to $6\frac{1}{4}$ mills on the dollar?

It seems quite idle to suppose there can be any want of ability to do this; and therefore it becomes a question of expediency merely, and we are led to inquire whether the interests of the country will be promoted by such a disposal of the public debt. In answering this question, it seems most proper that we notice the various objections that have been made to paying the debt by so summary a process.

It has been strongly insisted that such a course will "destroy the resources of the country, injure production, impair capital and oppress labor—that capital will actually be consumed by such a policy." Let us see whether these results would necessarily follow.

When the annual payment of \$25,000,000 of the principal is made, what will become of the money? Will it be annihilated? No, because the debt is held by those who live upon their incomes, and must reinvest it in such a manner as to produce income. Will it be sent out of the country? If, as is probably the fact, one-fourth of the bonds are held abroad, one-fourth of the amount paid will go to foreign bondholders, who may or may not choose to reinvest the amount in some other form in the United States. The portion remaining here will be employed by owners in the most productive manner they can devise. In some instances it may be put into railroads: in that case the means of transport for freight and passengers will be increased, and consequently not only the convenience of the people, but the productive power of the nation, will be promoted; or it may be used for banking purposes,

and thus aid the exchanges and trade of the country; or it may be invested in manufactures, and thus enhance the power and profits of that department of production, greatly to the general benefit of the country; or it may be loaned on mortgages to farmers, and thus advance the interests of agriculture; or to builders in the cities, and furnish additional accommodations for all classes of persons; or, lastly, it may be invested in shipping, and thus increase the mercantile marine of the nation.

In some, or more certainly in all, of these ways will the amount paid off be reinvested. It will not be consumed, because the payment of a debt does not destroy anything. Capitalists, as we have said, live upon their incomes, not upon their investments; consequently are certain to place their funds in some reproductive employment. Is not this as absolutely sure as anything human can be? If so, what is the effect of these annual payments of the public debt? Clearly, that the amount so paid is at once brought into active use in the agriculture, manufactures or commerce of the country.

While the amount was invested in bonds it merely represented the debt of the government contracted for commodities mostly destroyed by war, which debt was a lien or mortgage on the whole property of the nation, personal and real: when paid, it becomes a part of the active capital of the country. The debt itself is not capital. It is not wealth *to the nation*: to individuals it is the promise of wealth, which gives them an annual claim for the interest, and an ultimate claim for the principal in gold, and therefore, for convenience, we call this class of persons capitalists.

If the debt were repudiated, not a dollar of wealth would be destroyed; only so much debt would be wiped out, while the aggregate property of the nation would remain intact. The few who own public stocks would be robbed of their just demands upon the government, while the many would be relieved from the taxation necessary to meet the interest.

To pay off the national bonds, therefore, is to change mere debt, that creates no wealth, but simply transfers it from one party to another, into actual wealth and efficient capital. This is not accomplished by any financial legerdemain. The manner can be easily shown by an illustration. A farmer's estate is mortgaged for \$2000. He determines to pay it off by annual installments. How can he do this? Evidently by his *savings*. If, besides paying the accruing interest, he will save from the expenses of himself and family \$100 per annum, in twenty years the debt may be extinguished. If he can and will do this, his property is freed from mortgage, he is an independent man, and can then afford to expend more in living, or, if he continues the same economy, may purchase more land and extend his operations. He will have increased his capital by \$2000. Just so with the people of the United States. To pay off the debt each person must save in proportion to the amount he is taxed for that purpose.

That this would be highly advantageous to the country is beyond dispute: nay more, that the prosperity and full development of the national industry imperatively demand that this course should be adopted, we suppose no sensible man will question. If so, ought the richest nation on the face of the globe, the people which of all has the largest margin for taxation over necessary expenditures, to hesitate for a moment in establishing a policy that shall ensure so favorable a result? So far from impairing the resources and productive energies of the country, every intelligent man must see that it will increase both as rapidly as the payment of the debt takes place. The nation will be absolutely richer by the entire amount of \$2,500,000,000 when the debt has been paid off, as the farmer would be richer when he had discharged his mortgage: greater economy in expenditures would, in both cases, be the cause of this increase of wealth.

The idea of procrastinating the payment of the debt to such an extent as to carry the final extinction of it into the twenty-

first century, or even to the middle of the twentieth, as some have proposed, seems preposterous—practically equivalent to an indefinite postponement. To one who reflects at all upon the great uncertainties of the future, of the fearful contingencies that surround national existence, it appears like presumption to lay such far-reaching plans.

Besides, we surely ought not for a moment to contemplate a national debt as a legacy that we may properly bequeath to a future generation. We may have the power, but certainly we have not the right, to do this. Each generation of men ought to be left free to choose their own mode of disposing of their labor and wealth; but if we of the present have the right to impose upon a coming generation a debt, the bare interest of which shall require a tenth part of all they can produce, have we not equally a right to impose on them a still greater burden, one that shall require nine-tenths of their earnings, leaving them only the bare necessities of life, and reducing them to the condition of mere serfs? The right to tax at will is the right to enslave; for debt, so far as it deprives a person of the fruits of his toil is slavery: "the borrower is *servant* to the lender."

Again, if a national debt, so far from being, as some would have us believe, a national blessing," is in fact a great calamity, an incubus upon industry, and an increasing source of official corruption, the sooner the fact is recognized and the principle fully settled that the burden shall be removed as speedily as practicable, the better. The longer the payment of a debt is postponed, the greater will be the reluctance to pay it at all. This we know to be true as between individuals, and it is equally true of nations. We may take England as an example. She makes no effort to pay her debt, though she might wipe out the whole of it in comparatively few years by efficient taxation. Her government has no heart for it. To pay in 1868 the expenses of a war made in the reign of Anne or George the Second is certainly no agreeable task; so the British people struggle hopelessly on under an oppressive tax-

tion to meet the mere interest upon debts contracted long before the present generation came upon the stage. Do we wish to repeat such an experiment?

Another matter to be taken into consideration, in connection with the reduction of currency and the discharge of the national debt, is, that as soon as the first is accomplished and the latter is earnestly commenced, economy in public and private expenditures will be realized to such an extent as to exert a controlling influence over the public mind.

For several years past, and ever since the expansion of the currency and the vast outlays of the government occasioned by the war, the most reckless extravagance has pervaded the entire country. Not only in the national legislation, but in the action of States, counties, cities and towns, all the ordinary considerations of economy have, in a most alarming degree, been disregarded. Enormous debts have been created, involving the necessity for heavy taxation for a long time to come.

Another result of paying the national debt, and thus changing a public burden into active capital, would be, that such capital would be compelled to take its legitimate share of the risks and responsibilities of business. While his funds are locked up in the public stocks, it is nothing to the capitalist what weal or woe the trade, manufactures and commerce of the country may experience. He has no interest whatever, except to cash his coupons; and if the bonds he holds are exempt from taxation, it matters little to him what the condition of the country is, what its expenditures, how high its taxation, or how depressed its industry. Now, that a large class should exist in any community thus isolated from the general interests of the country, and relieved of social responsibilities, it is quite clear cannot be consistent with the public welfare. It needs no argument to show that every class alike should enjoy its natural rights and bear its appropriate burdens.

There is one more consideration, which, were there no other, should be sufficient to ensure the early liquidation

of a public debt, and that is, that while it exists it greatly diminishes the safety of the nation. The individual who owes a large sum of money is, in so far, unprepared for the emergencies of life. Should he meet with disasters, should he encounter unforeseen losses, or be involved in an expensive law-suit in maintenance of his rights, his indebtedness becomes a great embarrassment, and may prove his ruin; since, with the burden already upon him, he may not be able to meet his new and unexpected liabilities. His credit, indeed, will be suspected from the very fact that he owes a large amount which, for the present, at least, he is unable to pay.

Precisely so is it with a nation. With a large debt, it is never fully prepared for any great struggle. Suppose the United States had owed \$1,000,000,000 at the commencement of the late war, would not its credit in consequence have been doubted, and its power to raise new loans greatly lessened? Must not the government, other things equal, have paid larger premiums and made heavier sacrifices? England is hampered to-day (perhaps fortunately for other nations) by her heavy load of indebtedness. Indeed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that an exigency might present itself in which the fact that the nation was oppressed with a debt of \$4,000,000,000 would be sufficient to decide its destiny. At all events, it is easy to see that such a burden might prove a terrible calamity if the nation were called to enter upon a great struggle for existence, like that through which the United States has recently passed.

In conclusion, then, if it be so much more economical to pay the public debt in thirty-four than in one hundred and forty-two years; if the saving in taxes and charges upon the people by the shorter process be equal to one-half of the present wealth of the nation; if the additional tax required to extinguish the debt will be so slight as to be almost imperceptible; if \$2,500,000,000 of debt will thus be gradually converted into active capital, and the industry of the country be thereby greatly promoted and

its trade extended ; if a fruitful source of political corruption will be removed and the safety of the nation largely increased ; if, as honest and high-minded men, we disdain to entail upon posterity a debt we have ourselves contracted and are abundantly able to pay ; if the longer we delay the process of liquidation, the more difficult will be its accom-

plishment and the more uncertain its ultimate completion,—ought we not, by every consideration of honor and patriotism, to commence the work of extinction at once, and, in the most earnest and efficient manner, carry it steadily and persistently forward to its final consummation ?

AMERICAN CULTURE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has said much of sweetness and light, but less of another essential element of culture—*strength*. If the word culture means anything, look at its analogies. A plant, in growth, strikes down earth-fast roots and uplifts a firm stem before it unfolds its leaves, flowers and fruit. So must manhood, under culture, become strong and erect to bear the most perfect bloom of human beauty and life. Not that there has not been often in the world much culture with but little strength, but this is always morbid, false, transitory.

Most of all in America should we not fail to honor strength in culture ; for, whatever else may be denied to us abroad, our national character surely displays vigor. Of our own time, one might select, to represent American culture most fully, Everett ; and of all our great men, the one to whom his best friends would assign the least of finer culture would be Lincoln. And yet not only will Lincoln stand in history as much the higher name, but even some of his utterances, with tongue and pen, will be immortal—as his Gettysburg speech and his last inaugural. Power, in him, wrought its own grand culture : “out of the strong came forth sweetness.”

Two things strike us in comparing American culture with that of the Old World. First, of course, is the

greater diffusion of cultivation—in a wide sense, popular education. Every one here may learn to read, and every one may obtain access to literature. Not only so, but, by the marvelous art of photography, the lights and shadows of the most beautiful paintings, statues and scenes of nature, from all quarters of the world, are scattered almost on the winds, shown in shop-windows, laid upon tables, or hung on the walls even of the poor. This is, in its degree, a culture of the many.

But this very diffusion may be unfavorable to the highest refinement of culture in individuals. As in politics, so in letters and art—democracy and aristocracy are incompatible. When the many ascend, the few must come down to meet them. Where, as in Europe, culture belongs to the few, it is concentrated, intensified ; although this is not the most healthy life of culture, and especially does not favor its *strength*.

Another obvious element in the comparison of our country with Europe is a certain crudeness and immaturity, hurried, unfinished work—in a word, provincialism. Our public works and buildings show this in contrast to the permanent method of England ; and we have to send abroad for the finest finish of common manufactures. We were, indeed, but the other day colonies—now grown to be States : how could we be other than immature ?

Much modification of these traits, however, comes from the consciousness of them—the dread of provincialism among refined and intelligent men. They strive to avoid it; often with success.

For instance, ought not *sensationism* to be expected in the literature of such a country? Yet, when we put aside the “yellow-covered” novelists and melodramatists, and the humorists, whose vocation, in part, must be exaggeration, who, among leading writers, have been the sensationalists of the last twenty-five years? Not Americans, but such men as Victor Hugo, Renan, Alexander Smith and Swinburne. Among our poets, Longfellow is as artistic as Tennyson; Bryant as correct and elegant as Gray; even Lowell is never so erratic as either of the Brownings. The only one of our leading poets ever rude and unequal is Whittier; and he, in his last and best years—since *Maud Muller*—has shown that he can be an artist as well as a genius.

In prose, American writers have excelled in history, which, in modern times, almost beyond all things, requires labor and finish. What European writers are above Irving, Prescott and Motley? As cultivators of the fine arts, sculpture has had a number of distinguished Americans—an illustration of the same principle. In painting, the works which most please American taste to-day—as those of Church and Bierstadt—are marked by a studious and minute realism.

We often hear the cry, Give us a purely American, national literature and art. What reason is there in this? Only thus far is it rational: that mere imitation can never make anything great. But neither can mere eccentricity. Slavish copying of models can do scarcely worse than willful, blind avoidance of every standard. True genius can never be hurt by genuine culture.

But, if we admit this demand, what culture and literature should be American? What is America? *A bas* the spread-eagle: it is, in part, a question in physical geography. Our continent has the capacities of all the continents.

North America, from the Arctic zone to the sub-tropical South, has all climates, and may yield all products, with no natural bar or boundary of segregation. So, too, with our race. It is a composite of all races: first, of those of Europe, and then of all the continents, reaching now for supply even to China. If familiar with his own country, the American, great as is the good that will come to him from foreign travel, need not go abroad to become a citizen of the world: the world comes to him at home. True, he must travel for the resources of full culture. Luxor, Athens, Rome, Florence cannot be, as yet, imported. Also, it is true that some things in nature—many things—are unique on our continent. Bryant, Whittier and Thoreau, among others, give us pictures of these upon their pages, as Bierstadt, Church and Hamilton do upon canvas, and our academies, more dryly, in their museums. But ours is the last of the continents to be civilized. Our history, even, is that of progress, liberty, humanity: it is world-history. Hence, when American culture ceases to be provincial, it must become, not metropolitan, but *cosmopolitan*.

One department, at least, thrives now somewhat among us—that of physical culture. The antique Hercules was a gnarled and knotty figure, with almost no lines of grace like those of the Apollo. We have changed all that; the Hercules of to-day—the Windship or Dio Lewis—is a person of good figure, with the appearance of a gentleman and the language of a scholar. Once it was thought that only good wine needed a body; intellect could do without it. Now it is well understood that “*mens sana*” can *only* exist long in “*corpore sano*.” Thanks to Charles Kingsley for his phrase, Muscular Christianity. But why did he not pursue farther the morbid anatomy of his subject? We meet some bony Christians, with very little soft tissue of any sort. Sometimes, in either sex, we see a nervous Christianity, intense with electricity or Calvinism; and now and then adipose Christians, undergoing a fatty degeneration of the heart. Against all

these, physical culture, and the manliness and womanliness it gives, afford good prevention.

Scientific culture is, at least, respected among us. Mr. Lowe, whatever he might justly claim upon the positive side of the comparison, could scarcely sustain so long a list of charges of omission against Harvard, Yale, or the University of Pennsylvania as he has lately made against Oxford and Cambridge. Let us only hope that, on this question, common sense may not yield to utilitarianism, and the Philistines get a victory. There is no real ground of quarrel between the classics and science. Can the language of Aristotle, one of the greatest of naturalists, or that of Pliny, a victim of science, be an unwelcome acquisition to those who study Owen, Darwin, Faraday or Tyndall now?

Our greatest want, for *high* development in science and literature, is of a class of men of leisure—independent of the daily necessity of self-support. College-fellowships and public endowments—such as the Smithsonian Institute and the National Academy—might create such. Will not our millionaires, lavish in the organization of new colleges and

universities, consider that, with these and our admirable public-school system, the root-work of our culture is well planted, and that we need now some support and grafting of the upper branches?

One thought more of our American culture, present and future. No other civilization is, as yet, so founded upon what, in Neander's words, we may call the "Christian cultus." To-day, America is the most Christian country of the world in its polity, South and North, domestic and foreign. If there be, then, a school of culture which affects to despise, as there is one in science which rejects, Christianity, here should it not flourish. Do not our school-boys know, what even Buckle could not disprove, not only that Christianity did, but that it alone could, give birth to the finest art of the most artistic age—that of Raphael, Da Vinci and Michael Angelo? Only Christendom could have produced the *Inferno*, *Paradise Lost*, *Hamlet*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Enoch Arden*, *Evangeline*. The bloom of all culture is, everywhere, of religious growth; hence may we hope for that of America to be—though yet but in the stem and bud—unlimited, perennial.

THE STRANGE PASSENGERS.

"And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle complain,
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to old Spain!"

THE schooner *Unadilla*, refitted and newly named, had shaken all her linen to the gale, and was flying down the river's mouth, a fruiter on her way to Malta for a cargo of red-hearted oranges. Captain Deverard himself had named her after a twenty-dollar bank-bill that once, in a critical moment of his finances, came into his possession, and which in its clear blue and white expanse had seemed to him the loveliest thing he had yet beheld. It had been the most elastic piece of paper, too, that ever was—what

a quantity it covered! In the first place, a barrel of flour—for wicked men did not just at that time make their millions out of the flesh and blood of the poor, and flour was cheap; there was enough of the bill remaining then for a pig—a little one, to be sure—for a cloak for Em, and a pair of shoes for Em's mother; and lastly, there was still a corner left that just tucked over a steel-shod sled to delight the heart of little Jack. Captain Deverard could see the boy now, in his great boots and his cap tied down about such a rosy face, making plunges, with his sled mounting and falling behind him,

through the snowdrifts that lined the yard that day like fortifications. There had been another lastly, too, which it would seem like a breach of confidence to mention, if it were not that Captain Deverard held the remembrance of the night he spent with that bottle of brandy—juicy old Cognac, he called it: it could never have been anything in the world but Catawba,—if it were not, I say, that the captain held the remembrance of that night, in spite of his wife's tears, Em's dismay and Jack's fright, as one of the very brightest ones of his experience. "Reg'lar blow-out," said the captain with a chuckle. "Never was so happy in my life. By George! I wouldn't lose the having had it for all the parsons betwixt here and George!"

He had prospered since then better than he deserved, perhaps. And now he had bought a dismantled and nearly worthless old schooner—"On her last legs," said the captain, "sea-legs"—had mortgaged her for new rigging and repairs, had named her for his friend in need, and having hugged his wife and kissed the children till they were red in the face indeed, was scorning a pilot and running before the wind across the bar and out to sea. Em was shaking her handkerchief in the front door when he ran down. "I'll have a house of my own when I come back," grumbled the captain, "and be beholden to nobody!" He took his glass and made out his wife standing behind the child and wiping her eyes with her apron, as one tear oozed after another so fast that she could not catch a glimpse of the Unadilla. He dipped his flag three times to salute them, fired his swivel, and when its echo had died out across the marshes and silver streams, heard Jack's little cannon give a puff of reply: then put sentiment and home behind him and turned to the business of the hour.

It was a November afternoon, but belonging to one of those delicious days that, bewildered in the order of their going, fall among us in doubt whether they are a part of spring or fall. Resinous odors from the pine forests swept over them on the fresh wind, soft

blue hazes shrouded the horizon behind all the red and russet distances of shorn meadows and low hills; but when the Unadilla was once over the bar and rocking on the broad swells, the air thickened with a warm and pleasant vapor, into which the sudden twilight of that season fell with a cooling shock.

"Guess we'll give the shoals a little wider berth," said Captain Deverard to his mate. "There's that old Spanish craft that laid her bones there, they used to tell about, and the ten or eleven graves among the rocks: well, I don't care to make the twelfth. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas thickening up for foul weather. I'm afraid it's one of those false winds. If it holds, we'll get out into blue water and let it blow!"

The wind, however, not having that regard for persons which a well-conditioned wind should have, refused to hold, began to fall and began to veer, played various pranks of its own, and threatened to give him the lie in his teeth by turning about altogether, as if, now it had Captain Deverard out of reach of shore, it would just show him that there were two of them. The shoals were rising, on one hand, like faint purple phantoms in the less purple twilight as the captain spoke: the white light-house loomed like a ghost, with the air trembling all around it: suddenly its spark of fire struck out upon the gathering dimness, fluttered there on the fixed stone pinnacle a moment, and went wheeling on its way, laying long beams of light athwart the dark and purple sea. A trifling, baffling land-breeze blew out from the islands, and delayed them in the region of waters that Captain Deverard scarcely liked: there was something half supernatural in all the gloaming and glimmer and the long rise and fall of the dark wave with its white lips on the edges of the low islands not a mile away. "Hark, will ye?" said Captain Deverard. "What may that be?"

It was only a voice—a low, plaintive voice—to which one must listen ere distinguishing it from the murmur of the breeze through the cordage—a sound half complaining, half entreating, and as

if spoken through the palms of hollowed hands that it might reach the farther.

"Well," said the captain, "if ever I heard the *lingua Franca*, that's it!—the identical gibberish they chatter round the ports where this *Unadilla's* bound. Shouldn't wonder—what'll you bet? It's those old Spanish ghosts I told you of! Always heard the place was haunted."

"Shouldn't wonder," said the mate, strengthening himself with some fresh tobacco.

"Here, you devil-too-whits," shouted the captain through his trumpet, "what do you want?"

If ever a mortal or immortal voice were heard, all hands on board the *Unadilla* heard the answer come: once in *lingua Franca*, again in broken Spanish speech, the third time in good English—

"A passage to old Spain!"

"Well, that's more'n I can give you," answered back the captain. "We didn't put up no bunks for ghosts, and we ain't laid in any glowworms or that sort of provisions. To be sure, though, there's the dead-lights," added the captain.

Came back the cry again, forlorn and sad, as if with the wringing of hands—

"A passage to old Spain!"

"Well, it's sort of too bad," said Captain Deverard then. "They're buried up there in a foreign country, you see, just where the storm tossed them; while, if they'd been left to themselves in the furrer of the seas that drowned them, they'd have made a shift—who knows?—to get back to their own shore. I should myself, I know, if the case'd been mine. Come now! Dessay, they've left their sweethearts and wives, and a heap of little Marias and Jesuses, in that blasphemous country of theirs. I'll tell them. What do you want a passage home for?" shouted Captain Deverard, raising his trumpet again. "Don't you know your sweethearts are dead, or married to other men? Your wives have played you false long ago. Your children—" But here the captain dropped his trumpet. "I d'no," said the captain. "It's kinder hard on 'em. I s'pose they were little red-cheeked rogues like Jack, them chaps of theirs,

when they come away with the elf-locks hanging round their faces, just as you see 'em now swarming about the wharves like rats, and their eyes as black and bright. I reckon, now, if they could go back and see them children's grandchildren, they'd take 'em for their ont-donty. But there! I wouldn't have a ghost aboard o' me for all—the oranges in Seville!"

"Do' no' what harm they'd do?" said the mate, in a superior way.

"D—— this wind!" said the captain, then at that. "Here we are creeping along like that old ivy-plant, when we should have put just twice our distance between us and Old Town hills. We'll have that wailing in our ears all night at this rate!"

"A passage to old Spain!" the cry told out again like a funeral bell.

"Blowed if they sha'n't have it!" exclaimed Captain Deverard, turning on the mate in good fighting trim, having been an atom nettled by that dignitary's latest remark. "What d'ye say?"

"Well, I don't mind, if the men don't," answered the other. "Fact is, I don't believe in 'em much."

"You ain't superstitious, be ye?" said the good captain, sneering as well as he knew how to do. "Some isn't. Maybe it's only the air singing through two rocks: I've heard say as much. But if you'll take the yawl and Turner and Janvrin, Mr. Coffin, we'll just make believe giving these Spanishers a lift. George! a man with your name's just the fellow to send for ghosts!" The captain chuckled with satisfaction, in spite of a certain creepiness that he experienced.

It is very likely that Mr. Coffin would have preferred another man to stand in his boots just at that minute of time, even if it hung a calf-skin on his recreant legs; but bravado goes a great way, and before Captain Deverard could make up his mind to countermand the imprudent order, he saw Mr. Coffin and his two subordinates already distant a half-dozen oars' lengths on their errand. They were Newburyport boys, brought up in the schools of that old town side by side

with rich men's sons, possessing little awe and less fear, entirely disbelieving in the preternatural, and full enough of dash and daring to humor Captain Deverard's whim for the sake of the adventure. There was that absence of discipline on board the *Unadilla*, where crew and officers all messed together, which would have made it quite safe for them in the general free-and-easiness to have refused to stir an inch.

The mate did not exactly tell them what was the business in hand, and whether they divined it or overheard it, nobody knows.

"New branch of the business," said Janvrin, spitting in his palms and shipping his oars. "Hope it pays—doubloons, I s'pose."

"No you don't," said Turner. "Nothing but old Continental paper—spectralist kind."

"Better shut up!" growled the mate. "Them Spanish ghosts ain't none of your common cut. Run you through with their moustaches. Don't stand any joking. Wear sombreros and carry stilettos. Hope I may die if they don't strike you dead first time you see 'em!"

"Jes' so," said Turner—"first time."

"You be dashed," remarked Janvrin.

The boat had reached a distance of twice its length from the innumerable low rocks of the shore, when the captain, from the schooner's deck, signaled the rowers to pause just where the shallow water had not more than a foot's depth. "Come now," cried Captain Deverard to his shipwrecked Spaniards; "here's your chance, unless you're too 'feard of salt water to wet your feet!"

The three men afterward averred to the captain that at that moment there was a rush and scurry in the air behind them, a sound like the skipping of stones over smooth water: looking down where their shadow was thrown on the brown, weed-imbedded bottom, that in the golden sunlight of day was always transmuted into such a wrought-work of splendor, but at this hour seemed only a place of darkness and mystery, they fancied that they saw it lessen and

lessen, as a boat's shadow would be apt to do while the boat settled more deeply with fresh freight. When, at the word of return, they had measured half the way back to the schooner, Captain Deverard heard the familiar cry again—"A passage to old Spain!"—but coming from the boat itself, and in such a different intonation, such a cry of hope and of surprise and joy, that he hardly believed his ears. The men heard it too, for it rose from among them: a cold chill shivered up their backs; and whether they pulled against an adverse current or they carried a weight no boat had ever borne before, the three men climbed their vessel's side, at length, with aching ribs and beaded brows, tired with toil and drenched to the skin, but not by sea-water.

"Guess he'll get his come-uppance," muttered Mr. Coffin, striding by the little captain, and discharging some double-barreled oaths on his underlings, who recognized them as mere safety-valves. As for the little captain, he declared, somewhat later, that he felt himself growing white about the gills, though, nevertheless, he kept a stiff upper lip. "Now my hearties," said he to his guests, addressing them, as one would say, by a slightly inappropriate term—"Now my hearties, you're passengers aboard this schooner, the *Unadilla*, bound for Malta. Behave yourselves respectfully, and you're welcome; that is to say—well—no matter! But go to kicking up a bobbery and I'll pitch you every one overboard again, just as true as Jonah swallowed the whale!"

"Don't think they'll stand much of that," said the mate surlily. "Papishers, you know. Their Bible's different sort of talk; all the stories there run t'other way. S'pose 'twould be as easy for Jonah as the whale, though."

"None o' yer lip!" said the captain.

There was a sound upon the deck—one of those sounds that set your teeth on edge and make the flesh crawl, as the sound of a slate-pencil does in grating down a slate sometimes—as if every ghost of them all had scraped a foot and pulled a forelock: then there was nothing

to be heard but the lapping of the water and the swelling of the wind.

"Now, Mr. Coffin," said the captain, "I'll leave the deck to you. We'll keep her as she is, I think. There's quite a little air of wind: shouldn't wonder if we made a run before the storm, after all."

So Captain Deverard, in his new dignity, went below for forty winks, while the mate took in his royals, the ship held on her course, and the "air of wind" went frolicking with the waves and whipping their caps white.

When the captain came on deck, as he did with the change of watch, every soul in sight was sound asleep. Who struck the bell then? who, indeed? Captain Deverard went aft as quickly as he could step: it was not a swift business, for the crank little Unadilla, leaning far over, carried one side almost under water. He seized the mate by the shoulder, shaking him till his teeth rattled. "What's this mean?" said he, as soon as the bewildered man had his blinking eyes open. "If ever I see a Yankee schooner turned into a Spanish brigantine, here she is! Where'd all this square rig come from?"

"Square rig be blown!" exclaimed Mr. Coffin. "Nobody's touched a rope since you went below, except to shorten sail some when the wind got round into the north."

The captain rubbed his eyes, to the full as bewildered as the mate had been. He looked up the dim height of the great sail rising far and faint in the darkness: very true, there was nothing but the usual gear of a foreign-going topsail schooner above him. "That beats all!" cried he: then falling back upon a more defensible position, "Well," said he, wetting his finger and holding it up for a weathercock, "I s'pose you see where the wind is now? As dead an east as ever whistled, and the Unadilla flying on it fluking. If 'twasn't too thick to see a star, I should say we'd been taken up in the air and set down the other way. What's that light on the bows? When I turned in I left one on the quarter—White Island light, or you

may have my head for an orange! White Island light, as I'm a sinner! Hark a minute, will ye?" as a dull, low roar fell upon his ear—the awful sound of a breaker. "We're driving straight on destruction! We're turned completely round! That ought to be the spot where we took them fellers aboard. By George, sir!" as if an idea had struck him so that he staggered, "they're working their passage!"

"About ship!" thundered the mate into the instant's silence, while the captain's brain yet reeled. In a moment the mate had leaped into the ratlines and was trumpeting his orders to the hands, who, thoroughly awakened, sprang to the ropes like cats.

"Hard a-lee!" cried the captain, and threw his whole weight on the wheel as he spoke.

A momentary shudder, a throbbing of the hard waves beneath, and the Unadilla, minding her helm and helped by the men who worked the head-sails, moved about slowly and came up in the wind, gathered headway and left the white danger astern.

"Good for her!" said the captain then, wiping his forehead, something well pleased with his craft's first tussle. "She'll ride it out. Butts at the sea like a little piece of cattle. I think we'll reduce the rag, though, Mr. Coffin—less muslin for this kind of tornadoes."

"Let go the flying jib!" cried the mate, the vessel careening under him with the force of the gale. "Let go fore and main sails! Stand by to lower the t'gallant halyards and clew them up!"

In a moment more, as it seemed, darkness had swallowed the sails: the schooner lay-to under her jib and a close-reefed topsail, and the tempest howled over her harmless.

"All's well that ends well!" said Captain Deverard. "Call the watch, Mr. Coffin!"

When everything was quiet again on board the Unadilla, her little skipper kept the helm still in his own hands, and seized the opportunity for reflecting on the situation, that he might discover, if possible, how all this rout came about.

But, do what he would, Captain Deverard could collect neither thought nor argument: there was as much confusion in his mind as there had been in the last ten minutes. He could not rid himself of the idea that not his own crew obeyed his commands, but a dozen swarming shadows. By what earthly or unearthly instrumentality they were here, when they ought to be thirty miles away, straight sailing; how, when he left the Unadilla putting down her nose and running for the high seas, he had found her back again on these winter-curst shores, with her head toward her old wharf; who it could be on board, the mate and his watch asleep, that, in such a growing gale, knew how to wind a ship till her prow was in the place where her stern had been; through what kind of atmosphere, in what kind of glimmer, neither darkness nor light, he had seen his schooner spreading the sail of another sort of vessel, as if she had been the phantom of that other vessel long since wrecked and rotten,—as easily as those propositions he could have answered what material or immaterial souls were made of! It caused the captain to shiver from his crown to his heel. Had a decree gone out against the Unadilla? Was she never to make port again? Were they all imprisoned on a spectral ship for daring to make light of death and doom in trying to give respite to those sentenced souls? What had cast such a sleep upon the watch? Was it real thickness, real storm, or was it all some wild hallucination of the night—the night conjured up again in which that Spanish ship went down?

While he mused and marveled, and kept his place at the wheel, and the schooner drifted and still drifted, ever so slightly, in from sea, a singular effect of music stole toward him, whether rising over the halloo of the heavens and the piping of the cordage, or heard only in a lull of the boisterous wind—a soft, singing murmur, in spite of its power, swelling gently, till it seemed a chorus of voices far, far away—rough, male voices, it may be, but clarified and attuned by distance into a sweetness that

was unutterable, a sadness that was unbearable, and yet nothing, as it were, but a hollow shell of sound. Captain Deverard was not skilled in foreign tongues, yet he heard the burden of these dead men's song as distinctly as ever it had been heard when, two hundred years ago, it was transferred from Calderon's old theatres to the streets, and descended thence in the hearts of that people whose religions and superstitions went with them to their play and sat down with them to their meat. The strain vibrated now round Captain Deverard's ears as if breathed from some æolian lyre:

"Pecador soy, tus favores
Pido por justicia yo,
Pues Dios en ti poderío
Solo por los pecadores,
A mí me debes tus loores,
Qui por mí solo muriera
Dios, si mas mundo no hubiera."

Though he could by no means give the words their literal meaning, Captain Deverard knew as well what they signified as if they had been his own speech: there was something in them, words or voice, that belonged to the general language which all men utter. Their melody seemed to come to him from every side—from the fore-castle, from the cross-tree, from the hold: it was full of woe, and, with all its sweetness, seemed to emit horror as a flame does smoke. He felt himself growing colder and colder as he listened. From every side: they were all about him then. The captain shouted to his men. A hoarse and dismal voice replied—a Spanish hail. His own men slept—that he understood—as those before them did, and, in their turn, once more the ghosts held the watch. From farther and farther away the sound at length was floating, while it left dullness in his ears and dimness in his eyes. By the broad daylight, with all his powers in play, he had defied the might of any apparition: now darkness robbed him and oppressed him: even his flesh forgot any longer to creep, and the spell of slumber was closing over him. No! not while such a blast as that almost tore him from the wheel—a good, real blast—a stinging, roaring buffet. Then, all at once, a rending noise

that the captain knew too well—a sharp report, as of an exploding gun, and the topsail had torn from its bolt-ropes and had whirled away through the night like a flying ghost itself. A lifting of the Unadilla, as though she would pierce heaven with her topmast—a sinking, a swooping: she had broached-to and lay in the trough of the seas, billow on billow beating her bows, a wall of waves rising on either side, and one that, climbing over them in a towering cataract and illumined for a moment by the rays of some light-house lantern, in a great, blinding suffusion of spray and glory, leaned, with all its vastness and weight and suffocating darkness, down, down, and plunged and weltered and washed away; and the Unadilla rose like a cork, but with her bulwarks stove, her water-casks afloat and her deck-load swept from sight.

The wild cry of a drowning man cleft even the scream of the wave and overwhelmed all other terrors in its own. He might find a water-cask: there was no time nor place to help him—they might all be with him in a moment. For while Captain Deverard had questioned himself, and trusted his topsail, minding his helm the while, in order to escape the assault of such a sea, had listened and felt the glamour stealing over him, the gale had gathered and swelled and burst in its fury—a hurricane of snow and sleet, the air full of the driving flakes, stinging like needles and icing plank and rope as they fell—no light but the binnacle's, the blackness of death throughout the crippled little schooner.

"Hoist the mainsail!" roared the captain, putting the strength of ten men upon the wheel, and in a despair lest none were left on deck to hear him. "Hoist the mainsail and we'll work her out of this!" He could not see his hand before him. Whether it were his own men, or the shades and apparitions of the last hour, that slowly bent the great sail till it caught the wind, the captain dared not say; but it caught the wind, bellied forth, soared with them out of the abyss where they had been plunged, up, up, up, and suddenly bel-

lowed and split from end to end, and with a shock, as of the meeting of the firmaments, the Unadilla was thrown on her beam-ends, the sea making a complete breach over her, while furious surge after surge rushed and raked her in a havoc of ruin.

"Cut away the weather lanyards!" cried out the captain, in tones firmer and clearer than a well-blown clarion, his courage rising with his need. He heard the men's familiar voices as they yelled reply, and a single stroke separated the ropes that were stretched as tense as harp-strings, and sent the whole quivering pile of rigging by the board. It hung there for one dreadful moment, hammering against the schooner's sides with mighty blows, that threatened in each fall to batter her to fragments. "Clear it away, for God's sake!" cried the captain.

The mate came dashing up the companion-way, echoing his superior's words; and then, as if remembering with Homer that "examples make excitements strong and sweeten a command," he himself clambered, axe in hand, swiftly along into the thick of the peril: the ponderous mass parted and fell astern. What was left of the Unadilla righted again, but Mr. Coffin was seen no more: he had gone with his work. And the schooner, rolling like a log, pounded by every sea, refused her helm and drifted toward the treacherous breakwater of Bar Island, a helpless wreck.

"Heaven save us!" groaned the captain; and he called out to them to lash themselves to what they could find.

The water piled itself in great polished masses of blackness: they could see it, colder than ice, yet outlined in fire, as it rose and swayed and shattered over them in a wild fierce way that had lost all semblance of frolic or play, and raged with a kind of malignity, as if the gaping jaws of every awful wave hungered for them. The light of the shoals wheeled upon its way on the one side: its flash shot up through the midnight every minute in a wide sheet that made only a visible horror: the Ipswich light shone steadily upon the other, while the fainter

ray of the Plum Island light lit up the tumbling waste of roaring shadow behind them. "Wrecked in sight of three light-houses!" groaned the captain again, as he bound himself fast to his broken wheel. And he thought of his wife watching the storm through the darkened pane that night; of Jack leaving his restless bed to slip a hard little hand in hers for comfort; of Em's deep unconscious sleep, with the white ruffled nightcap that was the pride of her heart, making her pretty face look like a blushing flower. It was little likely he would ever see the three again—his clothes freezing on his back as fast as the last wave left him, his hands and feet mere lumps of grave-cold clay, save when they tingled with sharp hot pains as if they were on fire. The air was all one fluff of heavy snow, that made mere breathing a labor: now and then it parted, and he caught glimpses of those things, those strange passengers, now no longer shades, but moving flames, that would only leave him when the Unadilla quenched them by settling underneath the flood with her ungodly freight.

The hull of the little schooner could scarcely endure much more of this: these seas that brayed her in their mortar would soon finish her. She had sprung aleak, he fancied, already: it was impossible to man the pumps—a great plank came ripping off her side—she would go to pieces as she went down. Still, she drifted constantly to leeward. The waters on either hand were milk-white about her now: they spread themselves in broad and changing flourishes of silver on the black field of the night. It might be that the running sea had carried them faster than any wind could have done: this might be the bar at the river's mouth—it might be the white and spouting shafts of the North and South breaker that shot up here, it seemed to him, mast-high, as the Unadilla rolled in the depths. Now and then he hallooed to his men: now and then they called to one another. Drifting, drifting, they had left that tract of churned sea behind them: could he have clearly distinguished the first thing to mark his course, Captain Deverard would have thought him-

self on the way back to his own door-stone. "I know every drop of the river," said he to himself, "just let me get into still water: too black to see a b'y. Bump! Shouldn't wonder if 'twas the Gangway rocks—it's your last bump if it is. Off again? I'll be blest if 'twasn't the North flat. She's nothing but a log! a log! There's a sea for you! What's this? Bump—bump—the South flat? No? The Half-tide rocks then? Steady, you jade, and your own wharf two rods to looard! No, again? What? Great Heavens!" shouted the captain, "we are going to pieces in the middle of Bar Island breaker!"

It was entirely true. The Unadilla would never see wharf or river-mouth, neither Gangway rocks, nor buoys, nor flats again: miles and miles away from them all, she was fixed fast and buried in the quicksand, and the waves had leaped on board and were tearing her apart with a thousand strokes and shocks and shivers. It seemed to Captain Deverard as if he saw them at their work in the shape of vast and awful spirits, as if he heard the hoarse and hollow shibboleth of their cries, as if he felt their icy breath blown full upon his forehead. Their great hands were upon him, were over him and under him: they lifted him, floated him, tore him free, tossed him on from one to another. Far and far away he heard them singing—

"Pecador soy, tus favores
Pido por justicia yo,
Pues Dios en ti poderió
Solo por los pecadores,
A mí me debes tus loores,
Qui por mí solo muriera
Dios, si mas mundo no hubiera."

Faintly and more faintly it came: then a blow as if from a thunderbolt, a blaze of light upon his brain, in which the rosy face of Em flashed forth and burst in a myriad sparks—the solid earth rose to meet him, and he fell in blackness and oblivion.

Little Captain Deverard, made of iron and muscle, was the kind of man that dies hard.

When, by and by, he opened his eyes, it was all at once as wide and clear as

he woke up every morning in his bed at home.

The wind had fallen a little, he fancied—had fallen very perceptibly: the roar of the waves on the beach was duller, the dark was being undershot with gray: he judged that the night had long since turned toward morning. He had been thrown in the hollow of two sand-hills: he was on a sort of dry land, if all the shifting ledges of Bar Island have any actual claim to land at all: he was alive and whole—so much was certain. Could it be possible that no others shared his safety?

"Halloo!" cried Captain Deverard, at the top of his voice.

"Halloo!" came back an answer from just below.

"That you, Mr. Coffin?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Whereabouts?" cried the bewildered captain.

"Here—just come ashore on a water-cask I found as I went over. Lend a hand, I say, before the next big wave comes!"

The little captain sprang by instinct to the spot where the mate lay face downward and clutching the sand, and drew him up beside himself and out of the way of his howling pack of pursuers, but nearly spent with weariness and pain. If he did not perform a dervish's dance around this piece of real flesh and blood, which, at first, he had half doubted to be flesh and blood at all, so hollow and so muffled was the voice, it was because he was in no condition to do so. He did the next best thing.

"Had some mountain-dew in my pocket-flask," said he. "S'pose it's smashed? 'Tain't glass, though. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas all mixed with sea-water. Here it is, by all that's good! Sweet as a nut. That's a blessing I didn't look for. Here, Coffin, have a sip: now a swallow—another—drink it off: leave a drop and I'm blest if you sha'n't be tried for mutinying against superior orders!" The mate was never tried for mutiny.

"There's no more of us?" asked he.

"No more," answered the captain.

"By George!" said Mr. Coffin, in a

tone that no words could have strengthened.

"Make out where we be?" he added, by and by.

"Well, as near as I can reckon—I've been looking about since it began to gray—the Unadilla's made her grave in the sand-bar yonder, and the currents, or something else, have tossed us here. If we can cross these hills, I've an idea we should find ourselves on the old Bluff road, nine miles from home. It'll be a tough pull. What do you say—find your legs?"

"Good as yourn," said the mate. And they started on their way without more ado. They wasted no words, nor uttered any regrets, but bent all their energies upon their travel, stumbling, falling, lying down to rest, dropping asleep, swearing out their groans, their feet frost-bitten, half dead at last, when the stars, that had one by one stolen out, melted into a warmer light, and the spires of the old town tipped themselves in sunshine and sparkled in the morning rays.

"It's surprisin'," said Captain Deverard then, "that there's no one hurrying to the beach this morning. There's more'n one wreck there by this time, I'll dare swear!"

"There's the tavern at last," said his companion, feebly, not being of the same indomitable stuff as his superior, and feeling utterly unequal to conjecture or remark upon conjecture.

"Guess we'll go in and rest a spell," replied the worthy captain. "'Morning, Remick! Little blow last night"—as if his news were so great that he must lead up to it by degrees, lest, if broken suddenly, it might prove too much for the hearer.

"Little," said Mr. Remick, casually, in response.

"Little?" repeated the insulted captain, with a rising voice. "You call a tempest that tears the Unadilla to chips a little blow?"

"You said it was, yourself," retorted the innkeeper. "As for me, I never opened an eye all night. How was it, Charlie?—much wind last night?"

"None that I heerd," said the hostler; "sea was smooth as a mill-pond."

"Well, that beats all!" exclaimed the captain and the mate together—the captain stentorian with indignation; the mate as if it certainly beat him.

"Have anything?" asked Mr. Remick.

It was of no use talking to such dunderheads as they. "Don't care if we do," answered Captain Deverard. "Got a team to set us home?" In ten minutes they were spinning up the turnpike, up the Water street, and had stopped before the cottage, where Jack was just filling the tea-kettle at the pump.

"What's that?" exclaimed the mate, suddenly.

"What's what?" answered the captain.

"The Unadilla, or I'll be ——!"

"You've lost your wits!" cried Captain Deverard, seizing his arm and looking in his face.

It was something to look at, assuredly, that face of Mr. Coffin's: the jaw had fallen, the eyes were fixed and staring: it was as white and ghastly as a galvanized corpse; he shook as if struck by palsy.

"Don't look at me, man!" he continued to stammer between his chattering teeth. "Look at there!"

Captain Deverard followed then the mate's gaze with his own, alarmed for him and full of condescending pity; and there—beside the wharf—there she lay, the blue and white streamer at her mast-head, the signal for her captain flying—the Unadilla!

"Is she real?" gasped the mate.

"You may break her up for firewood!" cried the captain; "you may sell her for old iron. I'll never set my foot upon her waist again!"

"She's the devil's own darling," whispered the mate, below his breath.

But there lay the Unadilla, to all appearance as solid reality as she had ever been. There sat Turner on the side; there was Janvrin strolling down to meet him. Captain Deverard surveyed them with a long and leisurely survey, and his amazement crystallized into a scorn beyond expression. Turner and Janvrin! whom he had seen rolled into their rest-

less graves! That these appearances were those men in the flesh, not all the power of all the gods could force him to believe: evil spirits in their guise it might be. He went into his own house and shut the door behind him, and, though it was broad daylight, went to bed. If his head ached for the next twenty-four hours as though it would roll together like a scroll, it was no more than might be expected, he said, after all he had gone through on the previous night. But from that day to this he has never exchanged a syllable with either of those unsubstantial beings—Spanish ghosts, it may be—who have stolen, to the best or worst of his belief, the bodies of other men to become visible in—beings never to have dealings with, never to be in any way countenanced by this honest captain, who absolutely looks through them and ignores their existence.

As for the Unadilla,—which lay there taut and trim, and positively inviting you with all her blue and white beauty,—set foot upon her planks again he had said he would not: to sell her would be like being in the receipt of blood-money. If anybody wanted her—if anybody dared be so foolhardy—let him take her!

When, then, a couple of weeks had rubbed away the sharp edge of the remembrances of that fearful night, Mr. Coffin, a trifle braver or more unbelieving, perhaps, than his superior officer, began to consider the matter of having a schooner for little more than the asking. It ended by his calling up all the reserved forces of his courage; and when he had obtained permission of the party holding her mortgage, he took the Unadilla down to Thomaston for lime, burnt her up and sunk her, and himself with her, on the homeward trip.

"Just as I expected!" said the captain. "The devil's own darling he said she was; and now she's proved it by fire and brimstone. Don't tell me!" he used to add, in reciting his adventures, at the time when, for a commission of five cents, he was in the habit of carrying to the dwellings of various purchasers their baskets from the fish-mar-

ket—"Don't tell me! I might have been upon a spree, but how'd it happen that Mr. Coffin was on a spree too? Nothing so remarkable in that? What? When it was the same sort of a spree, with the same identical visions and accidents and experiences to a tittle?" said the captain, warming himself with his wrath. "How'd it happen we both thought we took in the strange passengers off the shoals—both thought they worked the ship after their old ways to their old wreck, and both thought we were cast away together on Bar Island

for flying in the face of Providence? How'd it happen I heard them singing that '*Pecador soy, tus favores*,' when I don't know a word more Spanish than I do Japanese, if I *didn't* hear them? How'd it happen I got this crick in my back—that isn't moonshine, I can tell you—and he that scar on his hand, if we warn't cast away on board the Unadilla? How'd it happen we both brought up at Plum Island tavern in the morning, if we hadn't been cast away on board the Unadilla in the night?"

Ah! how, indeed, Captain Deverard?

THE HOME OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE past hundred years have produced three great lyric poets. In France, thousands of peasants and workmen unable to read are familiar with the lays of her gifted son, have learned them from their fathers, and will teach them to their children. Unlike his own *Roi d'Yvetot*, there is little danger of his being forgotten or "*peu connu dans l'histoire*:" in crowded workshops and roadside *cabarets*, the songs of Pierre Jean Beranger will continue to be sung, his memory continue to be cherished.

In the Emerald Isle, so long as her beautiful lakes, and mountains, and valleys remain, her sons will still sing to her fair daughters,

"Oh could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds, and accept the flowers,
What a heaven on earth 'twould be!"

and the thousand other matchless melodies of Thomas Moore which will keep his memory green within their souls for ever.

But to Scotland, for two centuries a favorite haunt with the Muses, belongs the Ayrshire poet, the "grandest o' them a'," who died seventy years ago, before he had attained his thirty-eighth year. What may we not suppose he would have

produced had he been spared until he reached the threescore and ten of man, or even the age at which Shakespeare and Milton gave to the world their greatest works? What never-dying, patriotic strains from his pen, had he lived to see the victories of Nelson and Wellington and the deeds of the Highland regiments at Waterloo? But we should be thankful for the rich and abundant legacy left to us.

Beranger outlived the Scottish poet by forty years, yet he bequeathed to the world no more tender or patriotic songs. Moore, born the same year as the author of *Le Senateur*, and who died five years earlier, no sweeter or sadder strains.

What writer more beautifully delineates the emotions of love, and hope, and youth, or more vividly describes nature—her flowers, and fields, and singing birds? Surely no one, except Shakespeare, nor does any other writer share to the same extent, notwithstanding he wrote in a provincial dialect, a like universal sympathy or the same universal appreciation.

It was a bright, beautiful summer morning that I left "Gude sanct Mungo's town sae smeeky," in an early train of the Glasgow and Ayr railway, on a

pilgrimage to the home of Robert Burns. At the station of Irvine, a little seaport town, somewhat celebrated as being the birth-place of James Montgomery and of Galt the novelist, the train was very fortunately detained for about fifteen or perhaps twenty minutes, as by the delay an opportunity was afforded the passengers of listening to a Highland piper, who, notwithstanding his being so very *fou* that he could hardly stand, *skirled* away without cessation until the train started.

From a matter-of-fact farmer who sat near, I afterward learned that Donald McFarlane was esteemed one of the best players in all Scotland, being quite as well known as was the famous piper of Kilbarchan, of whom mention is made in Francis Semphill's admirable song "Maggie Lauder":

"Weel hae you played your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson:
There's nae in Scotland plays sae weel
Since we lost Habbie Simpson."

"Drunken Donald" had been piper for several years to the Duke of Sutherland, but owing to his strong proclivity toward *Glenlivet*, had some months previously lost his situation, since which time he had gone wandering about, attending all the races and fairs occurring in that part of the country.

To poor Donald, although with more than "a wee drap in his e'e," I was indebted for the reel of "Tullochgorum," "He na Bodachin," "Lochaber," the "Lea Rig," etc., much better rendered than I had ever heard them before, and also for calling to mind, by his playing "On wi' the Tartan," Hew Ainslie, the genial author of the "Rover of Lock Ryan":

"Foul fa' the Scot o' modern days,
Wha kens o' Scotland's former waes,
And tamely sits while Donald plays
A pibroch peal,
Nor feels his bosom in a blaze
O' patriot zeal."

Having, in the course of conversation, informed my fellow-traveler, the farmer, that I was from the United States, and observing that he was evidently wondering what had brought me so far from home, I was on the point of

giving him some light on the subject, when he said: "I'm thinkin' ye'll be ganging to Ayr to veesit the birth-place o' Robert Burns." "Yes, sir." "Weel, it's jist wonderfu' how ye American folk gae wanderin' owre a' the world jist to see wee bits o' auld hooses an' tam-stanes, an' throwin' awa' siller an' time in walkin' around an' sailin' on bits o' lakes an' clauming to the vera tops o' mountains. I hae nae great liking for wanderin' about mysel', and hae never been frae Scotland, nor vera far frae Ayrshire; an' if there's naething mair wonderfu' to see in ither countries, I ken, if I had ever so muckle siller, I should nae care to gang, but wad jist be weel content whar I am." Before parting with my Scotch friend, he urged me strongly to accompany him to his farm, some three miles distant from Maybole, saying that the "gude wife would be muckle pleased to see a gentleman frae America, as she had twa cousins—he was na' jist sure if they were of the second or third degree—leevin' there, whom nae doubt I kenned;" and promised, as I had expressed a desire to get a taste of one, that "an' I wad but gae wi' him, I should hae baith haggis an' sheephead kail," and that he would invite in a neighbor, who was familiar with Burns, to "hae a crack" and some toddy with us. He also added that the "gude wife, Jean, wha was a braw singer," would entertain me with as many old Scotch songs as I could desire to hear. I sincerely regretted that my time would not admit of spending a day with my warm-hearted acquaintance, and separated from him with a promise that, should an opportunity occur before leaving the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

I would gladly avail myself of it to accept his hospitality.

On arriving at Ayr—

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses—"

the object first seen is the river Ayr and the "Twa Brigs"—the new about fifty, the old perhaps two hundred yards distant.

According to tradition, the "auld brig," still in good preservation, but fallen into disuse, was built by two maiden sisters, who spent their fortunes in the undertaking, being actuated by the philanthropic desire to prevent the loss of life sustained by the inhabitants while crossing a ford known as the Doo-cote stream, a considerable distance farther up the river.

The Wallace Tower, a modern and handsome structure of the Gothic order, containing at the top the old "dungeon clock" and bells alluded to in the poem of the *The Two Brigs*, stands upon the site of an ancient tower, with which has always been associated the name of Sir William Wallace. In a niche in the corner is a statue of Scotia's "ill-requited chief," done by the famous sculptor of "Tam O'Shanter," "Souter Johnny" and "Old Mortality." Another figure of the Scottish patriot occupies a niche in the gable of an old house, placed there, I was told, to commemorate the sheltering of Wallace under that roof. A few fragments still remain of the walls of a fort erected by Cromwell, on the ground where once stood a palace and castle built and occupied by William the Lion.

In rambling about in quest of the above, which are the principal objects of interest to the stranger, I was particularly struck by the cleanliness of the streets and the general air of neatness, forming a contrast to most—or at least many—other Scotch towns.

Procuring what, in the "land o' cakes," is known as a dog-cart—a one-horse vehicle on two wheels—I took the road from Bridgehouse, about two miles south of Ayr, to call upon a sister of Robert Burns, being provided with a letter of introduction by the last and most eminent of his eight biographers.

On my way I had a glimpse of Greenan Castle, supposed to have been built during the twelfth century, now an interesting ruin on the rocks overhanging the sea, which stands

"Like some bold veteran gray in arms,
And marked with many a scar."

The breath of the young autumn, as I passed the honeyed hedge-rows, the new-mown hay and the harvest-fields, was delicious. The robin and lintie and laverock were caroling on every side, and ever and anon I caught a glimpse of the blue-bells of Scotland, the wild rose, the yellow fox-glove, the green bracken, the crimson bells of heather, and groups of hoary thistles, robbed of their snowy parachutes by the passing breeze;

"Beautiful children of the woods and fields,
That bloom by mountain streamlet 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or when by rocks you make your beds,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,
I love you all."

And from the golden harvest-fields came the merry and gladsome voices of the reapers gathering their sheaves.

Mrs. Isabella Burns Begg, the youngest sister of the poet, was at the time of my visit in her eighty-fourth year, in the enjoyment of good health and in possession of all her faculties, and bore a strong resemblance to Nasmyth's portrait of her brother, especially in her large, dark and lustrous eyes. During the interview, I heard from her many most interesting details of her family and of the olden time.

Mrs Begg remembered her brother's paying his addresses, when in his twenty-second year, and for the first time seriously entertaining thoughts of matrimony, to a rustic beauty named Ellison Begbie, residing a few miles distant on the banks of Cessnock, on which he composed his curious song of "Cessnock Banks." From the late hour at which he usually returned from visiting his fair *inamorata*, he at length caused his father some anxiety about the irregularity of his habits, and the old man resolved to inflict a rebuke on his son by sitting up to let him in, and also to administer a few words of gentle admonition. On his being asked what had detained him so long, he gave a ludicrous account of what he had met with and seen on his way home, concluding with the particulars wrought up in his "Address to the De'il":

"Ae dreary, windy winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentins' light,
Wi' you mysel I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye like a rash bush stood in sight,
Wi' weaving sough.

"The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor quack-quack,
Among the springs
Awa' ye squattered like a drake,
On whistling wings."

His father was so much amused with his whimsical narrative that he entirely forgot the intended scolding, and the affair ended by his sitting up an hour later enjoying the conversation of his gifted son. Mrs. Begg's account of a ball which she attended in company with her brother Robert and her sisters Agnes and Annabella, nearly seventy years ago, was full of interest. Of all the merry party who were present on that occasion she was the only known survivor.

Mrs. Begg recalled distinctly the death of her worthy father, which occurred on the 13th of February, 1784. She stood by his bedside that morning with no other company than her brother Robert. Seeing her crying bitterly at the thought of parting with him, her father endeavored to speak, but could only murmur a few words of comfort, such as were suitable for a child, concluding with an injunction to walk in virtue's path, shunning every vice.

After a pause he said there was only one member of his family for whose conduct he feared.

He repeated the same expression, when the young poet said: "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" The old man replied it was. Robert turned to the window, the tears streaming down his cheeks and his bosom swelling as if it would burst.

The father had marked his son,

"Misled by fancy's meteor ray
By passion driven,"

and the son had repented his faults, although he lacked the power to correct them. The old man was buried in "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," where I visited his grave. Mrs. Begg also alluded to Mrs. James Thomson, the

Jessy Lewars of Burns, who filled the part of a ministering angel during his last sickness. Two of his latest songs, written little more than a month before his death, and several epigrams, are in celebration of her beauty and excellence of heart. One of the songs alluded to, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast!" attracted the attention of a distinguished artist, Felix Mendelssohn, who wedded the words to an air of great beauty.

The other, "Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear," his last, and by many esteemed the most beautiful, of his songs, I need offer no apology for introducing in this connection:

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

"Altho' thou maun never be mine;
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

"I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

"I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell, cruel decree?—Jessy!

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!"

Mrs. Thomson died at Dumfries, the 10th of June, 1855, at the advanced age of eighty, the last of Burns' heroines, except Miss Keith Dunlop, who died on the 22d of June, 1858, at the age of eighty-six. Her name occurs in that exquisite poem, "New Year's Day," addressed to her mother, Mrs. Dunlop, the poet's cherished friend—one of the few that rightly appreciated him while living. Her reward lies in the immortality of his fame, their names being joined for ever.

Mrs. Begg showed me two letters of the poet, all that she had retained, having given every other scrap of his writing which she possessed to his sons, who had parted with all their father's songs and letters, unable to resist the importunities of autograph-hunters. She ex-

pressed little admiration for any of the busts or portraits of Burns, with the exception of Nasmyth's, an engraving of which, with a few paintings of Ayrshire scenery, adorned her parlor. She listened with great interest, and her intelligent, dark eyes kindled with pleasure and enthusiasm when I spoke of the high estimation in which her brother and his writings were held among us; of the anniversary of his birth being celebrated in many of our cities and towns; the great delight it afforded me to sit under her roof and hear from her lips so much *anent* her gifted brother; and that it was a meeting the memory of which I should always cherish and revert to with pleasure. My limited time compelled me to decline a cordial invitation to return and take a cup of tea with her and her two daughters, and spend the evening with them; so, after receiving a few leaves of ivy as a memento, plucked by her own hands from the vine which embowers her pretty cottage, I bade adieu to Isabella Burns.

A few minutes' drive from Bridge-house brought me to "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," a now roofless ruin, whose walls, however, are well preserved. The "Winnowed Bunker in the East," where the Prince of Darkness

"Screwed his pipes and gart them skirl
Till roofs and rafters a' did dirl,"

is still preserved, as well as the old bell. My cicerone through the churchyard was the sexton, a frail old man, who, on my arrival, I found employed on his hands and knees in cutting, with a short and uncouth-looking knife, the grass from the area now densely filled with graves—many of which, I observed, were of persons brought from great distances.

Near the entrance is the grave of William Burns, marked by a plain tombstone, on which is inscribed the following epitaph, written by his son:

"Oh, ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lies the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Upon alluding to the newness of it, I was told it had recently been erected, the original headstone having been entirely destroyed by the vandalism of relic-hunters.

My venerable guide having, in the course of our conversation, learned that I came from the other side of the Atlantic, remarked that "nae doubt I wad like to ken his name, as the American folk aye askit his name and pit it down in buiks."

Before leaving, having presented Mr. Hugh Paton, *atatis* 76, with a half crown, it elicited the remark from him that I was a "vera dascreet young gentleman."

A few yards to the west, on the gently sloping bank of Doon's classic stream, is the old well

"Whar Mungo's mither hanged hersel'."

A short distance from the Kirk, and near the bridge, stands the beautiful monument of Burns. It is of the composite order, blending the pure models of Grecian and Roman architecture. On the ground floor of the monument, which is about sixty feet high and built upon the summit of the eastern bank, is a circular apartment lighted by a cupola of stained glass, in which are exhibited several articles appropriate to the place—various editions of the poet's works, copies and engravings of several original portraits, a beautiful bust in marble; and, more interesting than all, is to be seen, carefully preserved in a neat glass case, the Bible given by Burns to Highland Mary, of which a Scottish writer gives the following account: "On the 14th of May the lovers had their favorite meeting in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr. Their adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies which rustic sentiment had devised to prolong tender emotions and impose awe.

"They stood on each side of a small purling stream, they laved their hands in the limpid brook, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. Mary presented to her lover a small Bible in

one volume. Burns returned the compliment with a more elegant one in two volumes," in both of which are inscribed his name, together with his Mason's mark. "In one of them is preserved a lock of Mary Campbell's hair. The same little case contains a small box made from the wood of Alloway Kirk, of which, *en passant*, I may observe there have been made more snuff-boxes, toddy and porridge spoons, *said* to be part and parcel of the 'Auld Haunted Kirk,' than would build a dozen churches of much larger dimensions than Alloway."

From the top of the monument there is a view of surpassing beauty, the interest of which is greatly enhanced by the associations connected with it. Of this scene of loveliness an eminent artist says: "I have been at several places taken notice of by Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd, and have found great difficulty in being able to get a sketch that I could make a picture of, the beauty of the place consisting only in its being associated with the authors; but here, and in the neighborhood, I can scarcely turn around without being able to take a sketch which would make a most interesting picture, independent of associations." Prof. Wilson, in an allusion to the same scene viewed from Carrick Hill, remarks: "It has a richness in natural beauty, in elegant and picturesque building, and in moral associations which it may be very confidently asserted is nowhere surpassed, if indeed anywhere equaled, in Scotland." In a small cottage near the monument are shown the celebrated figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, executed by the self-taught sculptor Thom, out of solid blocks of freestone. They are the size of life. "Tam" is seated in an antique elbow-chair, with his right hand in the act of carrying a horn of "steaming swats" to his mouth, but suspended for a moment near the lips, until the laugh with which his face is lighted up shall be over. The "de'il-may-care" expression of the countenance is admirable: the very same that is still to be seen among drouthy Scots in their cups, "o'er a' the ills of life victorious."

The artist has been no less successful in his delineation of the Souter. They were universally admired by artists and connoisseurs during their exhibition throughout England, Ireland and Scotland; but the highest compliment ever paid to them was by an Irish tar in Dublin, who, fancying he had given his money to see theatricals, after standing looking for some time, said, addressing Tam, who he thought was laughing at him: "Put yer grog in yer mouth, my boy, and get on with yer play, and don't sit laughing and keeping the company waiting."

On leaving the Burns' monument grounds, embracing nearly two acres, tastefully laid out in winding walks and filled with shrubs and flowers—among the most interesting of which are two scion plants of Shakespeare's famous mulberry tree, from Stratford-upon-Avon—I crossed Doon's classic stream on the old bridge over which Tam was pursued by the witches till he reached the "Auld Nick"—defying "keystane," where the "old gray mare, Meg," lost her tail—returning by the new bridge, from which a beautiful view of the river, with its finely-wooded bank, is seen.

The Scotch, above all other nations, glory in their rivers and streams: their smallest brooks are named—their beauties sung by her sweetest singers. Burns invested the Doon and many other waters with a music more delicious than their own. How many bosoms have melted over the simple lines:

"We twa hae paidled in the burn
From morning sun till dune!"

On the way back, my Jehu pointed out, at a short distance, the group of trees which marks

"The cairn
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;"
and soon after we reached a spot sacred to every Scotchman, and, indeed, to all men—the birth-place of Robert Burns—which, as is well known, was originally a "clay biggin," consisting of but two rooms, built by the poet's father.

In the interior of the cottage, in the *spence*, or sitting-room (where a book is kept for visitors to register their names,

and in which I found many of eminence from our own and other lands), were a great number of people drinking whisky, etc., as it is now, to the disgrace of the land of Bruce and Wallace, converted into an ale-house; and a sign over the door informs the public that the occupants are "licensed to sell spirits, to be drunk on the premises."

In the kitchen is shown the recess in the wall where stood the bed—still to be seen at Brownhill Inn, near Thornhill, Dumfriesshire—in which the poet was born.

All the biographers of Burns coincide in believing this room to be the fancied scene of that exquisite poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

It was in this little thatched cottage where, after the poet's birth,

"The gossip keekit in his loof:
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof;
This waleie boy will be nae coof:
I think we'll ca' him Robin."

After seeing the garden, in which are various trees said to have been planted by the poet, and getting a bouquet of roses from the exceedingly civil person who now keeps the inn, I returned to the principal room. The building has been enlarged by the addition of a barn to the north and several rooms to the south end of the original "biggin."

While indulging in a dish of freshly-culled strawberries from the garden, oatmeal bannocks, and water out of the same well used by the Burns' family, I observed upon the walls numerous photographic views of the adjacent country, a bust and portrait of the bard of Coila, and, printed in large type, in a neat frame suspended from a conspicuous part of the room, the beautiful lines on Burns from the pen of my friend, the late Fitz Greene Halleck, one of America's most gifted sons, than whom no one entertained a deeper love and admiration for Scotland and her greatest poet.

The innkeeper informed me that every year he forwarded a number of buds from the poet's rose bush to an enthusiastic lady in New York, who, although absent from auld Scotia upward of twenty years, still retained a warm Scottish

heart, filled with associations and recollections of her native land.

It is little more than a century since Burns came among us, and seventy years since he departed to "the land o' the leal," consequently there are few, if any, of his friends or personal acquaintances living, although there are many persons still surviving who profess to have conversed or taken "a wee drap wi' him." A writer in a Scotch paper gives an interesting account of a meeting with a real acquaintance of Burns, who spoke sensibly of his character and genius. He says: "I happened, in the presence of this old man, to be singing, in my own way, the 'Farewell to the Masons' Lodge, Tarbolton.' 'Haud your tongue, man, and no spoil that sang,' quoth he. 'I heard it once sung to perfection, and canna think to hear onybody abuse it.' 'And where happened ye to hear it?' said I. 'I heard it,' said he, with emphasis, 'the first time it was sung in this kintry.' 'Ye couldna do that,' said I; 'for Burns himself sung it in Tarbolton the first time it was sung in public.' 'Ay, did he, man, and I sat at his right hand,' quoth the old man. I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meetings, which inquiries he answered in the following manner: 'It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night. There was a number o' us belonging to the lodge wha had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met, and looked out subjects for our speeches, every one taking up his favorite theme. We met and rehearsed our pieces to our ain satisfaction. The night cam' when we were to have a farewell meeting o' the lodge, in honor o' his gaun awa'. There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at a burial. We were sae fu' o' our speeches, we durstna open our mouths, for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to mysel', and suppose the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the bard for ance,

so as he might hae mind o' us when far frae us. He was late in coming that night—a thing quite uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my life saw such an alteration in onybody. He looked bigger-like than usual, and wild-like. His een seemed stern and his cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in the chair, as Master. He looked round at us. I thought that he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' my speech, and no for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a' things ready for going abroad. He could get to us no sooner. He intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him. He had composed a song for the occasion and would sing it.

“He looked round on us and burst into a song, such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung it was that ane. Oh, man, when he came to the last verse, where he says—

“‘A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it wi' a tear—
To him, the bard that's far awa'.”

That last sight o' him will never leave my mind. He arose and burst into tears. They werna sham anes. It was a queer sight to see sae mony men burst out like bubbly boys and blubber in spite o' themsel's. Soon after the song he said he could stay no longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, as we thought, for ever. We sat and looked at each other, full as we were wi' great speeches. Nane o' them cam' to the light that nicht. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by onybody; but there is a feeling remains I wadna like to part wi'." I looked on this auld man as a great man. I respected his state of mind, and excused him for not being pleased wi' my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out his great speech."

All are familiar with the gem of his English poems, "To Mary in Heaven," but the circumstances under which he composed it, as related by Mrs. Burns

to Lockhart, may not be so generally known.

Burns spent that day—the anniversary of the day on which the sad tidings of the death of his early love reached him—though laboring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits; but as the twilight disappeared, he seemed to grow more and more sad about something, and at length wandered into the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside.

On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry.

At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, that shone like another moon. Having prevailed on him to come, he immediately on entering the house called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, those most beautiful and pathetic lines:

"Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget that hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

"Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene!
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

"Still o'er those scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

Another point in Tam O'Shanter's journey, which was pointed out to me after leaving the Burns' cottage, was the

"Mickle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck bane;"
and farther on we came upon the ford,

"Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd."

While wandering about Ayre, on my return, I was attracted by such signs as "Miller Goudie's Inn," "Robert Burns' Tavern," "Tam O'Shanter Hotel," and by the names of the good people, from among whom might be supplied all the names of the *dramatis personæ* of Shakespeare's Scotch tragedy, as well as MacBains and MacBeans, MacPhails and MacPhuns, MacTurks and MacTavishes, and other Macs *ad infinitum*.

On arriving at the railway-station, and finding that I had still half an hour to spare before the train started for Glasgow, I sat down at the auld brig, and while *crooning to myself* some of the

old familiar songs of the locality, and watching the effects of the sunset on the beautiful bay and the masts of the many vessels resting in its waters, idly as "painted ships upon a painted ocean," and anon indulging in reveries of my far-distant home, I was interrupted by two weaver-looking bodies—one of whom I overheard, as they passed, ask: "Weel, Jock, wull we get *fou* or no?" Jock's reply did not reach me, but I presume—as, after a brief consultation together, they made, in Western parlance, a bee-line for the Tam O'Shanter Hotel—that Mr. Jock assented.

Of the poet's large family but two sons are left, Robert, the eldest, having died in May, 1857, in Dumfries. James and William, the survivors, after passing through most honorable careers, have attained the respective ranks of lieutenant-colonel and major in the East India Company's service. In their wanderings in foreign lands they have ever found their name and birth a sufficient passport to the friendship of all whom they have met.

MAJOR M. M. NOAH.

WHAT a dreary, cold, gusty day it is! Thanks that I am in my cozy "covert from the storm," enjoying a brief respite, a luscious, dreamy lull in the carking course of professional toil. Oh, but the wind is a pitiless verity to-day! The merciless, fierce-winged ogre! how he howls down the mountains; and how he wrings the forest with his invisible whirlwind clutch; and what a roar of terror that umbrageous panic lets off: even the old oak, half denuded, with a chill moan bends to the fury of the blast. And on through the valleys, and the swoop of the storm fairly sets rocking every hamlet home. Then screaming up the seething city's narrow streets—there the wind-demon gets on

a reckless rampage, now doing tragical misdeeds, and now cutting capers in the drollest style—in fact, taking the most decidedly objectionable liberties with every pedestrian garb he meets, whether masculine or crinoline; for he is equally inhuman and ungallant: then turning the corners with most uncivil rudeness, much as a coarse, brawny bully, whistling a sort of "rogue's march," and bidding everybody "move on!"

The screaming wind has now sunk to a soft, song-like cadence. There is now a snow storm, "one of the olden kind," and the soft flakes flatten themselves against the window panes, like white-breasted birds beseeching to be let into my cozy ark. But I have dozed into a

reminiscent mood. Why does so-called "bad weather," in begetting this quasi somnolence, also wake up the recollective faculty? It is ever thus. And here they come—the leaflets of memory; the actualities of the long ago.

One of these flaky intangibilities takes on form, and seems also to draw unto itself its own proper surroundings. The tiny sprite assumes the aspect and dimensions of an aged man, sitting in an office-chair at a desk in the *sanctum* of a city journal. In a similar seat sits the junior by his side, exactly as an old man and a younger often sat together over twenty years ago.

But who is that elder one? Portly as one who has lived generously, erect even under a load of years, with the dignity of culture and position, his face ruddy and not lean, orbs small, yet twinkling with good-humor, like two well-auguring stars, locks age-frosted, and speech smooth and slow. That is Major Mordecai Manuel Noah! We often addressed him as Judge; and if there is a living semblance of the man, it is in the person of Judge Naar, of Trenton, New Jersey.

Major Noah was indisputably a gentleman, urbane and polite, affable, and ever ready to take by the hand the youthful aspirant. Though often in company found standing alone in his religious and political sentiments, and although decided in them, yet we never knew him to pit his opinions against those of his friends. In American politics he figured with prominence, but was not an originator of measures or the leader of a party; but a hard worker on the platform of his adoption. Many may remember in the most active period of his political career his sudden desertion of his party and taking sides with the opposite. The cry of "turn-coat," which assailed him, was not soon quieted. Accosted by one who met him in the street just after the transaction, the following dialogue is said to have taken place:

"Major, what the deuce is in the wind?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean to ask, are Democracy and

Whiggery the same, as you have left the one and gone over to the other?"

"Bless you, my good friend, no!—as wide apart as the east is from the west!"

"Then how comes it you went over to the opposite party?" demanded the friend, growing warm.

"God bless you!" said the Major with a countenance expressive of intense pity at the inquirer's verdancy: then with the air of one imparting important information, he blandly added: "My dear sir, it's the *party* which has changed, not I! The truth is, I found, to my surprise, that the *principles* had gone over to the other side; and as I could not honorably desert my principles, or suffer them to desert me, I had, in all conscience, to go over too!"

Was ever a party slip so admirably made, or political somersault so deftly done? Who could gainsay the defence? There was such an air of sincerity too. Besides, "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The Major was himself a dramatist, and considered Shakespeare "good authority."

It was one of those hard-toiling night-days of editorial life. So far as *my* work went, the paper was "made up" for the morrow, and I, in common parlance, was "lying off" a moment before going home.

"Major," said I, having in mind a poor fellow who had excited my sympathy that morning, "it is hard to see a man, well and willing to work, wanting bread."

"It is," was the response; "and despite all that has been said to the contrary, such men are sometimes found. In such a case this extremity is oftentimes a turning-point in the man's life. For instance, when connected with the *Courier*, of the 'respectable sixpennies,' then so called, a young man came into the office, and very modestly asked for something to do. He was a Scottish emigrant. To all appearance the poor fellow was suffering from hunger. I gave him a Spanish quarter, told him to go and get his dinner, and then come back and we would see about it. We set him to sweeping the office and righting things

generally, to which the duties of mail-boy were soon after added. It soon appeared that he had two excellent qualities—an eye quick to detect the worth of items in the mail, and a memory most tenacious of everything he had ever read. In fact, he soon became a sort of referee in these matters. Ere long he showed extraordinary talent in reporting the money markets; which last fact was really his starting-point as respects journalism. That hungry immigrant is now among the wealthiest of our journalists; and most assuredly in the art of conducting a newspaper stands second to none in the land."

As already hinted, by birth and education Major Noah was of the "stock of Israel." Whether, in the religious observances of the "peculiar people" he was up to the "straitest sect," is rather dubious. He certainly was considered by many of them as a "tithe" too liberal. We remember his having delivered a public address before the Hebrews in what was then known as the Broadway Tabernacle, in which address he broached an occasional idea rather too free for the liking of the more orthodox of the ancient faith.

"Ah," said he, when reminded of the fact by an outsider, "I know it; but it will do them good. Besides, I can say things to them which no other of our race can. They take it kindly from me."

And he surely could, with his bland assurance, which seemed to say: "Now, isn't it so?" So that, should the statement fail of impressing conviction on the hearer by its logic, yet would it seduce to a belief in the speaker's conviction of its truth.

I recollect once when the subject broached in the company was man's religious obligations. Among others present was a certain non-practising M. D. This man was a vapid, blatant atheist, but whose contemptible toadyism had successfully managed to keep the fact concealed from the Major. Addressing himself, for some reason, to this doctor of medicine, most particularly, Judge Noah said, with unusual emphasis:

"I am not at ease with a man of no religious creed. Any religion—even a bad one—is better than none at all. Let a man confess some one, and then I know where to find him."

"Major Noah," exclaimed the doctor, in very feeble petulance, "I am astonished at you! I thought you were a man of better sense."

Less cannot be said than that, being a young man and greatly pestered with the doctor's irreverent inanities, against which argument was about as effective as cannonading at moonshine, I was highly delighted with the effect of this random shot. It certainly struck home. In fact, I regarded the medicine-man as most egregiously dosed with his own physic. Like his tribe generally, he was restlessly eager for proselytes; but no more inflections visited us from that quarter.

Often the Major would break the silence of the *sanctum* by "letting off," with a seeming abruptness, some thought engendered as a side issue by the article which he was writing. In this way, on one occasion, much to our surprise, he introduced the Christ, or—as he seems to prefer the expression—the Jesus of Christianity.

"I tell you, sir," said he, and his small eyes twinkled with something very nearly akin to enthusiasm—"I tell you, I admire this Jesus of the Christians. There never was a philosopher like him, and the world has never had another philosophy at all comparable to the system which he taught. In this respect the New Testament unfolds a system of truly wonderful humanizing power. The world has never had the scheme to which it has been anything like so much the debtor as it is unto this system of Jesus. Were I traveling in Palestine, and should find his bones, although it would make me immediately rich, I would never divulge it—the secret should go with me to my grave."

"But, why," I ventured to ask, "would you not divulge it?"

"Because thus to weaken the faith in that system would be in effect to turn back the only tide which has ever been

adequate to roll a flood of blessings over the different races of men. It contains in itself such an adaptiveness to the world's wants, it is so unselfish, so indisputably benevolent."

In two things the Hebrew and the Gentile will agree. They will both regard these as extraordinary sentiments coming from such a source; and will also admit, that however much they are supposed to honor the Founder of the Christian scheme, yet do they fall vastly short of what his disciples do and must claim for him. From one point of view the Major would seem herein to forestall some of the positions found in *Ecce Homo*.

A compliment of a different kind was paid to Christianity by Major Noah at another time. It was in connection with his holding the office of sheriff of the city of New York. To this officer, as is well known, falls the unpleasant duty of executioner in all capital cases. The objection was gravely raised by some that it would be shocking to the general feeling that a Jew should be permitted to hang Christians. To which the reply, with mock seriousness, was made: "Gentleman, I have not the slightest intention to hang any Christian!" To the same objection repeated, his reply, although coarser, was, if possible, more pungent. He said: "It would be a d—d poor Christian that would want to be hanged!"*

It was, I think, in the autumn of 1846, when crossing Canal street, that my attention was drawn to a singular-looking personage going in the direction of the Elm Street Synagogue. He was in stature tall and in person finely proportioned. Wearing the loose yet graceful dress of the Orient, with turbaned head and complexion olive-cast, the cheeks displaying a delicate tinge of almost feminine ruddiness, with eyebrows finely arching, eyes large and of the softest hazel, and a forehead of noble aspect,

* The above is according to my recollection. The squib is given by Duyckinck differently, although the gist is the same. "Pity," said his opponent, "that Christians are to be hereafter hung by a Jew." "Pretty Christians," replied the Major, "to require hanging at all!"—*Cyc. Am. Lit.*, vol. ii. 74.

and a beard reaching to his breast, and with all this patriarchal dignity in the expression of countenance, just enough of the pensive to impart the idea of tenderness, the conviction was irresistible that I was gazing at a very remarkable personage. Indeed, my etiquette suddenly left me, for I found myself staring at the stranger in a manner not to be called polite. The inference was that he was a noble Jew from some Eastern clime. I was going down town, and thinking on the stranger brought Châteaubriand's saying to mind. To the query, Why the physiognomy of the Jewish men is so generally impressed with a peculiar, unpleasant stamp, while that of the women is, on the contrary, so generally lovable and beautiful? the volatile Frenchman propounds a solution, and such as only a poet could—that the men incurred God's lasting displeasure by their hostility to our Saviour; but the women were ever found befriending "the Man of Sorrows:" hence God's angels impressed on the one remorse and heaviness of heart, but on the cheeks of the other only sweetness, smiles and beauty. Ah, sir traveler in the Holy Land, your theory, though beautiful, in the face of this noble stranger is met by an objection that is unanswerable. These thoughts were stopped as I paused to look at an unusually large daguerreotype in front of an establishment in Broadway. Behold, there he was again—the illustrious stranger. My mind was now made up to refer the matter to the Major.

"Major Noah, I've just seen, near the Elm Street Synagogue, a singular-looking stranger. And, sir, the truth told, he has quite excited my curiosity." After an attempt at description, I asked: "Do you know who he is?"

"I do!" said the Major, in that peculiar firmness of tone which seemed to add, "And I'm proud of it, too! His name, sir, is Michael Cohen Becher, and he comes from Hebron in Palestine" (the *o* was pronounced very long, and the gutturals received their peculiar Hebrew force). "He is a delegate from the Hebrews there to their brethren here on a mission of charity,

for they are suffering from the effects of a terrible famine. Rabbi Becher is indeed a very extraordinary man, and of great attainments, for he converses in half a dozen languages. On his arrival he became, for a while, my guest. At the introduction he addressed me in Hebrew; and I tell you," said the Major, laughing, "I found myself almost in a fix. It reminded me of Queen Elizabeth when she gave audience to the Spanish ambassadors. In courtly style, it was necessary to conduct the conference in Latin. Finding herself a little rusty, she is reported to have said to her courtiers afterward (I omit the prefatory oath which is credited to the bluff virgin), 'I had to brush up my Latin.' So I found I had to brush up my Hebrew; and it went rather rough, too, for he speaks it with ease and elegance.

"There is a circumstance connected with that famine at Hebron which I think will interest you. It was very severe. For six long months they had not one drop of rain. The inhabitants, both Jewish and Moslem, were wellnigh driven to distraction. They actually killed many of their cattle to save them from the horrors of starvation. Now, you know that at Hebron is the cave of Machpelah, which contains the graves of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, also Sarah, the wife of Abraham. The cave has for many centuries been held by the Mohammedans, who have a mosque over it. At this place, as the most sacred spot to be found, the Moslem priests in a body offered up prayers to Allah, that he would send rain. For three days they offered supplications; but no rain came. In the general distress, the Mohammedan prejudice began to yield, and they actually applied to the Jews to unite their supplications for the common object. A union of this character would demand considerable relaxation of the differences on both sides. To this the Jews consented on one condition—that they should be permitted to offer their prayers in the sepulchre of their fathers. This the Mohammedans stoutly refused, believing, if not declaring, that the foot of a Jew would contaminate that sacred

spot, and that such a sacrilege would disturb the repose of the holy dust. Never had they knowingly let any but the faithful followers of the Great Prophet enter there. (A Spaniard once, who spoke Arabic well, by dressing himself as a Moslem, and assuming the name of Ali Bey, gained admittance; but he was the only Frank or Jew that had ever done so.)* So the devout Mussulmans again went to their supplications, crying this time, with increased earnestness, 'Allah! Allah! Allah!' Still no rain came, and the distress had become unbearable. Another interview was had with the Hebrews, who still insisted on the former condition, that they should be allowed to implore the Divine compassion in the tomb which held the dust of their patriarch fathers; and, what was truly remarkable, the Moslems at last yielded. So it was agreed that certain Jews of distinction, to be selected, should enter the cave of Machpelah to pray for rain. Among those thus privileged was Michael Cohen Becher.

"When the Mohammedans opened the door of the mosque which encloses the cave, the Hebrews entered reverently, forgetting its character as a temple of the 'false prophet.' And when they reached what is called the cave itself, a great awe came over them. But when they found themselves before the very grave of their fathers, their aching hearts were full. Where were they? In the very cave of Ephron the Hittite! Before them, indeed, was the sepulchre, containing the ashes of the great patriarchs. The dust of their father Abraham was there! And they felt themselves to be his children. And for many hundreds of long, long years, except themselves, no child of his had been permitted to visit his dust. What a blessing was theirs! And what an awful place! They scarcely dared to breathe. Here was the dust of Abraham, God's fast friend,† and Sarah, the mother of our nation, and Isaac, the child of promise,

* These words in parentheses are the Major's. For the precise fact we do not vouch. Since the Major's demise, the present Prince of Wales, by very gracious privilege, was permitted to visit the grave.

† See 2 Chron. xx. 7.

and Jacob, the father of the Twelve Tribes. Not one of them spoke a word; but every eye glistened with tears in the light of the lamp which dimly shone into the tomb.

"But the signal for prayer was given. The eldest rabbi raised his hand and led in the solemn supplication:

"God of our fathers—of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob—who lovest thine Israel, and turnest, as the waters are turned, the wills of the enemies of thy people: Our hearts turn to thee and thank thy holy Name, that our feet this day stand by the dust of our fathers, even Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob. Now, O God of Israel, compassionate thy servants, and bid thine angel that we die, even HERE, in the sepulchre of our fathers!"

"And from the full hearts of all came the deliberate response—'Amen!'"

"Venerable men! They had forgotten to pray for rain. But one idea filled their breasts. They would lie down and die, that they might sleep in death, even there, by the dust of their fathers."

And since then Major Noah himself has gone the way of the fathers. Peace be to *his* ashes! His memory to me is pleasant, and I believe it is to many. Never can I forget his narrative of the Jews praying in the cave of Machpelah. It seemed to me an historic *morceau* of deeper interest and higher sublimity than most of the *res gestæ* which glitter in the rhetoric of the chronicles of that land of wonder, reverence and song. Nor will the appearance of the rabbi, Michael Cohen Becher, the Hebrew delegate from Hebron, ever be effaced from my memory. I seem to see him now; ay, the Major too, and to hear him telling that wonderful story all over again; and not without manifest emotion, for he told it as only a true descendant from the dust in the cave of Ephron the Hittite could. Only at this one time did I ever see anything like the

pride of origin in the old man's conversation; and then it certainly showed itself, imparting not brilliancy so much as liveliness and warmth to his conversation.

It appears to me that, properly written, a biography of Major Noah would be a very interesting book. Splendid, romantic or profound it would not be; for Noah was a man of talents, rather than genius—a quiet, steady worker, but little more. His versatility was wonderful—sometimes, perhaps, audacious. He could lecture on the origin of the American Indians with a complacent assurance that set the venerable Albert Gallatin, and all the other American ethnologists, aghast. But he was a man of the world, and knew the world well. Sheriff, judge, major, consul, politician, dramatist (or rather playwright) and journalist, with a style racy, easy, genial and humorous, what a wealth of incidents the life and times of Noah would unfold! As an editor, how long was his career, fixing on him the high distinction of "the Nestor of the Press," and fully warranting the old man's wit at a public dinner, where the editors were out in force, that "he saw the press had many fathers, but he believed that he was the only grandfather."

Major Noah was genial and kind. Indeed, his benevolence was occasionally of an admirable order; for he could, and did, "come down handsomely." But, standing as he did, like Saul, the son of Kish, head and shoulders above the tribes in privilege and influence, what mark has this kind-hearted man left? What, for the public good, has this remarkable man accomplished commensurate with his august and long-continued opportunities? Knowing his kindness, which I loved, and his varied abilities, which I admired, how happy would I be could I see his influence for the general weal yet alive and with us, as a rich legacy of the dead.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE ignorance of Englishmen respecting the United States has been the subject of frequent comment and much astonishment. Yet how complete and widespread this ignorance is, none save those who have themselves sojourned for some time in England can fully imagine. It is no exaggeration to say that the more intelligent and cultivated portions of English society know far more about the geography of Abyssinia and the inhabitants of Asia Minor than they do about the United States and the so-called Yankees. Were an American to state before an assemblage of intellectual, educated people in London that Illinois was a thriving town in the lovely State of Philadelphia, that the cataract of Niagara was formed by the Mississippi river as it flowed over the Rocky Mountains into Lake Superior, and that lions, tigers and hyenas prowled amid the virgin forests of the State of Natchez, his assertions would pass uncontradicted and unquestioned.

Every traveler in England has some amusing story to relate about the ludicrous mistakes into which this ignorance leads the unwary wight who attempts to converse about our country. The daughter of an eminent English surgeon, for example, on being presented to a young American lady who was in very delicate health, remarked sympathizingly: "You must have found the long sea voyage from America very fatiguing, *but perhaps you came by land!*" An English lady, connected by marriage with an eminent Pennsylvania family, asked an American not very long ago, in London, if Philadelphia was near Pennsylvania?

A well-known resident of Philadelphia was once entertaining, at dinner, a young English gentleman, who had brought letters of introduction to him from a friend residing in London. In the course of conversation he mentioned his intention of taking his guest out to drive the next day, for the purpose of showing

him whatever the environs of the city afforded of interest to a stranger. The Englishman expressed his thanks. "But could you not, my dear sir," he said, "in the course of our drive, take me where I can see a prairie and a few buffaloes?"

The following is a literal transcription of a dialogue which occurred in Paris: Time, 1864—scene, the reading-room of the Grand Hotel. American lady seated by the window reading the *Herald*—English lady at the table turning over a file of the *London Times*. Enter colored nurse, black as the ace of spades, gives message to American lady, and exit.

English lady to American: "I beg your pardon, madam, but will you tell me if that colored person is from the Confederate States?"

American lady: "No, madam, she is from the city of Philadelphia."

English lady: "Indeed! Are *all* the people of Philadelphia that color?"

An American was conversing with a French count recently at an evening party, in Paris, when she happened to mention the name of Washington. "Ah! oui, Vasington!" exclaimed her companion—"Le grand homme qui a fondu la Philadelphie!"

But such mistakes as these are more pardonable than are those ludicrous errors which so often astonish the student of English literature. Dean Swift, in a letter written in 1729 (*Works*, vol. ix., p. 387), says that he was very well acquainted with William Penn, who assured him that Pennsylvania "wanted the shelter of mountains, which left it open to the northern winds from Hudson's Bay and the Frozen Sea, which destroyed all plantations of trees, and were even pernicious to all common vegetables! But indeed," adds Swift, "New York, Virginia and other parts less northward or more defended by mountains, are described as excellent countries." This statement is most extraordinary, as Swift very well knew that

Pennsylvania means the wooded country of Penn., and it is quite incredible that the founder of this Commonwealth should have stated that the winds from the Frozen Sea destroyed all plantations of trees! An early English traveler, when Mr. Jefferson was President, relates his astonishment on visiting the Chestnut Street Theatre to find "the President, Mr. Jefferson," delighting a large audience by his comical caricature of Richard the Third. Lawrence, the brilliant author of *Guy Livingstone*, remarks in *Border and Bastille* (p. 24), that "It was pleasant, from the ferry-boat which was our last change, to meet the lights of Philadelphia gleaming out on the broad, dark *Susquehanna*." A feat of vision only paralleled by that of Le Capitaine Pamphile, the hero of one of the earlier novels of the elder Dumas, who saw Philadelphia "rising like a queen between the green waters of the Delaware and the blue waves of Ocean." Amelia B. Edwards, authoress of *Barbara's History and Half a Million of Money*, in her charming novel of *Hand and Glove* (p. 233 of the Tauchnitz edition), says that "All day long, Claude paces backward and forward like an overseer on a *Massachusetts* cotton plantation."

The novel entitled *Zoe's Brand*, published by Chapman & Hall, and afterward included in the Tauchnitz Series, has never, we believe, been reprinted in this country. The scene is laid chiefly in the Southern States, and the heroine is one of those quadroons of dazzling beauty so common in English novels and so rarely to be found anywhere else. The whole book abounds with errors of the most laughable description. In one place the authoress speaks of the "scarlet Virginia nightingale," a bird certainly unknown to Audubon. She evidently imagines, also, that the mocking-bird is a sort of small, brown parrot, as the following extract will show: "He had not been many minutes in the drawing-room when a mocking-bird's clear note rang out upon the stillness.

"'Zoe, Zoe! pretty Zoe, pretty, pretty Zoe,' cried the bird, as it bowed and

curtsied on its perch, jerking up and down its long, brown tail as if in an ecstasy of happiness.

"A sudden pang of jealousy seized upon the listener.

"'Good God!' he thought, 'who could have taught the bird to say such words as these?'" (Vol. ii., p. 21 English edition; p. 230 Tauchnitz edition.)

The following paragraph gives the writer's idea of the climate and geographical position of New Orleans:

"A high, bleak, searching wind was whirling through the streets and along the levee. She stood there shivering, for the high wind, blowing straight from the wintry regions of ice-bound Canada, pierced through her slender covering." (Vol. i., p. 316 English edition.)

We will close this comedy of errors by transcribing, without comment, the concluding lines of an article on Benjamin Franklin, entitled, "Love Passages in the Life of a Philosopher," which appeared in *Once a Week*, number for June 16, 1866 (new series, vol. i., p. 658):

"A few days afterward Franklin embarked with Richard, at Havre, for America, and, as is more generally known as matter of history, upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that State" (qu. the State of Philadelphia?), "and shortly afterward *President of the United States!*"

This gross ignorance on the part of educated persons in England is owing in great part to the exclusive attention to the classics and mathematics which characterizes the schools, colleges and universities of Great Britain—an ignorance to which it is said the English owe the loss of the fine island of Java. The story is that the minister by whom it was ceded, in 1816, to Holland, was under the impression that it was too small and insignificant a place to contend about.

Mr. Swinburne has contributed to the present number of *Lippincott's Magazine* one of the most elaborate and splendid poems he has ever written. The poet resided for several years in Italy, and has a thorough personal knowledge of the subject of his verse.

The writer spoken of in stanza 28 is Giacomo Leopardi: he was born in 1798, and is the author of some of the choicest Italian lyrics.

We have read Mr. Tennyson's forthcoming poem with sorrow. "*Lucretius*" contains none of those qualities which, till very recently, we never sought fruitlessly in any of the Laureate's productions. As its title indicates, the author of *De rerum natura* is the central figure in the piece:

"Lucilia, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold." * * *

Thereupon, to recover and retain his love, she administers to her lord a philter, under the influence of which he thinks and acts; and, finally, to put an end to a life now become intolerable, stabs himself. This, in brief, is the story Mr. Tennyson has contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*. We miss in it not only that clearness and elevation of thought to which we have been accustomed by the poet, but there is sad falling-off even in beauty of expression. The epithets chosen are, we think, not very happy. Paris is called "apple-arbiter," and the "*Hetairai*" are designated as "hired animalisms."

The current number of the *British Quarterly Review* contains an article on Longfellow's "Dante." The author is Mr. J. A. Heraud. This gentleman was formerly better known in literature than he is now. He assisted for three years in editing *Fraser*, when it was under the management of Maginn, and was at one time sole editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He is also the author of *The Inner Life of Shakespeare*, and of several tragedies—the only two whose names we can recall, however, are *The Descent into Hell* and *The Judgment of the Flood*. An amusing story is told in reference to the former work. When "The Descent" appeared, it is said that the author, meeting Douglas Jerrold, was desirous of learning his opinion of its merits. "Jerrold, have you seen my *Descent into Hell*?" eagerly inquired the author. "No!" replied Jerrold, coolly, "I have not. I console

myself, however, with the knowledge that some day I shall have that happiness."

A PARIS CAUSERIE.

Allow me to vent a very small fit of ill-humor through the columns of your valuable Magazine. During thirty years' residence in France nothing has appeared to me so prodigious as the *aplomb* with which English and American correspondents, after a few months' sojourn in this capital, and where they generally only associated with their country-people, settle the affairs of the nation—have the pretension of thoroughly understanding the French character, needs and wishes—the civil, political and religious state of the country, and, in fact, know far better what suits *Messieurs les Français* than *ces Messieurs* do themselves. They view everything through the spectacles of prejudice, fashioned in their own homes, allowing nothing for the difference of race, of tradition, or of religion.

Would it not be wiser and more modest to allow the French to judge sometimes what will be best for themselves, both as to home and as to foreign policy? The movement in Italy, during the autumn of last year, toward Rome, is a striking instance of what I have said above; and the abuse lavished on the Emperor for going to the rescue of the Pope is ill deserved. Sometimes His Majesty must follow the current of public opinion, all-powerful as he is; and the vote in the legislative body, which forced from Monsieur Rouher the assurance of a decided policy in favor of the Pope, was not the expression of a personal opinion on the part of an overwhelming majority of the deputies, but was the echo of a national sentiment. I don't enter into the question whether the second military expedition to Rome was right or wrong, but only certify to the fact that the nation was with the government, and that not only what our wise folks call the *parti clerical*, but the world at large (the French world, be it understood), are resolved that, with their concurrence, the Pope shall not be driven from Rome, either by the red-shirts of the Garibaldians or by the troops carrying the flag of the Italian army. The nation demanded from the Emperor, not an Italian, but a French policy. It is willing to spend money and shed blood for *une idée*; but prefers that the *idée* should be a French, and not an English or American opinion. Napoleon is answerable to public feeling in France, and not to the wishes or prejudices of an

English Parliament or of an American Congress.

And then, again, these gentlemen indulge in a chorus of abuse against the ingratitude of Pius IX. in sending the gold rose to Her Majesty of Spain instead of to the Empress Eugénie. Had they been better informed, they would know that it is not the custom to make this offering twice to the same royal personage; and as the gold rose was bestowed on the French Empress, with all the due ceremonial, by Cardinal Patrizi, delegated by the Pope, in 1856, the same honor could not be repeated in 1868.

Strangers residing in or passing through this capital only frequent the operas, theatres, masked balls, the Champs Elysées, the Bois, all the resorts of the gay and dissipated, and then solemnly shake their heads over the sad state of the spiritual condition of this godless people. But if, *en passant*, they would but peep into the churches, not only at mid-day on Sunday, when all the world goes to church, but in the week, early in the morning, at different hours of the day, they would perhaps be surprised to find them filled with a pious, attentive audience. They might pick up a few words of advice, too, falling from the pulpit, which would prove to them that the French do know a little something about Holy Writ, although so benighted as not to speak or understand a word of English.

Your fair readers may be glad to have a few words of advice as to what they may wear and what they may not wear for spring paraphernalia: The *veritable* crinoline has been discarded; but in its place there is a petticoat, or foundation, on which to build the superstructure of the robe, fashioned with hoops of small rotundity, having an appendage intended to imitate the *pannier*, as it was worn by the dames of the Pompadour reign—unfortunately not the only fashion of those unhallowed days that has found favor with modern *lionnes*. A slight, graceful and youthful figure looks well in a *pannier*; but, alas! all the female sex—even the majority of those who are born in the aristocratic world—are not gifted with elegance or grace; and when these two requisites are lacking, the *pannier* simply renders the short and dumpy belle ridiculous.

The horror of the conscription, now extended to all Frenchmen of the height of one metre and fifty-four hundredths (say five feet), shows itself, among other places, in the comic periodicals. The *Journal Amusant*, for example, has a picture of a gentle-

man taking his child to a private school. He says to the principal of the establishment:

"I confide the education of my son to you, on condition that he takes no gymnastic exercise."

"But, my dear sir, that will make him grow!"

"That is just what I don't want. Remember, they have once more reduced the standard. Good heavens! do you think I want my son to be a pretorian?"

These things are straws, which show which way the wind blows.

We are indebted to Prof. Samuel H. Dickson for the following interesting anecdote of the late king of Bavaria:

Devotion to female beauty and the fine arts, as is well known, was the special characteristic of Louis of Bavaria. The magnificent architectural embellishments of his chief city, Munich, and his ardent love of his country, will endear his memory to the people of Bavaria through all future time.

His passionate attachment to the fascinating Lola Montes in his advanced age; his adoption, even, of her political views and submission to her counsels; his chivalrous fidelity to her in her downfall; his extreme unpopularity on that account; and his resentful abdication of his throne,—are the essential points of his more recent history.

His death, on the 29th of February last, at Nice, has been noticed in many of our journals, and writers have been of one accord in referring to and dwelling on his unshrinking courage—his "pluck," as our English brethren, proud themselves of the quality as a national one, delight to call it.

A remarkable exhibition on his part of this lofty trait was once recited to me by an eyewitness, a learned Jewish rabbi—a gentleman of high character, warmly attached to his sovereign, and one of the minority who believed, as he still believes, in the true faith and honesty of the charming countess, and in the profound wisdom and expediency of her proposed diplomacy. His countrymen, however, entertained very opposite sentiments on the subject; and the inhabitants of Munich especially held the mistress of their once worshiped lord and master in deep detestation. She could hardly show herself in public without hearing offensive and menacing cries. Her carriage was often covered with mud, and her glasses repeatedly broken.

On one night there gathered before the house which had been given her by her royal

lover a vast mass of citizens of every degree. The excitement increased, until from shouts and hooting, they proceeded to the employment of missiles of all kinds, and heavy stones were thrown against the doors and shutters, which had been prudently closed at the first apprehension of a coming tumult. The tempest raged with ever augmenting fury, some of the frailer portions of the building being crushed in, and its entire ruin and demolition impending, in which case the life, also, of the illustrious but hated tenant would be in the most imminent danger.

At this crisis the true knight and brave champion of the persecuted woman appeared upon the scene. Louis, as soon as informed of the state of affairs, left his palace on foot and unattended, entered the premises by a postern door, and passed through the house, emerging by a low window, suddenly thrown open, upon a balcony overhanging the street. There he stood, in the dim half-shadow, with his hat on, his arms folded, in plain dress, looking down calmly upon the infuriated crowd surging madly below.

Astonishment at the boldness of the unknown person who thus defied them occa-

sioned a moment's comparative stillness and suspension of the riotous attack, few stones being thrown, and fortunately none of them striking him. Just then some one uttered audibly, though in an undertone, two words—"The king! the king!" The whisper soon spread, and the rude congregation began to melt away.

My friend remained near the balcony in admiration of the gentleman—grand and noble in his old age, and worthy, whatever his faults, the honor and esteem of all true men and gentlemen—until the echoes of the last loitering footsteps had died away in the distance, and then left this most kingly of modern kings standing, like a statue, calm and solitary under the starry sky.

Until recently, we have received all the finest chromo-lithographs from Europe, but now, through the enterprise of Messrs. Prang & Co., of Boston, we are able to procure those of American production that will rival, judging from their "Easter Morning," the efforts of trans-Atlantic artists.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Salem Witchcraft, with an account of Salem Village, and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects. By Charles W. Upham. Boston: Wiggins & Lunt. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 469, 553.

Since his retirement from the public service, in which he won an honorable fame, Mr. Charles W. Upham has been devoting his leisure hours (and he must have been favored with a good many) to the preparation of a work on the Salem Witchcraft. The first volume is wholly preliminary. Salem Village, the starting-place and chief seat of the great delusion, was then the outlying parish and farming district of the town of Salem. For more than a century it has been known as Danvers, and a community more staid and peaceful is nowhere to be found. Mr. Upham goes very minutely into the history and topography of the "Village." The homes of many early settlers, and the

lands which they obtained by grant or purchase, are described in the text and marked upon a map. Much light is thrown on their personal, domestic and social habits. We see them in their homes, go with them to the field, follow them into the woods, and sit with them at the meeting on Sunday. While their better and nobler qualities are not forgotten, we are enabled to see something of the other side. Conscientious and religious to an extreme, they were yet human and earthly. Their disagreements and strifes in regard to property, their controversies in relation to church and parish and ministerial affairs, were prosecuted with an intensity and obstinacy of hate which none but men of such a type and of such antecedents could ever exhibit.

The author's purpose in this portraiture of colonial and Puritan life and manners is to prepare his readers for the appalling nar-

rative which follows. It shows them that here was fitting soil for such seed and such a harvest. However warmly the good people of Salem and Danvers may thank Mr. Upham for the patient toil which has enabled him to put before them so much information concerning their excellent though rather grim ancestors, the general reader may, perhaps, think that there is a little too much of prefatory matter. If we are not mistaken, there will be a good deal of skipping in this part of the book.

In the second part of the first volume the subject of Witchcraft and its kindred topics is treated in a general way and with much historic detail. The Witch of Endor figures here, of course—a miserable impostor who got out her magic lantern to deceive the poor king with a spectral illusion, when at a mightier touch, and to her own consternation, the dead prophet actually appeared. Toward the close of the fifteenth century prosecutions for witchcraft became frequent in Europe, and the slaughtered victims were counted by thousands. During the whole of the seventeenth century there were trials and executions for witchcraft in every country called civilized. In our mother England more than two hundred were hanged, and the pious Presbyterians of Scotland burned at least ten times that number. Compared with European atrocities in this line, the Salem tragedy is hardly worth mentioning.

We have nothing on this side to match the story of "Witch-finder Hopkins," who traversed the country hunting for witches and received so much a head for each victim. In one year and in a single county this fellow procured the death of more than three times as many as suffered in Salem. It seems almost incredible that the gentle Calamy and the saintly Baxter not only encouraged this wretch in his cruelty, but actually accompanied him in some of his torturing and murdering tours.

Among the treatises relating to this subject which aided in the formation of public opinion, a work by William Perkins, a distinguished preacher of Cambridge in England, was specially influential. Mr. Perkins was a man of strong feelings, which seem to have cropped out in the very title of his book: *Discourse of the Damned Art*, &c.

One idea mentioned by our author as a prominent part of the common creed of those days is calculated to temper, in some degree, the wonder and abhorrence with which we have usually contemplated the judicial murder of the witches. According to the notions

then prevailing, death was the only remedy in the case of witchcraft. For though you should incarcerate and torture the body of a witch, she would still be abroad in her spirit, or by her imp, with a fiendish malice and power intensified by suffering. Nothing, certainly, but a vivid belief in a personal, ubiquitous, dreadful devil, acting in combination with human agency, could have induced that blinding and distracting terror which impelled so many persons—some of whom are still regarded as models of wisdom and goodness—to take part in transactions that seem to us utterly absurd and cruel and wicked. And let us not forget that we, who thus sit in judgment on our fathers, would have felt and would have acted just as they did, had our whole training and circumstances and surroundings been the same as theirs. We will be grateful for our happier lot, and though we must condemn the conduct of our ancestors, pity and kindness shall not fail to mitigate the sentence.

In this connection we gladly testify to the kind and liberal spirit that pervades the work before us. Its execution is certainly exhaustive of the subject, and in the main highly satisfactory. Leaving for another opportunity all expression of opinion on the second and principal volume of the work, we shall confine our attention to a single case, recorded by Mr. Upham, among the few prosecutions for witchcraft which occurred in New England before the Salem trouble came. The case is one which we have long regarded with peculiar interest, as connecting a particular folly of our own day with one of the follies of our fathers:

In the year 1679, William Morse, a simple, honest, good old man, was living with his aged wife—as exemplary as himself—in a small house, which stands—or was standing twenty years ago—on the corner of Market street, in Newburyport, and directly opposite to the Episcopal Church. Besides a cat "sedate and grave," their only inmate was a grandson, who seems to have been an uncommonly vivacious youth. All of a sudden the quiet of this peaceful home was broken up, as if by the very spirit of mischief. Things began to move hither and thither, as though there were no such principle as gravitation or as inertia. Often the demon seemed to be lurking in the chimney, up whose huge throat he suddenly drew whatever loose object there was about, only to hurl it back as suddenly. The shoemaker's hammer and awl, stones and bricks, sticks of wood and

burning brands, were thus snatched up and tossed back. Strings of sausages hung up to dry would descend to the floor, and then vault into a chair. Pots hanging over the fire got into a scuffle, and knocked one another so hard that they had to be separated. One of the andirons, after dancing a jig on the hearth, jumped, still pirouetting, into the kettle, and thence made a spring to the table, kicking over the pot. The bedstead became ambulatory, and the bed refused to be made up, so turbulent were sheet, blanket and pillow. Tubs and trays were upset. The spinning-wheel turned topsy-turvy. Drawers opened and shut of their own accord, and so did the doors, going to with a slam. The iron wedges and the garden spade flew about as if they were feathers. Nor were these missiles wholly innocuous. Mrs. Morse was hurt by a flying stone, and her husband was hit by a volant shoe. Mr. Morse being at prayer, one of the chairs began making bows to him, and getting no return, gave him a sharp dig in the side. There was a good deal more of the same sort; but enough for the present.

Of phenomena like these there could be in those days only one interpretation. The power and the will to do such things must be diabolical, and the immediate agency must be witchcraft. Amid the general excitement and outcry that ensued, it is pleasant to find that the Morses had one sensible neighbor and true friend. Caleb Powell was a sailor—had been mate of a vessel—a man of plain, common sense, who kept his eyes open. He had watched the proceedings, and felt sure that they were connected, in some way, with the presence of the grandson. He promised them relief, on condition that he might take the boy away. A reluctant consent was given, the boy was removed and the movements ceased.

Here one would think might be the end. Far from it. A case of sorcery so flagrant, so atrocious, must not go unpunished. And who, suppose ye, was first hauled over the coals? None other than the sensible and kind-hearted mariner. Not making much of him, they fell next upon the poor old grandmother. Goody Morse was arraigned as a witch, tried and condemned to die. But old Simon Bradstreet sat in the governor's chair: the woman was reprieved, and after a long imprisonment was permitted to go home and die in her bed.

The point to which we would invite special attention is the character of those remarkable phenomena which brought so much

trouble to Goodman Morse's house a hundred and eighty years ago. In regard to their nature, Mr. Upham expresses no opinion, beyond what we may gather from the words "audacious operations" applied, in one instance, to the boy. For all that appears, he regards all those extraordinary manifestations as the mischievous pranks of a quick-witted and quick-handed young rogue. Just so, also, they appear to have been regarded by Joshua Coffin, whose minute account of the whole affair may be seen in his history of Newbury, published in 1845. This, too, so far as we can make it out, was the view of Caleb Powell at the time and on the spot. Since we first read the narrative in Coffin's Newbury, we have had but one opinion respecting it, and that certainly is very different from the impressions just referred to.

Let us look at the case. Upon the testimony of William Morse and other eye-witnesses no doubt was cast at the time, nor has been cast since. What, then, are the unquestioned facts? Articles both light and heavy are suddenly lifted from their resting-place to rush up the chimney or career about the room. The dinner-pot and tea-kettle go to loggerheads, and the andiron capers like a French posture-master. Within the house and without—by night and by day—bricks, sticks and stones are seen, heard, felt, as they whirl through the air or strike objects within their reach. Heavy articles of wood and iron lose for the moment all their weight and become automatically locomotive. How were these effects produced? That they depended in some way on the boy is evident. They occurred only when he was present or near at hand, and they ceased when he went away. Some of them—very few, however—may have been merely roguish performances, such as any bright lad could practice on a fond and unsuspecting grand-parent. Very clearly the greater part of the movements were of a class that cannot be explained on grounds of mere dexterity or as feats of *legerdemain*. No conjuror, however cunning, could have enacted such a part. The flying missiles, the clashing kettles, the dancing and vaulting andirons, were evidently subjected to an influence and moved by some power quite out of the common range of motive forces. That such a power over matter has repeatedly been manifested by persons of a peculiar constitution we regard as an established fact.

The capers of the New Rowley meal-chest, an incident which occurred less than a hun-

dred years ago, in what is now called Georgetown, were of the same type. A meal-chest in those days was a cumbersome and heavy article, and this meal-chest got bewitched, and trotted round the room—with three or four men sitting on it—in a very lively fashion. Still more akin to the story of our little Newbury boy is that of the young French girl, whose remarkable case was scrutinized and described by the celebrated Arago and other learned Frenchmen. And, finally, in our own times, the many hundred well-authenticated instances of tables tipping, turning and walking about, and of pianos self-suspended, must be set down under the same category. That spectacles of this sort have been witnessed by thousands is as much a matter of fact as anything else that we accept on sufficient and undoubted testimony. That impostors should take advantage of it by playing tricks on the credulous is just what we might expect. To distinguish the false from the true is not always easy, but is none the less a necessity.

Had these manifestations of a peculiar and exceptional force been regarded only as phenomena which, though not explicable on any known principles of the physical or the mental world, were yet in undoubted accordance with those principles, how widely different would have been their influence and their consequences! In the days of William Morse the belief in witchcraft and demoniacal agency was all but universal, and offered the easiest way of accounting for anything out of the common course. As late even as the adventure of the Rowley meal-chest, the belief still lingered in many minds, and furnished a ready solution of that remarkable problem. We claim to be more enlightened now. We are well rid of witchcraft. But are we quite out of the woods?

There is in our country a class of persons who call themselves *Spiritualists*. They hold that after death man's incorporeal part still walks the earth, conscious of what goes on among the living, and capable of communicating with them. They claim to count by the hundred thousand, and we know that they are numerous, for we have seen them out on pic-nics. To our mind it is clear that Spiritualism rests on the same foundation with Elizabeth Morse's witchcraft. It began in table-tipping, and through table-tipping it still keeps its hold.

Thus it appears that here and now there exists, as the majority of our countrymen believe, an actual delusion—not fierce and dangerous like the old epidemic in Salem

Village—but still deep and widespread, with tendencies which, in the opinion of not a few, are mischievous and immoral. The great question in regard to all such hallucinations of the popular mind is—or should be—how best to meet and dispel them. Many with slight knowledge of the actual facts, rank all such appearances as those above-mentioned under the convenient head of humbug, and think they are due solely to deception and collusion, with some help from jugglery. If it be so, it is our solemn duty, at all times and everywhere, to detect and expose the fraud. Show up the miserable tricksters and consign them to the derision and disgrace which they deserve. In matters of this sort all honest folks have a common interest and an imperative duty.

But suppose it turns out—as sometimes it has turned out—that the appearances in question cannot be accounted for on the score of trickery, while they unquestionably transcend the ordinary laws of nature, as hitherto recognized, must we therefore regard them as *supernatural*? Does it relieve the difficulty to call in a spirit from above or from below? Is it, on the whole, more likely that these abnormal, yet visible and palpable results, are due to some immaterial essence—the shadow of a shade—than to that complex and wonderful machine, a living man, with his magnetic apparatus of brain, nerve and muscle—the whole instinct with thought and passion, and under the energizing influence of the irresistible will?

It is our belief that there have been, and probably still are, persons who possess a peculiar power over matter near them, to which they often impart motion, either with or without conscious volition; and that this property, where it exists, is as truly a physical energy as any other human function. Just where it resides, just how it acts, we do not yet know, and perhaps never can know. But this is not the only unexplained mystery of our animal mechanism. It is a case that calls for careful observation and profound study. It should no longer remain under the custody and cultivation of the ignorant, the credulous, or the crafty. We commend the whole subject to the practical men of our day—to the earnest, truth-loving, truth-seeking philosopher—as eminently worthy of a calm and candid and thorough investigation.

As the basis of such an investigation, the curious facts which Mr. Upham has brought together in the book before us deserve a careful consideration.

Bacon's Essays. With Annotations by Richard Whately, D. D., and Notes and a Glossarial Index by Franklin Fiske Heard. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 8vo. pp. xlix. 641.

To the student who desires to trace the history of the spirit of modern inquiry to its origin, a knowledge of the great philosophical works of Bacon is a prime necessity, but the general reader may rest satisfied after having mastered the Essays. "*The Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*," writes Macaulay, "are much talked of, but little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect on the opinions of mankind, but they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world." The Essays, however, should be read by every one who aspires to the rank of a man of education. Hallam tells us, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, that "it would be somewhat derogatory to a man of the slightest claim to polite letters, were he unacquainted with the Essays of Bacon;" and we may add that no one can read them thoughtfully without having his thoughts ennobled and the grasp of his intellectual powers widened. The mere titles indicate breadth and vigor: "Of Truth," "Of Death," "Of Unity in Religion," "Of Empire," "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates," "Of Honor and Reputation," and so throughout the list; while the matter is worthy of the subjects, and the manner is at once terse, dignified and proverb-like in its simplicity.

Bacon's Essays may, in fact, be called storehouses of proverbs, and every page will furnish pithy sentences ready for instant use. A prominent example has just been given in an important decision recently pronounced in one of our local courts of justice. One of the judges, in speaking of the delicacy which should be observed by legal tribunals in interfering with established customs, made a most apt and beautiful application of a sentence from the essay "Of Innovations": "It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived."

But to undertake a review of Bacon's Essays would be a work of supererogation. They have been before the world for more than two centuries, and their merits are too well known, and have been too often enlarged upon, to need any treatment at our hands.

That they have at all times been extensively read is proved by the numerous editions that have been published, and which must have been issued in answer to a constant demand. The first edition, published by Humphrey Hooper, London, 1597, and containing but ten essays, was in one year followed by the second, and in 1606 by a pirated reprint published by John Jaggard. In 1612 an enlarged edition appeared, containing twenty-nine new essays, and in 1625, the year before Bacon's death, the complete collection as it now stands was published, the number of essays being increased to fifty-eight. In the interim several reprints of the edition of 1612 had been issued, and from 1625 to the present day the frequency of publication seems something marvelous. It is gratifying to know that the Essays received early attention in this country, and that they were the first product of the press of William Bradford, in 1688.

In the present elegant edition the editor has gathered everything that can assist the reader to a clear understanding of the Essays. The "annotations" of Archbishop Whately, which are, perhaps, somewhat voluminous, but are full of information, together with the glossarial footnotes published under his supervision, have been carefully indexed by Mr. Heard, and thereby rendered for the first time available for reference. The excellent "Bibliography of the Essays" which appeared in Mr. Wright's edition has been included in the present volume, and the whole has been complemented by nearly fifty pages of additional notes and references, in preparing which, the editor modestly says that he has made free use of Singer's and Wright's editions of the Essays, and of the Ellis, Spedding & Heath edition of Bacon's works. In fact, we state but the truth when we say that the volume is as complete as good taste and industry can make it.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret. After the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 321.

Several of our friends who have read this fascinating book have been skeptical as to the existence of E. Marlitt. It were as well here to say that she is a woman already distinguished in literature by this present and one other novel. She has had somewhat more than justice at the hands of the translator, since not only is it impossible to detect a single Germanism in these pages, but also

in places the German text has been handled with extreme freedom, to the manifest gain of every English reader; and this, we presume, is why Mrs. Wister has spoken of the book as being "After the German." Contrasted with the haste of recent translations, Mrs. Wister's work is singular in the freedom and force of its English. As to a translator's right to give the spirit rather than the letter of a foreign author, few will be found to complain where at least prose alone is dealt with, and even in regard to poetry we have high authority for this method of treatment, and one memorable example in Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

We are severely of opinion that a reviewer has no business to spoil the future reader's interest by relating the plot of a story, and, so shall honestly refrain in this present instance, especially as the book before us is what a novel should be—a tale of character and incident. The characters lie chiefly in German middle life, and are drawn with great skill, with the exceptions, perhaps, of Frau Hellwig and the Baron Von Hirschsprung, both of which are overdrawn—the first in her utter brutality, the last in his aristocratic pride. On the other hand Felicitas is charmingly etched, and the Old Mam'selle Cordula is a masterpiece of tender and suggestive delineation. Perhaps the character of Professor Hellwig may, on first thought, seem open to comment for the suddenness of its variations; but this personage, as a whole, is not unnatural. Such a man must have been unpopular, and, in fact, you quarrel with and hate him on every page, and even grudge him the good luck he gets, with an anger made quite real by the naturalness of the drawing. Such men, however, are sure to fascinate certain women. As an attempt to depict a doctor it is wonderfully successful, and this is the more remarkable, because it is just here that almost all novelists have failed conspicuously. This doctor comes into the story with his art in use so naturally as to surprise one; and this is high praise, because here even Thackeray has had but a partial success.

We hope soon to see a translation of Miss Marlitt's other book from the same clever hand. Meanwhile we commend this present volume as one which, to our knowledge, has fascinated young and old.

Books Received.

- David, the King of Israel. A Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By Frederick William Krummacher, D.D. Translated by Rev. M. G. Easton, M.A. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 518.
- Life, Letters and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer. Edited by her sister Charlotte Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Fredr. Milow. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 439.
- The Mexican; or, Love and Land. A Poem, founded on the Invasion of Maximilian. By John M. Dagnall, author of "Daisy Swain." New York: American News Co. 16mo. pp. 228.
- The Spirit of Seventy-Six; or, The Cunning Woman. A Prophetic Drama, followed by A Change of Base, and Doctor Mondschlein. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 12mo. pp. 141.
- People's Edition of Dickens' Works. The Holly-Tree Inn, and other Stories. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 532.
- A Treatise on Meteorology. With a Collection of Meteorological Tables. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 305.
- Harper's Phrase-Book; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk, for Travelers and Schools. By W. P. Pettridge. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 309.
- Charlotte's Inheritance. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon. A Sequel to "Birds of Prey." New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 145.
- Jeanie's Quiet Life. A Novel. By the author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 128.
- The Song of Higher Water. By James W. Ward. [Authorized edition]. New York: Robert H. Johnston & Co. 12mo. pp. 30.
- Italy, Rome and Naples. From the French of Henri Taine. By John Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo. pp. 356.
- Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. Nos. 25, 26, 27, 28. New York: Harper & Bros. Folio.
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- The American Genealogist. By Wm H. Whitmore. Albany: Joel Munsell. 8vo. pp. 287.
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